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a decade of French films

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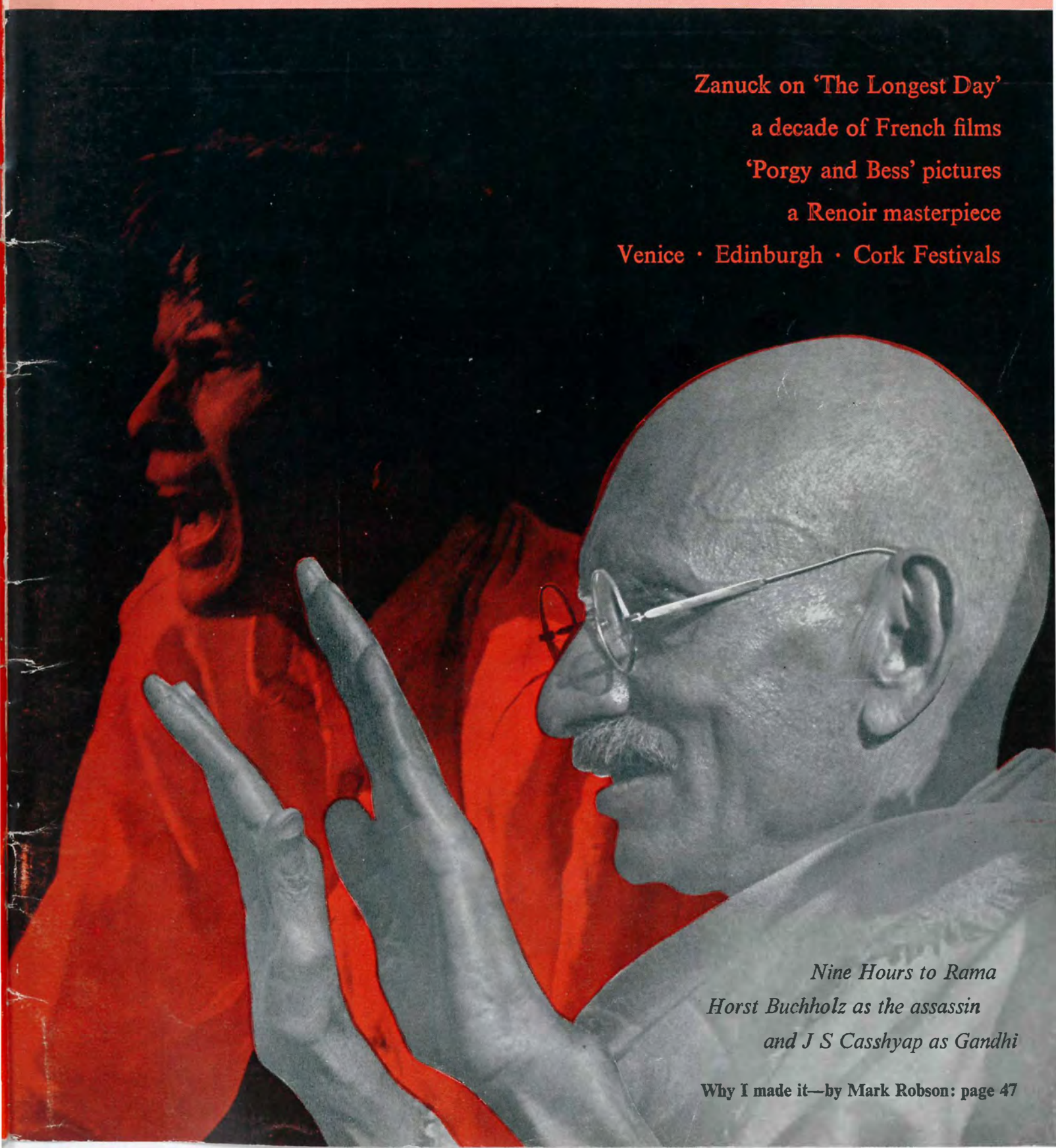

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Horst Buchholz as the assassin
and J S Casshyap as Gandhi

Why I made it—by Mark Robson: page 47

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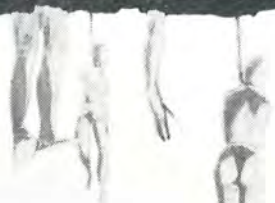

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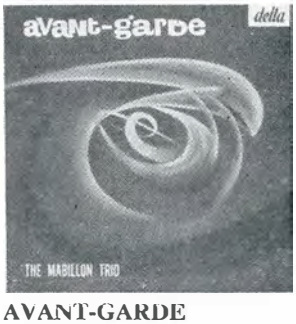

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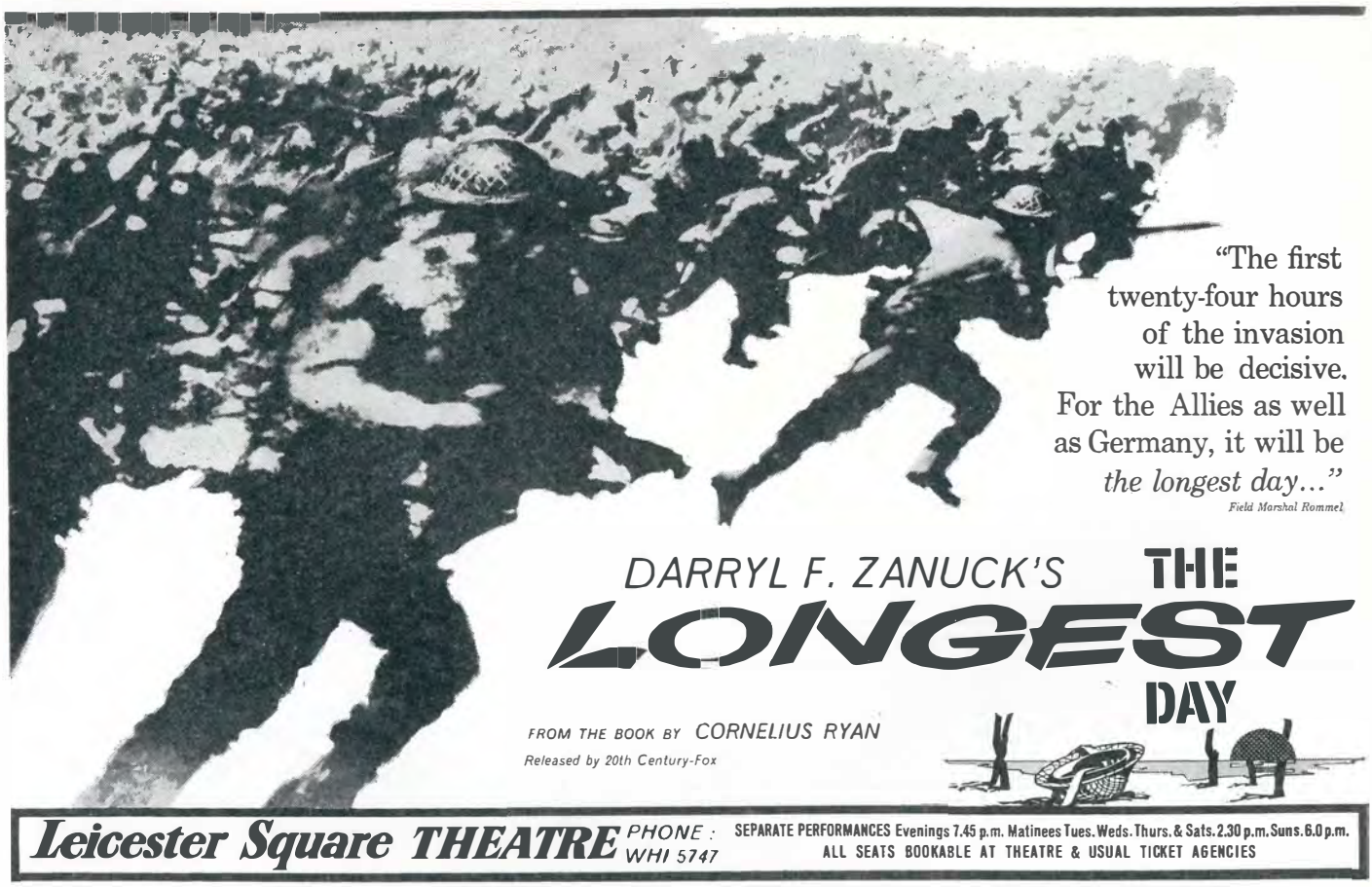
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THE TWILIGHT OF HOLLYWOOD

LEO ROSTEN lived in Hollywood and wrote (or "committed", to use his own phrase) screenplays during the bonanza years after the war. He returned recently and found the Frantic Fifties (otherwise called "God-Knows-What-Hit-Us") had brought a special sort of twilight, bringing underemployment to many stars and tycoons, yet putting others higher on top of the world than ever.
Rosten describes what happened in a series of four articles beginning in The Observer on Sunday, November 4. Some examples of his candid comments are given below. But apart from an unusually uninhibited view of producers and talent, he also gives you a very deep assessment of the present state of film-making in Hollywood.

MOVIES TODAY Everyone agrees that the heyday of movies is over. What happened and how did it? Let us resort to a cinema device: the flash-back.

Brando Never, my friends, have I heard such tales as were poured into my ear anent the troubles caused by Mr. Brando during the prolonged and agonizing shooting of *Mutiny on the Bounty* . . .

Cleopatra Not only health, temperament and *l'amour* raised the production costs of the super-colossal-spectacular to such a sum as not even Hollywood had contemplated. The cost of Miss Taylor's 60 costumes alone would go far to reducing Dahomey's national deficit.

Parties Sonja Henie once took over Ciro's, a nightclub, for a party and made an imaginative entrance in circus tights, astride a baby elephant. Some say the elephant, who won many hearts, was painted pink.

Don't miss Leo Rosten on Hollywood in

THE OBSERVER

Jean Renoir

Not so long ago, all the best critics looked on Renoir as a nearly-brilliant bungler whose films were noble failures, apart from a few masterpieces: *Partie de Campagne*. *La Grande Illusion*, *La Bete Humaine*, *La Regle du Jeu* and *The Southerner*.

Now these films seem less isolated, and Renoir can be seen as the greatest imperfectionist in the cinema. Comparison with Shakespeare is not absurd, although Renoir's spectrum lacks the deeper tragic colours. Taken as a whole, his work has the same sprawling generosity, the same spontaneity, variety and sense of freedom. So much so that if the biographical details, like Shakespeare's, were deficient we could hardly 'place' him by his work.

Fortunately the records are there: born 1894, second son of the painter Auguste, brother of the actor Pierre, uncle of the cameraman Claude. During the First World War, he was first a cavalry officer, later a pilot. After a 'false start' as a ceramist, he was smitten by the cinema, and became one of its most influential artists.

His achievements and failures result from his diversity of talents. His first films, from *Catherine* in 1924, are inspired by the fey yet sharp personality of his first wife, Catherine Hessling, one of his father's models. The fairytale quality of his early films is given solidity by the counter-inspiration from the realism of Stroheim's *Foolish Wives*. After a clutch of commercial films from 1928 (including *Tire Au Flanc*, recently re-made under the New Wave banner), *La Chienne* in 1931 and *Toni* in 1934 anticipated features of Italian neo-realism. His American period (1940-6) was dissatisfying, but in 1950 *The River* inaugurated his 'Mozartian' period, of modest subjects treated with a joyous sadness like the composer's.

Renoir's realism was never inspired by documentary-movement dogmas, but by the search for the truth about the human heart in all its spontaneity. He has always known how to make an actor rehearse over and over again without losing the vital freshness of feeling. And he has never hesitated to tear up a script and let the actors take over, to shoot off the cuff, to forget all about the story and seek out the beauty of a gesture, of clouds in the sky, of a passing moment. Hence he was thus not only a formative influence in neo-realism but also became the patron saint of the New Wave. When the wheel of fashion has turned sufficiently we shall probably discover the beauty of his Catherine Hessling films.

From 1956 he seems though to have undergone a crisis of inspiration. After the commercial failure of *Elena et les Hommes* (made in 1956 but never imported here, despite the star value of Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, Jean Marais, Juliette Greco and sumptuous sets in Technicolor) Renoir turned aside to the theatre, writing two plays.

Recently Renoir put aside the writing of a biography of his father in order to direct *Le Caporal Epingle*.

Perhaps his most personal films are those which, like his father's paintings, celebrate the pagan joys of nature, of the flesh, and of the spiritual liberty which has always led him to ignore party-lines. At 69 Renoir's vivacity and charm are such that it's easy to imagine him putting two misfires behind him and embarking on yet another fruitful New Wave of his own.

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The best second fiddle: page 14

Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson
How to make a new wave: page 19

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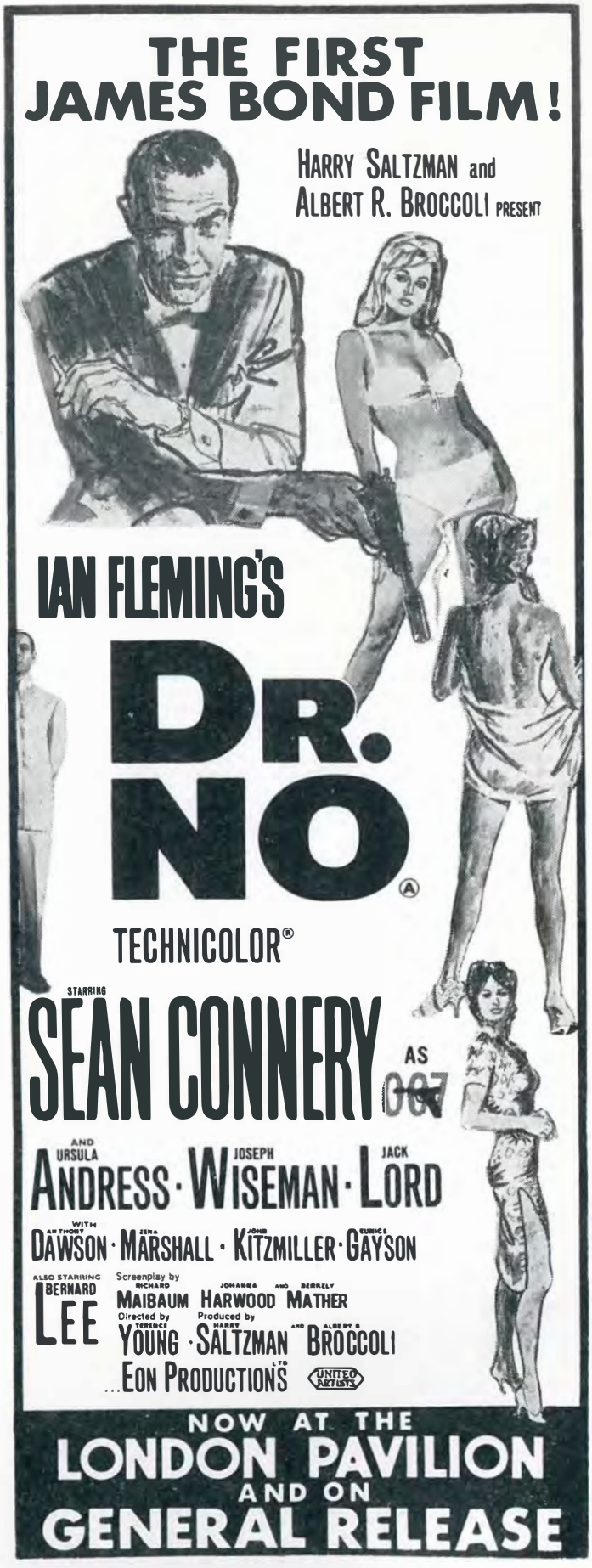
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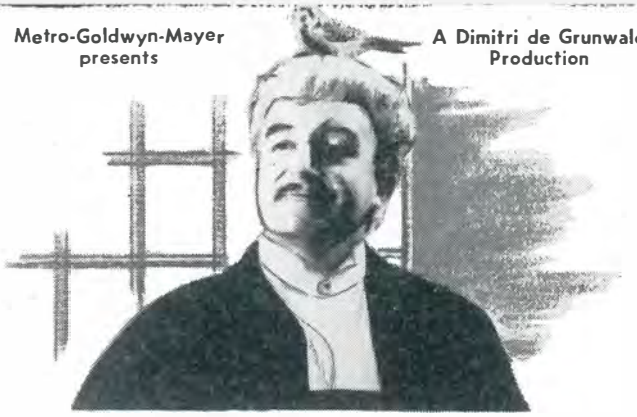

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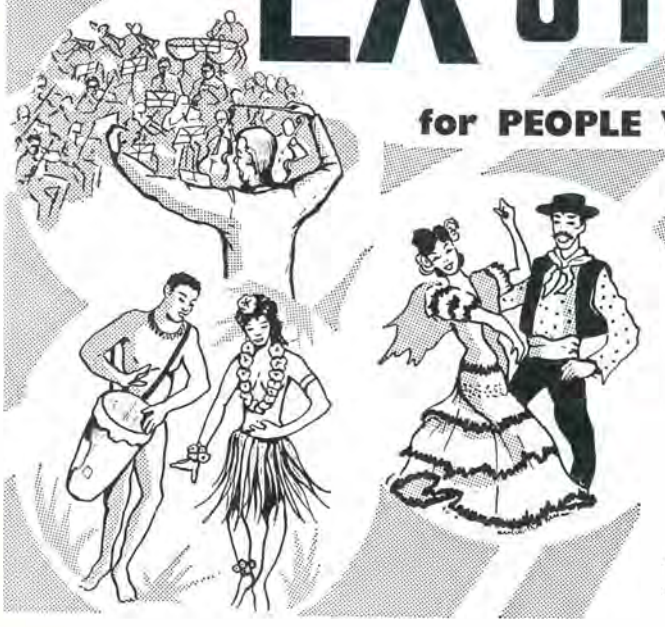

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● *Zanuck explains a scene to Tommy Sands who plays an American Ranger in the film*

Darryl F Zanuck, production chief of 20th Century-Fox, tells how he made 'The Longest Day', with five directors and a budget still to be calculated

The book first came to my attention back in 1960. After reading it I enquired and found that the film rights to this Cornelius Ryan account of D-Day were held by Raoul Levy, the French producer. I negotiated with Levy, bought the rights from him and set to work immediately. I got Cornelius Ryan to write the basic script, and we worked on this for months. Later, I engaged James Jones and Romain Gary as literary consultants to polish the dialogue. At the same time, I set in motion the vast machinery that is needed to produce a film like this.

Incredible as it seems, with bills still coming in from all over the place, I cannot exactly tell how much I have spent. My current estimate is that it will be a little over ten million dollars. That's about three million dollars more than I originally intended to spend, but the results are well worth it. Losing part of the Pentagon support—when I was supposed to get 750 American soldiers but was assigned only 250 and had to pay every penny of their expenses—cost me an extra 300,000 dollars. Out of the total cost of *The Longest Day*, I would say that a little more than two million dollars alone have gone towards paying actors' salaries.

With the last casting, which was Richard Burton in the rôle of an RAF officer, we have some 50 international star names from America, Britain, France and Germany. But, of course, this is somewhat misleading when you consider that in one scene alone, on Sword Beach, I used 2,000 men. I was very lucky to get top names like Burton, Bourvil, Henry Fonda, Daniel Gelin, Robert Mitchum, Kenneth More, Robert Ryan, Richard Todd, John Wayne. In quite a few instances I have had actors back two and three times for different scenes which were filmed months apart. This required a very intricate method of scheduling.

Although essentially I am of course a producer, I decided in the case of *The Longest Day* to direct the interior American sequences myself. This is the first time that I have directed so substantial a portion of one of my own films. I am not going to ask for screen credit though. I have already five directors who did excellent work handling the various portions of the picture. They are Bernhard Wicki, the outstanding German director who handled all the German scenes; Andrew Marton, so well remembered for his chariot race in *Ben-Hur;* Britain's Ken Annakin, and two other Americans—Gerd Oswald and Elmo Williams. I think Williams is the outstanding second unit director in Hollywood today and he is also one of the best editors in the business. In fact, Williams has been co-ordinating the activities of all the directors for me.

From the very beginning I had two units shooting film simultaneously, and at times there were four. It made it very difficult for me, but everything had been worked out in advance, in great detail, and I used a helicopter to drop in on my directors and supervise the work being done. I found the helicopter a great convenience, except that—under French law—it cannot take off or land at night, and this means you lose a lot of time. After a while, I got so used to this kind of transportation, I just took a secretary along and we did correspondence hopping from one location to the other.

There will inevitably be a clash in styles with so many directors, but I think this is desirable. In making a long picture I think it will be most refreshing to have different approaches to the various national sections.

We have exposed 360,000 feet of film, amounting to 66 hours of footage, and we must reduce this material to something between 3 and 3½ hours. I don't believe in long pictures unless they have a good reason to be long, and can hold the audience's attention. So I will make a decision on the length after I have seen the cut-together sequences.

I would say the film will be as realistic as anyone could make it. The Ryan book was acclaimed around the world for its authenticity in covering the first 24 hours of the invasion. The film follows the book very closely and we, too, go from the night of June 5 to the late afternoon of June 6. I decided to make the film for the most part on actual battle-field locations in Normandy. As a result, we shot in Ste Mère Eglise where the 82nd Airborne Division dropped; at the Orne River Bridge where the British landed with their gliders and surprised the Germans; at Pointe du Hoc, where US Rangers staged an incredible assault up a 100 ft cliff in the face of murderous German fire; at Omaha Beach; Sword Beach; Utah Beach and many other sites where the battles actually took place along the coast. In many cases we had real soldiers doing the scenes for us which no extras could or would do because of the dangers involved.

When I wanted to stage a train wreck, we didn't do it in miniature, but weactually got a real engine with eleven cars and we had it explode off the tracks. When we were doing the scenes at Ste Mère Eglise, we shot for three weeks at night, even though we could have made it easier on observers, and done the same thing during the day. However, the

Darryl F Zanuck, at sixty, is still a pace-setter. In the 'thirties he made biographical pictures Hollywood thought the public would shun—'Clive of India' and 'The House of Rothschild'. He supervised US Army training films during the war. After the war he startled Hollywood with his racial problem films 'Gentleman's Agreement' and 'Pinky': and has since produced many large budget pictures, among them 'All About Eve', 'Twelve O'Clock High', 'Viva Zapata!' and 'The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit'

82nd dropped at night, the battle went on in the darkness, and this is the way I wanted it filmed. Even though it was pitch dark, we had men parachute out of helicopters to land in the town square of Ste Mère Eglise. Further adding to the authenticity of the film, of course, was the fact that all of the countries involved sent technical advisers, including the Germans.

There were problems in using actual locations seventeen years after D-Day. Time brings a lot of changes. At Pointe du Hoc, for instance, we found that the shell-torn area above the cliffs, along with the German bunkers and trenches, had been completely overgrown. We received permission from the French army to use flame throwers to clear the area and to help restore it to its original appearance. We also re-exploded many of the craters. Here, as in many other areas along the Channel coast, we had to be particularly careful because the Germans buried some four million mines here and the job of digging them up is by no means complete. In other places we had to deal with monuments which were erected long after the battle. In most cases we were able to sandbag the positions and to get them out of sight.

Only about one third of *The Longest Day* was shot in the studio. When we did move indoors, I took over the Studio Boulogne—France's largest—for three months. We built 47 separate sets there. Here, too, I had two units working simultaneously on different stages. At the studio we reproduced everything from the interior of a glider and of a landing craft at sea (the motions were simulated by having the craft built on a platform which sank and rose with hydraulic pressure) to the Normandy countryside and the interior of a German bunker under bombardment. One scene called for Irina Demich to fight a German soldier in the water. It was freezing out, so we couldn't shoot it in the country. I had a stream built on the stage and the water was pre-heated to keep her and everyone else from catching pneumonia. It worked out very well. I believe this was the largest indoor set ever constructed in France.

We were concerned about possible accidents, but I think we were extremely lucky that we didn't have any. A few people hurt themselves, but it was nothing very serious. The accident that caused me the greatest concern involved Jeffrey Hunter. He was down on the sand and a string of bullets went off much too close to his face, grazing his cheek and just missing his right eye. He was very shaken by this but no more than the rest of us who watched it happen. That was a real close one. Another near accident occurred at Port-en-Bessin when an explosion threw up debris which hit the roto-blades of the helicopter. This could have been tragic but, luckily, all came off well.

We ran into many of the actual personalities who were involved in D-Day, and what was even more interesting was that I brought to the location some of the leaders in the Allied assault, who provided valuable details. One of our great problems was that so many people told us different versions of a single event. It depended, of course, on where they were at that moment, and we finally had to make up our own minds on which was the correct version based on existing, written records.

I think *The Longest Day* will be the first film to really give the German side of the D-Day story with all its incredible errors. I have some of the best German actors playing officers like Rommel, von Rundstedt, Jodl, and Blumentritt. I think that, in a way, the German story is the most interesting of the lot, simply because a great war machine was surprised by our assault, and failed to function at the most crucial moment in its history. The film, for instance, will show that Rommel was not at his headquarters but was visiting his wife on D-Day, that many of the German officers were away at war games at Rennes and, most incredible, that the Germans having broken the Allied code, knew all about the hour of the landing but refused to believe their own Intelligence.

There was no German objection to the film being made. We got the full co-operation of the Bonn Government, which sent several military advisers to us. Very few people in Germany today consider Hitler's war a good war, and I get the impression that the West German Government is delighted to have this story properly told, since we made no special effort to make villains out of the Germans, but show them simply as soldiers. Of course, I make no bones about the fact that there was a great deal of needless brutality in the German occupation of the Channel coast.

I needed an awful lot of equipment to restage the D-Day invasion, and this was the biggest problem I had to face, apart from getting all the men. Luckily, the various governments co-operated magnificently and, even though much of the 1944 equipment is outdated today, we were able to get together the thousands of guns, boats, trucks, tanks, uniforms and other equipment that we needed. One of the things that made our lives miserable was the fact that political conditions in France made it very difficult to transport arms from one place to another. Whenever this was done we required heavy guards, and every rifle had to be accounted for when we got through on our locations each day.

In connection with the controversy involving the use of American troops during the production of *The Longest Day*, I think the story got out of hand and was exaggerated by people who thought they could get headlines out of it. The fact is that the Pentagon was very co-operative, and we were able, in one way or the other, to use a great many American troops to in fact play themselves in the film. No picture like this can be made without army co-operation, and in this particular case I needed the help and assistance of at least three governments. What has been widely misunderstood is that I never had any quarrel with the Pentagon or anyone else. As a film producer I went through channels and applied for the use of American troops. This was granted, as it has been granted to hundreds of film-makers in the years past, when the army authorities felt that the effort was worth while. The final dispute was not between the army and myself, but between the army and Congress. I never really entered into it, and have no desire to enter into it, but I do know that the officers who were with us told us repeatedly that they could not think of better training for their men than the exercise which they went through while with us on *The Longest Day*. As a matter of fact, in a number of cases we did not directly use troops, but were permitted to participate in already scheduled exercises. This was certainly true when the US Sixth Fleet permitted us to photograph marines storming ashore in Corsica. They did allow us to mine the beach with explosives and to put up the kind of obstacles which Rommel originally had put up all along the Normandy coast. I think that this whole storm in a tea cup over our use of troops would never have arisen had it not been for the sudden worsening of the situation in Berlin at that moment.

The Longest Day will be unusual because it has very little of a love story. I do have a very lovely girl in the lead rôle. Her name is Irina Demich. She is a French model who has never done a film before. The film business desperately needs new faces and new personalities. Irina has the rôle of a French Resistance worker and I think, when you see her, you will be quite captivated. I am a little hesitant to predict stardom for anyone these days. In some cases, when I was quite sure someone would make it, they didn't. In others, when I let them go because I thought they had no chance, they blossomed out into great personalities. So, maybe, I am not such a good judge after all.

Irina isn't the only newcomer. Henry Grace had never been in a film before and yet I cast him in the rôle of General Eisenhower. When you see the film you won't believe the likeness between these two men and the quality which Grace brings to his performance.

I could have saved myself a lot of money by using newsreel shots of the invasion, but the fact is that very, very little footage exists that was actually shot on the beaches on D-Day. Such film records as we do have have been seen on TV and in the newsreels over and over again, and many of the crucial events of D-Day were never shot for the simple reason that either it was night or else there were no cameramen present. Much of what has been accepted as the best D-Day material was actually photographed one, two and even three days later.

I think that all films which are made on such a scale and with so much effort must say something. Certainly *The Longest Day* does. Of course, it speaks of the courage of the men who fought and died on the beaches, and it speaks of the bitterness and the tragedy of war. But, in a larger sense, I think the film has a terribly important message for all of us. I think it will be a reminder to millions and millions of people that the Allies, who once stood together and defeated an evil, because they stood together, can do so again in a different situation today which, in some ways, is similar to what they faced in 1940. We had a will to win, we overcame the obstacles and we won. It is a thing worth remembering these days, when our way of life is threatened again.

I have never been as involved in the making of a picture as I have in *The Longest Day*. I can really say that I have lived this picture for the past ten months from morning to night with very little time for anything else. It is going to be my film, and if I will be able to take credit for it, I will also have to take all the criticism should it arise.

How the West Was

● *Left: the railroad boss (Richard Widmark) looks on as Indians turn away after stampeding buffalo into the camp. Right: an 1840 pioneer family take their home-made raft down the Ohio river*

● *Left: wagon trains race for their lives as Indians launch an attack. Right: young cavalry officer (George Peppard) rides to give warning of an Indian attack on the railroad camp*

Won

The first fiction film to be shot in Cinerama, 'How the West Was Won' deals in five episodes with the occupation of the west of America, following one family through three generations from 1840 to 1895. Henry Hathaway directed three of the episodes, John Ford directed the Civil War episode, and George Marshall the remaining one. Karl Malden plays the father in the first section, and Carroll Baker and Debbie Reynolds play his daughters, with James Stewart as his son-in-law. Other stars include John Wayne (as General Sherman), Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Eli Wallach, George Peppard (who appears in three episodes, working with all three directors), and Russ Tamblyn. The film was produced by Bernard Smith

The best second fiddle

BY JOHN HOWARD REID

Besides being one of the most entertaining films to issue from Hollywood during 1960, *North to Alaska* was a wonderful example of professional film-making at its finest. Uniting the first-rate writing talents of John Lee Mahin, Martin Rackin and Claude Binyon, the screenplay was a thoroughly enjoyable burlesque of such standard clichés of Yukon folklore as the old prospector who strikes it rich, the flat-broke gambler with a heart of gold, and the young greenhorn courting fame, riches, and fair lady—a heroine purer than the driven snow. The story was both witty and diverting, set against a background designed to provide the director with the maximum opportunity for scenic effect. Certainly no director could have realised the scenario in a more capable fashion than Henry Hathaway.

North to Alaska was the very epitome of all that is best in Hathaway films: a robust, vigorous, manly quality, combined with a gifted deployment of location backgrounds, an inventive use of camera angles, and the highly accomplished management of action.

For Hathaway is the master of location shooting, a genius at controlling a second unit—Hollywood's best second fiddle.

Hathaway was born at Sacramento, California, on March 13, 1898, and entered films at the age of ten as a star of the American Film Company. In 1921 he was property man for Frank Lloyd, in 1926 an assistant director at Paramount's West Coast Studios, where *inter alia* he worked with Victor Fleming on *Mantrap*. Jesse Lasky promoted him to 'full' director in 1932, his first assignment being to direct eight Zane Grey westerns, all remakes of earlier films: *Wild Horse Mesa* (1932), *Heritage of the Desert* (1932), *Sunset Pass* (1933), *Under the Tonto Rim* (1933), *To the Last Man* (1933), *The Thundering Herd* (1933), *Man of the Forest* (1934), and *The Last Round-up* (1934).

The first two made some half-hearted attempts at realism in the treatment of the characters; but these attempts were evidently not appreciated by Wild West devotees at the time, for the others mark a return to that vigorous, light-hearted and unselfconscious energy with which Zane Grey is generally associated.

After *Now and Forever* (1934), a Shirley Temple vehicle, Hathaway directed *Come on Marines!*, a sub-standard comedy starring Richard Arlen and Ida Lupino. The scenes showing the rescue of some shipwrecked children were well handled, but the rest was quite banal. In the same year (1934), he also directed a remake of the 1921 version of Augustus Thomas's drama about the relation of thought transference and mysticism to love, *The Witching Hour*. Performed as a costume melodrama, with John Halliday (as the innocent hypnotist) and Sir Guy Standing (the defence attorney) giving their best, *The Witching Hour* was a pictorially beautiful production in which fine acting and direction did much to obviate the archaic quality of the material.

With the memorable *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (1935), Hathaway's skill as a director was fully realised. For this account of war and death in the Khyber Pass has an authentic setting. Cameramen from the United States went to Bengal for action and atmosphere—the galloping lancers who lend an air of realism to the film are not Hollywood extras, they are the real thing. Into this background the action was neatly woven.

Hathaway did not bother much about camera values. He was content to tell his story simply, relying wholly for atmosphere and colour upon the impressive, authentic records he had brought back from India. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Richard Cromwell were the young heroes of the story, but Sir Guy Standing, who looked and talked like a British officer, gave the most convincing performance. Lively, exciting and handsomely photographed, with a spectacular climax that is properly melodramatic and bloodthirsty, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* is a robust and entertaining production, meticulous in detail and impressive in its more general effects.

The fluidity and illogicality of dreams, so seldom caught by the screen, were the essential factors in the success of *Peter Ibbetson* (1935), adapted from George du Maurier's novel. Some of the dream sequences are among the finest pictorial fantasy the screen has given us, parading, as they do, a glorious romance of undying love. Ann Harding made a handsome duchess, and was able to instil something of the ethereal into her performance. She was ably supported by Ida Lupino and John Halliday, but her co-star, Gary Cooper, was a little too mundane for the spiritual plane.

When three-tone Technicolor first appeared on the cinema screen (in a two-reel short called *La Cucaracha*, 1934), the critics were dubious. They doubted whether colour would be effective in a feature-length film, despite the fact that tinted pictures were not exactly unknown even in the silent days. Nor were their fears dispelled by Rouben Mamoulian's *Becky Sharp* (1935). But when Hathaway's *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (1936) was previewed at Miami Beach, Florida, its audience of motion picture executives, State officials, New York stage managers and newspapermen could place no restraint on their enthusiasm. In fact, one columnist went so far as to declare: 'This picture ends black-and-white pictures for all time. The natural colouring is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Within three years there can't be a movie made in black-and-white'. An executive issued a written statement '*The Trail of the*

● *Opposite page: Hathaway put the emphasis on photographic values to counteract the dated material in 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine' (1936), which starred Henry Fonda. Left: Documentary technique was used in 'The House on 92nd Street' (1945), based on the FBI's work against the fifth column of Nazi agents*

Henry Hathaway has directed films for thirty years. He began with a Zane Grey western. His latest is three episodes in the first Cinerama feature 'How the West Was Won' . . .

Lonesome Pine will go still further towards erasing resentment towards tints on the screen'.

But Paramount was not taking any chances. The film itself was a re-make of a popular 1923 re-make of a box-office success made by Cecil B De Mille in 1916. Perhaps Hathaway felt that the material was as dated as it seemed, for although he took great pains to compose his scenes so that the location vistas of mountain, sky, forest and lake might be photographed to advantage, his direction is in other respects curiously immature; and even the action sequences are handled with little of his characteristic zest. Or perhaps he was hampered by producer Walter Wanger, or by the stars, Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney. Or maybe he saw that the movie was cinematographer Robert C Bruce's *forte*, and determined to do nothing that might distract the viewers' attention from the photography, which even to-day retains its astounding effect of glittering beauty.

Go West, Young Man (1936) was a Mae West vehicle derived from Lawrence Riley's play *Personal Appearance*. Randolph Scott played the unlikely rôle of a small-town inventor. After this Hathaway reverted to form with *Souls at Sea* (1937). Distinguished by superb location work and the faultless handling of hundreds of extras, this film contains scenes which rank among the most brilliantly directed of their brutal kind: the sinking of the liner and the episode in which Gary Cooper sacrifices the lives of most of the survivors in order to save Frances Dee.

Even more loaded with action was Hathaway's next film, *Spawn of the North* (1938). About it Basil Wright wrote in *The Spectator:* 'Many of its scenes are authentic records of the sights, sounds and activities of the salmon fisheries of Alaska—cold seas, glaciers, and the silver showers of fish . . . Even more gratifying is the complete absence of the eternal triangle . . . The major merits of the film must be credited to the director, Henry Hathaway. He has the double gift of being an adept at organising on to the screen the most spectacular cataclysms of Nature and at the same time presenting with compelling sincerity the emotional conflicts in the inarticulate souls of simple people. As a result, we barely notice the exaggerations of the story, so tense is the atmosphere as we are switched from the crashing of icebergs, or the savagery of a hand-to-hand fight in the glare of fishermen's flares, to the bitter interview between the lawless hero (George Raft) and his former friend (Henry Fonda) . . . In all the interior scenes the restraint of design, the finely chosen compositions, and the sensitive editing, are quite remarkable.'

Hathaway now left Paramount and after directing for Sam Goldwyn *The Real Glory* (1939)—this was the film in which Gary Cooper dynamited a dam, thus proving his worth for the part of Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—he began his present association with 20th Century-Fox on the set of *Johnny Apollo* (1940). This somewhat novelettish mixture of crime and sentiment was embellished by Hathaway's inventive supervision of place (the prison and railway station in particular) and action (the sanguinary climax); by the accomplished acting of Edward Arnold and Charlie Grapewin, and by the pitiful endeavours of Tyrone Power and Dorothy Lamour.

Power was also the star of Hathaway's next film, *Brigham Young* (1940), but the title rôle was assigned to Dean Jagger. While Power and Linda Darnell carry on a minor love affair, Jagger, Mary Astor (as one of his wives), Vincent Price (as Joseph Smith) and hundreds of extras succeed in making you feel that the Mormons were real people who saw their destiny and fulfilled it against all odds.

With broad strokes and an honest regard for persecuted men (regardless of their unreasonable beliefs—the film soft-pedals the polygamy question), Hathaway sweeps the well-known tale from the lynching of Joseph Smith, through the mass migration to the West, to the settling at Salt Lake, and ends, in a high pitch of beauty and excitement, with the descent of the gulls that saved the crops from a plague of crickets. *Brigham Young* probes not only the tenet of ideological freedom, but proves that when producers put their minds to it, they can make pictures that show historical events as if they were something important happening in the lives of people and not just background for another boy-meets-girl romance.

After completing this Darryl F Zanuck production, Hathaway returned briefly to Paramount where he directed his best film, transforming into a masterpiece the outmoded clap-trap of Harold Bell Wright's once-famous best-seller, *The Shepherd of the Hills.* Determining that Hathaway was no doubt responsible in some degree for *Lonesome Pine*'s phenomenal success, Paramount invited him to direct the new film, a choice that proved most eximious both financially and artistically.

The action spots were now directed with a mature penchant for realistic brutality. Composition and landscape were blended more firmly, so that now they reinforced each other, whereas formerly the landscape tended to detract. Furthermore, landscape was now presented as an intrinsic part of the plot, not

merely as an arabesque.

Hathaway's direction is abetted as much by Charles Lang Jr's superb Technicolor photography as by the excellent performances of Harry Carey and Betty Field.

This was the director's last engagement with Paramount. Later in 1941 Walter Wanger presented a Henry Hathaway Production, *Sundown*, an extravagant story about a British outpost near the Abyssinian border.

With the exception of *Legend of the Lost*, all Hathaway's films hereafter were made for 20th Century-Fox.

Generously mixing fact with fantasy and not overlooking any opportunity for romantic dalliance, *Ten Gentlemen from West Point* (1942) was occasionally stirring, but more often laboured and dull. Like the script from which the film stemmed (a story by Malvin Wald), Hathaway's direction was uncommonly uneven for a man of his talent. But when he had something meaty to work with, such as the cannon-ride sequence or the murderous game of Indian lacrosse the cadets are forced into playing, Hathaway instilled drive and punch into his scenes. As the martinet major, Laird Cregar gave a good impersonation of a theatrical villain, but he never impressed one as a hardbitten old campaigner.

China Girl (1942) was the story of an American newsreel cameraman in China and Burma during 1941. Writer-producer Ben Hecht tells us in a rather comprehensive foreword to the picture that 'an American will fight for only three things—for a woman, for himself and for a better world'—which gives an unmistakable tip-off as to what the hero is fighting for in the end. Being a master of dialogue, Hecht wrote some first-class talk, and provided some equally sharp situations which Hathaway handled with characteristic relish. There was one fight between George Montgomery, the hero, and Victor McLaglen, the Japanese spy, which was one of the toughest ever seen on the screen. Co-star Gene Tierney conveyed her conception of a Vassar-schooled Chinese madonna mainly through stark immobility; while, among the supporting cast, Lynn Bari, '115 lbs of crookedness and kisses', and Sig Rumann were both effective.

George Agnew Chamberlain's novel, *The Phantom Filly*, was adapted for the screen in 1944 by Winston Miller, who called it *Home in Indiana*. Directed by Hathaway, it turned out to be an agreeable if somewhat sentimental tale of harness racing, brightened with crisp location Technicolor and the presence of Jeanne Crain, June Haver, Walter Brennan and Lon McCallister. Recently re-made as a Pat Boone vehicle, *April Love*, it was again screenplayed by Winston Miller, but directed on this occasion by Henry Levin.

Hathaway's next film was a piece of standard war-time propaganda, *A Wing and a Prayer* (1944), starring Dana Andrews. It contained some spectacular action footage which has found its way into almost every film about aircraft-carriers since. Then, after guiding Joan Bennett and George Raft through Eleanore Griffin's *Nob Hill* (1945), he found himself caught up with Louis de Rochemont and the post-war semi-documentary film movement.

De Rochemont had a vast amount of newsreel and documentary experience. After producing the *March of Time* series from 1934 to 1943, he joined 20th Century-Fox as a producer and made a documentary feature, *The Fighting Lady*. After the war, de Rochemont persuaded production head Darryl F Zanuck to allow him to apply documentary technique to the entertainment film. Under this arrangement he produced *The House on 92nd Street* (1945), *13 Rue Madeleine* (1946) and *Boomerang* (1947). The first two were directed by Hathaway, the last by Elia Kazan. Other films directed by Hathaway which were influenced by the de Rochemont method were *Call Northside 777* (1947), and to a lesser degree *The Dark Corner* (1946) and *Kiss of Death* (1947). All these films were preceded by a foreword which stated: 'All the events depicted in this photoplay were photographed, wherever possible, on the actual locale'. With the exception of the two last-mentioned films, this foreword also asserted: 'This story actually happened. Many of the people appearing in this film play themselves'.

The House on 92nd Street was the first film to effectively combine documentary techniques with the dramatic. De Rochemont left nothing to chance. He chose a good dramatic subject, namely the work of the Federal Bureau of Investigation against the fifth column of Nazi agents. He managed to obtain the co-operation of the FBI who allowed him not only to move cameras and equipment into their offices, and use FBI personnel as extras and bit players, but even gave him access to their secret files. De Rochemont was also able to obtain some actual film taken by FBI men of Nazi agents at work.

Hathaway, due to his expertise at handling location work, was the ideal director for such an assignment as this. And I might at this point refute the argument advanced by Karel Reisz in his article, 'The Showman Producer', in which, while he acknowledges that 'Hathaway is an undisputably confident craftsman in the documentary field of fiction film-making', arrives at the erroneous conclusion that 'with the best will in the world, one can detect no individual personality, much less a stylistic consistency behind these films', namely *The House on 92nd Street*, *13 Rue Madeleine*, *Call Northside 777*, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *A Wing and a Prayer* and *The Black Rose*. Yet all these films are distinguished by their 2nd unit work and all are built, in their dialogue scenes, upon the same compositional basis, the medium two-shot.

Generally speaking, the 2nd unit director works independently of the principal director, uses a separate camera crew, and has a different staff of assistants. Besides directing location sequences, the 2nd unit director also specialises in action: the chariot race in *Ben-Hur* was not directed by William Wyler but by Andrew Marton. Almost half the footage in *The Vikings* was not directed by Richard Fleischer, nor was it photographed by Jack Cardiff. Fleischer and Cardiff only worked on the interior, or studio scenes. All the exteriors were photographed by Walter Wottitz, and directed by Elmo Williams.

Henry Hathaway has done his own 2nd unit work for all his films, and in only one or two of these was he assisted by the specialists.

The importance of *The House on 92nd Street* cannot be over-emphasised. As Arthur Knight states in *The Liveliest Art*: 'The success of this experiment led to an increased use of location shooting on what were essentially studio films . . . Documentary—or at least semi-documentary—had entered into the ordinary parlance of Hollywood'.

After directing Mark Stevens, Lucille Ball and Clifton Webb in *The Dark Corner* (1946), a sort of imitation *Laura* which was almost as good as its prototype, Hathaway entered into another partnership with de Rochemont: *13 Rue Madeleine*.

Although *The House on 92nd Street* had been surprisingly successful at the ticket-office, and although it had been well acted by Lloyd Nolan, Signe Hasso, William Eythe, Gene Lockhart and Leo G Carroll, it was thought that it would have been even more successful had it been enacted by stars of greater drawing power. Accordingly, James Cagney, Richard Conte and Annabella were signed up for *13 Rue Madeleine*—which was a pity, for they spoilt what would otherwise have been an excellent film.

Based on factual records of the US Office of Strategic Services (the OSS), *13 Rue Madeleine* utilised actual backgrounds in London and the French countryside. Hathaway's next film, *Kiss of Death* (1947), also used actual backgrounds—this time New York—though its story was quite fictitious.

A convincingly realistic gangster film, *Kiss of Death* introduced a Hathaway discovery: Richard Widmark, as the jovial killer. Despite the fact that the scene in which Widmark murders an invalid woman by tying her fast to her wheelchair and pushing it down a steep flight of stairs, was censored, I found the film so gripping that I felt, were I given the opportunity, there was not a single frame I would remove. Norbert Brodine's photography was exceptional, and among the excellent players were Karl Malden, Mildred Dunnock, Millard Mitchell, Coleen Gray and Brian Donlevy. Even Victor Mature was acceptable.

Call Northside 777 was based on a true story (the one about the tireless reporter clearing the name of the man falsely condemned to life imprisonment). Although James Stewart's perpetual mumble was not always effective, Hathaway provided sufficient compensation. Particularly accomplished is a montage routine in which reporter Stewart endeavours to elicit information from the habitués of various speakeasies, dives and clip joints.

Following a vacation, Hathaway was assigned to *Down to the Sea in Ships* (1949). An adaptation of the 1922 silent of the same title, it is 'a story of adventure on a New Bedford whaling ship in 1887'. An excellent cas was assembled: Richard Widmark, Lionel Barrymore, Gene Lockhart, Dean Stockwell, Cecil Kellaway, and there is a magnificently directed episode in which the whaling brig collides with an iceberg.

The Black Rose (1950) was filmed in England and Morocco. As usual, Fox expended no small sum to gratiate Hathaway's mania for shooting (as far as possible) on the actual spot; although, in this case, the Moroccan sequences were supposed to take place in China. After the requisite quota of location

vicissitudes, the film was eventually completed and shown to an excited audience of critics who regarded it as a huge joke. Apparently, Hathaway was so preoccupied with prospect and panorama, he neglected to revise his script or direct his players, with the result that Tyrone Power was his usual achromatic self, while Orson Welles, being paid a flat rate (£25,000) instead of a weekly salary, was in an understandable hurry to dispose of his lines as quickly as possible.

Rawhide (1951) was one of those westerns in which a group of people are held captive in a lonely ranch-house. A good screenplay by Dudley Nichols and wonderful evocation of atmosphere by Hathaway surmounted the presence of Tyrone Power and Susan Hayward.

Originally released before *Rawhide*, *USS Teakettle* (1951) was withdrawn and issued a few months later under the title, *You're in the Navy Now*. Yet the footage in both cases was identical. Whatever the reason for this odd change of title, the story is a natural set-up for farce. Harkness, a Naval lieutenant of considerable engineering knowledge but no practical experience whatever, is assigned to captain an experimental submarine chaser. He finds himself in command of a 'green' crew, and immediately receives orders to put the ship through its paces. His first attempt results in the submarine's drifting idly in the Gulf Stream for hours before it is towed home.

Hathaway exploited every aspect of the Richard Murphy screenplay to advantage and was well served by a cast which included Gary Cooper, Jane Greer, Millard Mitchell, Eddie Albert, Jack Webb, John McIntire, Ray Collins, Lee Marvin and Ed Begley.

Although made in only six weeks on a modest budget, Hathaway's *Fourteen Hours* (1951) is regarded by many critics as his finest achievement. Based on an actual incident, the film tells the story of a mentally unbalanced young man who sways precariously on the fifteenth storey ledge of a New York hotel for fourteen hours while he decides whether or not to jump. Hathaway told the story simply and intelligently. Because of the limitations of plot, space and time inherent in the subject, Hathaway did not use his standard compositional form to any great extent. In order to create tension he forsook documentary framing for dynamic framing. As one critic noted: 'The most interesting thing about *Fourteen Hours* is the ways the dangers of stasis have been avoided. Because the pivotal character is confined to a few feet of space throughout, it has never been more important for the camera to tell the story. Even in *Rope* and *Lifeboat* there was more scope. The shrewdest camera angles have been used, and the most accurately timed cutting to the crowd below and to the complicated work of the police. Though these scenes were intensely interesting, one was constantly tugged by a desire to get back to the ledge and its tortured occupant. Not for a moment do you lose interest in, or sympathy with, his terrible plight'.

When *Rommel—Desert Fox* went into production at the end of May, 1951, there was an immediate storm of protest, suggestions that the film might be a defence of Fascism, and that it sought to glorify the exploits of one of the chief villains of the Nazi machine. Although Zanuck and his aides issued a plethora of denials, the attack was renewed when the film was released. It presented Rommel as a sincere, courageous soldier who turned against Hitler as a gesture of decency. Although its accuracy of characterisation is debatable, the film is quite brilliantly directed. The prologue, which depicts a raid by British commandos on one of Rommel's headquarters, is one of the most exciting sequences ever put on film, and there are two notable touches of *mise en scène*: Sir Cedric Hardwicke eluding his shadower at a train terminus; and the scene in which Rommel's jeep is chased by an Allied 'plane - the jeep crashes, and the camera cuts to Rommel's staff, lying in the middle of the road. (This device is repeated with a slight variation in *The Bottom of the Bottle:* in the final shot the camera pans down from landscaped silhouettes to the broken fragments of shattered glass.)

Working from a Peter Cheyney novel, *Sinister Errand*, Hathaway now turned out a spy thriller, *Diplomatic Courier* (1952), set in and around the trouble spots of Europe in 1950. He approached the subject in a semi-documentary fashion and made excellent use of his backgrounds, particularly Trieste. Tyrone Power starred, and Hildegarde Neff made a welcome appearance.

Hathaway was then called upon to direct 'The Clarion Call' sequence in *O Henry's Full House* (1952). This had Richard Widmark giving a repeat performance, complete with maniacal laugh, of his gangster rôle in *Kiss of Death*. Hathaway's taut style made the similarity more emphatic, but nonetheless, many critics regarded this episode as the best of the five. (The other directors were Henry Koster, Jean Negulesco, Howard Hawks and Henry King.)

'The Clarion Call' was screenplayed by Richard Breen, who collaborated with Charles Brackett and Walter Reisch on the script of Hathaway's next film, *Niagara* (1952). Designed primarily as a Marilyn Monroe vehicle, the film is still the subject of much critical controversy. While one camp maintains that it is 'almost perfect motion picture entertainment', the opposition regards it as 'sexy trash'. For myself, I agree with the critic who concluded: '*Niagara* will engross and entertain all but the completely misanthropic. The direction by Henry Hathaway is a joy to watch. The Technicolor photography (by Joe MacDonald) of Niagara Falls and all the terrain in which the action takes place is exceptionally beautiful. The sets and clothes are attractive, fresh, invigorating. The murders, chases and rescues are directed and photographed creatively, specially the scene in which Joseph Cotten strangles his wife'.

In 1953 Hathaway went to Africa to shoot location material for *White Witch Doctor*. The footage he obtained was so superlative,—a native youth's fight with a lion to test his manhood, tribal ritual, and so on,—it intended to show up the studio-staged episodes, involving a female doctor (Susan Hayward) and an ungracious white hunter who, as played by Robert Mitchum, seemed a good deal less civilised than the 'savage' Negro tribesmen.

Hathaway was now entrusted with a medieval project, *Prince Valiant* (1954), a three million dollar slice of fatuity, lensed not only in Hollywood, but also over a period of nine weeks in the United Kingdom. Hathaway states that this was the first time in film history that five real castles were used in a single non-travelogue. In addition, a breakaway castle was built on the studio lot for an invasion and sacking of a Viking fortress, an incident involving a fire spectacle, for which an eighty thousand dollar set was specially rigged so that the fire could be controlled. Hathaway conceded that *Prince Valiant* was

● *Richard Basehart played the mentally unbalanced young man in 'Fourteen Hours' (1951), regarded by some critics as Hathaway's finest achievement*

the most difficult film he had ever directed, 'because it packed enough action for a dozen films', but in spite of all this, and two years of preparatory research, the film was an artistic failure. Hathaway's 2nd unit work—impressive though it was—could not redeem the juvenility of the screenplay and the woeful state of the acting.

A far more satisfactory film was *Garden of Evil*, photographed in its entirety in the Mexican desert during the months of April to June, 1954. The Cinemascope camera here displayed in spectacular fashion its superiority as a medium to capture 'mood' scenery. The panoramic lens sweeps across the Mexican jungles, deserts, volcanic mountains and ancient villages with a clarity and intensity that could stampede the tourist into a frenzied visit. The camera glides through the brush of banana-tree jungles, wanders through age-old deserted villages, and tracks the awesome black volcanic sands of Paricutin.

There were some refreshing attempts to give depth and richness to the characterisation, especially of the embittered husband (Hugh Marlowe) and his passionately protective wife (Susan Hayward), whose love has so much of reproach, contempt and remorse. In all, Frank Fenton's screenplay was far superior to that churned out by Dudley Nichols for *Prince Valiant*.

When recording the thrills and dangers of roaring around Europe in such classics as the Mille Miglia and the Grand Prix of this and that, *The Racers* (1955)—or *Such Men Are Dangerous* as it was known in England—was highly entertaining, and often gave the watcher the dizzy sensation of being behind the wheel. Otherwise, it was the usual sporting film formula: ambition crowned, arrogance punished, repentance rewarded. A number of incompletely drawn characters spent most of their time debating immaturely on the psychology of racing drivers. Altogether, the film was a considerable waste of some good talent —of Hathaway, Kirk Douglas, Lee J. Cobb and Katy Jurado.

Nowhere is the robust quality of Hathaway's direction better illustrated than in *The Bottom of the Bottle* (1956), (English title: *Beyond the River*). Much of its dynamic quality arises from Hathaway's dexterous use of stereophonic sound. The dramatic cutting and arrangement of these effects—the roar of the swollen river, the beating of rain, the percussive score—give the film tremendous intensity and force. Adapted from a Georges Simenon novel, Sydney Boehm's screenplay is a study in guilt, reflected in the mores of 'respectable' ranch society. As the leading figures in this society, Jack Carson and Margaret Hayes give brilliant impersonations, while Van Johnson is superb as the fugitive who shatters the thin veneer of their pseudo-sophistication.

With a change of character from villain to hero and a change in his scene of operations from Arizona to London, Johnson also had the leading rôle in Hathaway's next feature, *23 Paces to Baker Street* (1956). Nigel Balchin's screenplay was smooth and literate most of the time, the dry little jests of Cecil Parker's valet rôle being specially palatable. Hathaway's direction was at its best. Five scenes were particularly striking: that in the pub in which the blind dramatist overhears the kidnapping plot; that in which the amateur sleuth is lured into a half-demolished building; the search in Hyde Park; the climax; and Cecil Parker's droll account of his shadow-work.

Some years before, Henry purchased a screenplay from Ben Hecht and Robert Presnell Jr. This work attracted him because, to his mind, it was a strong adventure drama which offered scope to film in off-beat locations. He decided to produce it independently when an opportunity could be obtained.

After completing *23 Paces*, 20th-Fox assigned him to the film of John Steinbeck's novel, *The Wayward Bus* (1957). Producer Charles Brackett soon discovered that while Hathaway handled the San Juan location scenes with great vitality and imagination, he 'mismanaged' the many dialogue exchanges among such people as Joan Collins and Jayne Mansfield. Hathaway was replaced by Victor Vicas.

A good opportunity was at hand to quit 20th-Fox for a spell and produce the screenplay he had been saving for just such a contingency. He showed the property to John Wayne, and having persuaded him it would make an ideal vehicle to display his familiar forte—the tough hero who conceals a heart of gold beneath a rough exterior—it required but little extra coercion to sign up Wayne's Batjac Productions as the providers of the requisite largess. However, when Wayne realised on what an extravagant scale his director intended to shoot the project, he shrewdly called in both Robert Haggiag of Panama and Dear Film of Italy to float a co-operative venture.

As settings for the film, Hathaway chose Timbuctoo, a well-known city in Africa; the ruins of Leptis Magna, a town put up in 146 by the Roman Emperor Septimus Severus; and an isolated oasis in the Sahara called Guadames. This last location was probably one of the remotest ever used for a film. The co-operation of the mysterious Taureg tribe, whose traditional chants were used in the background music, and of the French Foreign Legion was enlisted to add 'realism' to the production which eventually emerged as *Legend of the Lost* (1957).

The Hecht-Presnell script would possibly have been acceptable as an innocuous second feature. Dressed up in Technirama and Technicolor with all the panoply of unlimited finance, it became a different story—one so trite that the authentic desert and temple locations, in Hathaway's hands, only served to accentuate its inherent lack of either credibility or interest. Occasionally, the director introduced a salient (though ineffective) composition, but for the most part he seemed quite unconsciously to emulate his material.

That Hathaway can be imaginative when the situation demands was exemplified by *Manhunt* (1958)—originally entitled *The Hell-Bent Kid* but released in the USA as *From Hell to Texas*. Directed with feeling for the deliberate pace and loneliness of the real west, Hathaway made ardent use of his New Mexico location, building tension and suspense by steadily increasing the savagery of the action. Tersely constructed, and without that melodramatic restlessness which usually hollows the realistic illusion out of western stories, the film was further embellished by Wilfred M Cline's breathtaking photography of both natural scenery and Diane Varsi.

As soon as Susan Hayward carried off an Academy Award for her performance in Robert Wise's *I Want To Live*, Sydney Boehm couldn't wait to sign her up for *Woman Obsessed* (1959). As Hayward has never given a good portrayal in a Hathaway film, it is amazing that she consented to appear in this production; for *Woman Obsessed* was one of the dullest films ever made. It opened promisingly enough with an extended travelogue through the mountain scenery of Saskatchewan, which was neatly tied into the storyline by the introduction of a forest fire. Here, however, Hathaway's hand began to falter, and the script became a saccharine succession of dull clichés.

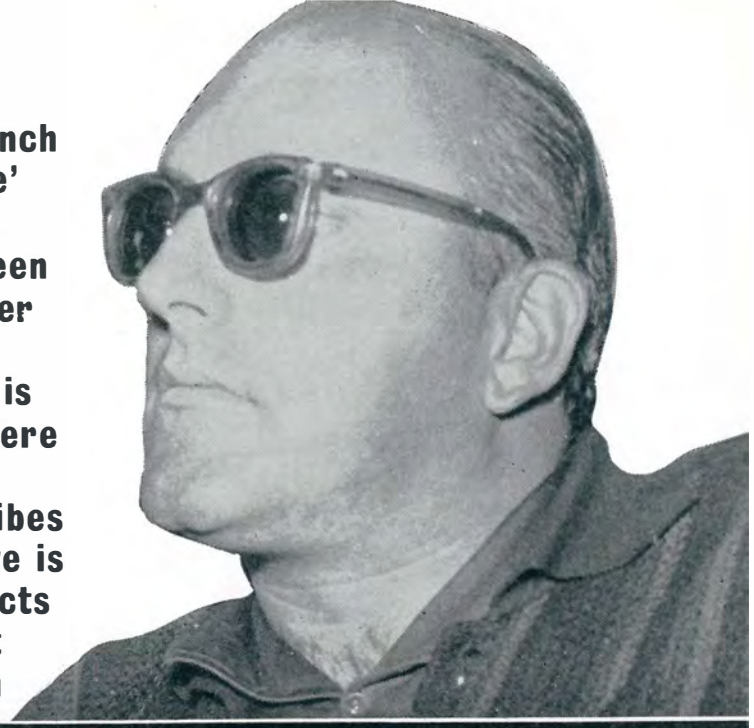
Fortunately, *Seven Thieves* (1960), also produced and scripted by Boehm, showed considerable improvement. For here was a first-class suspense story in which under-accentuation paid off: such a theme as the robbery of a Monte Carlo gambling house might tempt the average producer to linger overlong at the roulette wheels—fascinating as they might be—and insert a climax full of gunmen and elegantly dressed interceptors. But the working-out of the film, with each of the seven robbers outlined as a thinking and talking individual, was both naturally and sympathetically treated. At no time was there a feeling that such a bold scheme was entirely illogical.

Editor Dorothy Spencer should have left the slow beginning on the cutting-room floor, but as soon as the robbery got under way, Hathaway reverted to form and provided several characteristic touches: the pinpoint of light from Steiger's torch in the darkened vault, Steiger and Dante outlined against an open window, the high camera angle as these two grope their way along a fearsome ledge high above the Mediterranean, the intensity with which Wallach's collapse in the casino was observed, and, most important of all, the assimilation of background and action into an integrated whole.

Hathaway then made *North to Alaska*, and recently completed directing part of the first story film in Cinerama, *How the West Was Won*.

● *Hathaway played it strictly for laughs in his story of Alaskan prospectors, 'North to Alaska' (1960), with Fabian and Stewart Granger*

• Since the French 'nouvelle vague' new ideas in cinema have been bursting all over the world. The newest 'wave' is in Argentina. Here an Argentine director describes how a new wave is born and predicts where the next one will splash



How to make a new wave

by Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson

The movement that has taken place in the Argentine is, in a way, the consequence of a psychological and an economical situation. With its limitations or with its power, it is similar to what happened in Germany in 1920, in Italy in 1945, and in France in 1957. These movements come from an industry that has been powerful and has reached a crisis. The country then has the material and the technicians that can make a film but no industry to put them to use. This allows people who desire to make good cinema to make use of these tools.

If there had not originally been an industrial situation, these young boys who have made interesting short or long films in the Argentine would probably have been writing poems or novels, or painting, or composing music; but with this power in their hands they came and made films. Despite the vitality of the movement, there is some limitation and I think it is this. Germany in 1920 had a big crisis, hard poverty. Italy had come out of a big war and France had its historical, literary and intellectual traditions. Argentina has not had great poverty or war, and we haven't a long tradition in literature, and that is what may weaken in some points the general plots of our movement.

The economic power had given us this situation, that between 1935 and 1945 in the Argentine there were ten studios contracted where we could shoot seventy or eighty films a year. We had all the Latin American market. Our films were seen not only in the Argentine but in Chile, Mexico, and Spain. That developed a technical industry. We had laboratories that could work on a hundred films a year if necessary. We had a big quantity of skilled technicians. For example, there are today at least twenty-five excellent cameramen who can help any young director to develop his technique correctly. We have crews of people who know practically all about the manufacturing of a film. This is what I call a powerful industry. During the pre-war period it was the largest film industry in Latin America. Afterwards, Mexico became the most powerful.

Different circumstances brought about our crisis. First, the political decade of Peron. It brought a quantity of problems, internal and external. The internal included censorship. For example, films were quite commercial on the outside that used to show a poor Argentine, sometimes an unhappy Argentine, but realistic films could not be made now because at the beginning of the Peronist period the Church was powerful with Peron. Later, in the social aspects, we all had to be happy in our films, we had to show people living in wonderful houses and this weakened very much the content of the films. Externally, Argentina under Peron was looked upon badly by the rest of Latin America. They did not like Argentina; fascism was an unpopular movement. Then this unpopularity started to concentrate not only on the government but on the films and the people who made them. We started to lose markets, and in 1952 there was already a big crisis and out of the ten studios, five were shut. And our films, that were very popular in Latin America, weren't seen anymore. It is no longer the big producers who are producing the new wave films. Big producers no longer make investments of money, but rent their studios.

The development of this movement has had behind it a law to help the cinema that gives money to young film-makers to cover 50 or 60 per cent of their budget as a loan. These films are made by independent producers who make, maybe, one film a year in collaboration with a director, a writer and maybe some technicians as well. You get the loan when you present the story, actors, technicians and facts to show that you can support your 40 or 50 per cent of the film.

Many of the Argentine new wave films have not been released yet. We cannot assure the financial situation for some time. It can happen that many of these young boys make very important first or second films and then have difficulty finding a chance to maintain their first promise. That is the case with Lautaro Murua who made two excellent films (*Shunko* and *Alias Guardilito*) and has not been working in the last eighteen months. The financial results of his films were bad and he has not yet been able to organise a third picture. The movement could fail in two or three years. Unfortunately, if we cannot develop these films in foreign markets, even in a little way, the movement could fall into crisis at any moment.

There is a small amount of interest in the art theatres and cine clubs overseas which does not yet represent a commercial movement. My films have started doing well in the last year, and Kuhn's *Los jovenes viejos* seems to have excited foreign distribution, certainly in Germany and the United States. Now the other films have to follow through. Kohon's *Tres veces Ana* has an American distribution, so it too may become international.

I am not sure if our young directors are influenced, as some critics think, by European directors like Antonioni or Resnais. I think it is a way of expression. The critics say this comes from this, that from that. They have referred to the influence of Ingmar Bergman in some of my films. I have been making films in *my* style since 1950 and Bergman was starting at about the same time. Critics who think there is some trace of the French new wave in our films may overlook that some of our directors started before the French. It is not an influence of one or another, it is a contemporary feeling. The way Antonioni tells his stories today is a way a man can feel in these times; the way he comes near to his characters, the way he develops a story is something *he* feels and other people can feel also. Argentina is not an exotic country, our problems are problems of a city, problems of loneliness, non-communication, desire, love, non-desire, non-love, the poverty of a city . . . similar problems to those in Italy; and an Englishman or Frenchman could feel the same.

It has been the tradition in my country to lean towards Europe culturally. Since the middle of the last century, the influence in our universities and our culture generally has been French or English literature, French and Italian painting, German music . . . all that has influenced our artists in some way or another. In this way we are quite different to Mexico or Peru, that have a more traditional culture in their own countries.

We are not sure how the present political situation in Argentina is likely to affect our films. It is very difficult for us to understand our real situation at this moment. Our coun-

try seems to have two situations—dictatorship of Left or dictatorship of Right, and the two of them may lead back to fascism. This would be very sad. We could have a fascism of Left or a fascism of Right. Right and Left are words that seem a bit old already. A Liberal movement in a country like Argentina at the moment seems very difficult. Frondizi, our last President, tried to create a Liberal situation and he was constantly defeated by two other powers.

Our public is divided in two. There is a minority that has grown quite a lot and really supports the cinema, they go constantly and like good films. I don't know if there is a sufficient number of such people. The people who like bad cinema do not go regularly now, but stay in their houses to see television. That has brought a big crisis to the cinema. The quantity of people who want to see a vulgar film may be, for argument, a million; and the people who want to see good cinema only 150,000. That means we will have to work with these 150,000 because the other million can not be guaranteed as an audience. The problem our industry has in the future is to continue making good films, economically adjusted to this small audience and its potential overseas sales.

There are signs of this movement spreading to other Latin American countries, notably Brazil. When I was making my last film on location in Brazil, I felt a mood, the same mood one could find in the Argentine two years ago . . . these youngsters talking about cinema, meeting in cine clubs, making short films and then getting a group to make feature films. The Brazilian film that won the main prize this year at Cannes, *O Pagador de Promessas*, seems to be a very sure, professional film, well told, a good story, but probably the new wave will come to Brazil from another part of the cinema. Probably from the short film makers and the experimental groups that are working in different provinces. They are in a better situation than us because we are making an industry in Buenos Aires, a big capital city, whereas in Brazil the movement can be more spread out. This can give their cinema more vitality, which is often lacking in our films.

The other Latin American countries are in a very difficult situation. They have some talented film-makers, but these people are in a difficult financial situation because there is no established feature industry to back them. Their cinemas show foreign films, which are seen mostly out of curiosity. So their only means of financial support is often to make publicity films, and that is where these boys are struggling to make something out of the situation.

This minority in Argentina—150,000—and maybe 30,000 in Uruguay, 50,000 in Chile, and 150,000 in Brazil, depends sixty per cent on snobs. Snobs will always prefer a foreign quality film to a national quality film. It is not only the story of my country. The same applies in England, Italy and France. In the United States the snobs will prefer a French film to an American. But one must not be too hard on the snobs. They generate a genuine enthusiasm around them for good films, from whatever country they come.

I believe that any movement in cinema has to be a *total* movement. A school of technical training is very important, but from that you have to create a short films movement. You cannot give someone with no experience a feature film to make. It is bad to have one without the other. It is impossible to make short films commercially successful. The support for shorts in Argentina comes from the state laws, but this means that the industry itself has to pay the money in the long run. An industry, by way of taxes or some other way, must pay for training schools and short film movements. We haven't a training school in Argentina yet. The University of Litorial is trying to do this but has not had sufficient money to work well.

The next new wave, in my opinion, will break in West Germany. The same thing has happened there. For five or six years there was a very powerful industry making very silly films and no money, but creating all the technical organisation. There is a big crisis. The public has become indifferent to the films. With all these elements something different will have to be made. There is a tradition of cinema, the great period of the 'twenties, and I have a suspicion that the industry's cultural background will lead to better things. The German entry at Cannes, *Das Brot der Führen Jahre*, raised some hopes. It was quite interesting at the beginning, but grew artificial and mechanical. I was in Germany a few years ago and there was no curiosity, no desire for foreign films. Bergman was hardly known, Antonioni was not known, but a new distribution company started to buy the more serious films from overseas and put them on television and in cine clubs. This created quite an important movement and the same distributor is making a success of such films. He has, in fact, bought all my films from the first to the last.

I am personally against co-production. I think this cannot help a new movement. Co-productions may be important to cover budgets but only if one country is creative and the other country helps in a financial way. Never can I tolerate a mixture of the artistic elements.

● **Top: German realism:** *Brigitte Helm, Fritz Rasp and Edith Jehanne starred in Pabst's 'The Loves of Jeanne Ney' (1929)*

Centre: Italian Neo-realism: *Visconti used a non-professional cast in his picture of Sicilian life 'La Terra Trema' (1948)*

Bottom left: French 'wave': *Jean-Claude Brialy in Chabrol's 'Le Beau Serge' (1957)*

la regle du jeu

Richard Whitehall writes about Jean Renoir and his finest film. His new work, 'Le Caporal Epingle', opens in London this month

Year of Production, 1939. Produced by Nouvelle Edition Française. Directed by Jean Renoir. Scenario and dialogue by Renoir and Carl Koch. Assistant directors, Andre Zwoboda and henri Cartier-Bresson. Photography by Jean Bachelet, Alphin and Alain Renoir, with Jacques Lemare as camera operator. Settings by Eugene Lourie and Max Douy. Music arranged by Roger Desormieres after Mozart (openihg and closing sequences), Monsigny (the mechanical doll), Saint-Saens (Danse Macbre), and Johann Strauss (mechanical orchestra). Editor, Marguerite Renoir. Sound, de Bretagne. Director of Production, Claude Renoir. Advisor on hunt sequences, Corteggiani.

Opened at the Colisée and Aubert-Palace cinemas in Paris on July 7, 1939, and first publicly shown in Britain (in the 85 minute version) at the Everyman, Hampstead on February 5, 1951 (previously shown by the London Film Club on October 8, 1949). The reconstructed (110 minute) version first shown at the Venice festival of 1959 and, in Britain, at the National Film Theatre on April 1, 1960. First public showing at the Academy Cinema on September 20, 1961. Certificate A.

Cast: *Marquis Robert de la Chesnaye*, Marcel Dalio; *Marquise Christine de la Chesnaye*, Nora Gregor; *Octave*, Jean Renoir; *André Jurieux*, Roland Toutain; *Genevieve de Marras*, Mila Parely; *Lisette*, Paulette Dubost; *Marceau*, Julien Carette; *Schumacher*, Gaston Modot; *The General*, Pierre Magnier; *Corneille, the major-domo*, Eddy Debray; *Saint-Aubin*, Pierre Nay; *Mme de la Plante*, Odette Talazac; *La Bruyere*, Francoeur; *Mme de la Bruyere*, Claire Gerard; *Jacky*, Anne Mayen; *The Cook*, Leon Larive; *The radio reporter*, Lise Elina; and *Engineer*, André Zwoboda.

Plot Outline: Calculated with a mathematical precision, the story is built around a main plot and a sub-plot of identical triangles (the married woman, the husband, and the other man) which slide into disaster when they seem to become rectangles. This elaborate plot structure with its precise geometrical patterning is, superficially, every bit as complicated as the 18th century comedies from which it is modelled—basically it is a drama of character enclosed in a comedy of situation—but its particular richness of design has less to do with plot complications than with the prismatic nature of their handling. 'From the aesthetic point of view it is realistic and conventional, from the point of view of intention a direct symbolic satire, from the point of view of atmosphere droll with a dark and tragic humour, from the narrative point of view objectively factual' (IDHEC *Analyses du Film*).

Essentially it is the story of a week-end in the country, and the complex of emotional cross-currents both above and below stairs. A house-party assembles at La Coliniere, a chateau belonging to the wealthy Marquis de la Chesnaye, a connoisseur and collector of elaborate mechanical toys. Among the guests are Genevieve de Marras, the Marquis' mistress with whom he hopes to break during the week-end and, through the intervention of a

see for yourself . . .

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mutual friend, Octave, the young aviator André Jurieux who is in love with Christine, the Marquis' wife. The only person not looking forward to an enjoyable interlude is Lisette, Christine's maid, who prefers the town to the country life of her husband, Schumacher, the gamekeeper at La Coliniere.

Another of the Marquis' foibles is to patronise the lower classes so, when his gamekeepers capture a notorious poacher, Marceau, the Marquis has the sudden whim to take him into the chateau as a valet. A series of pleasant diversions has been planned for the entertainment of the guests, a shooting-party in the morning, a fancy-dress masquerade for the night.

During the evening Jurieux manages to get Christine alone, and she tells him she loves him and is willing to go away with him. The Marquis surprises them, and a fight breaks out between the two men. At the same time Schumacher, pistol in hand, is searching for Marceau whom he has seen making love to Lisette. The wild chase ranges through the ground floor of the chateau, with the Marquis eventually forced to dismiss both men.

Christine, disillusioned both with André and her husband, decides she is really in love with Octave, and asks him to take her away. Octave has loved her secretly for many years and instantly agrees, but his own doubts—and Lisette's pointed remarks when she hears of the plan—make him change his mind. He is, he thinks, too old and too poor for Christine, so he seeks out his friend and makes him believe Christine is waiting for André.

Dressed in a coat borrowed from Lisette, Christine is waiting in the greenhouse. Schumacher and Marceau glimpse her, thinking it to be Lisette keeping an assignation with another man. When André joins her the jealous Schumacher, urged on by Marceau, shoots him down. In the early morning light the Marquis assists Christine back to the chateau, declaring to the assembled guests that Schumacher, in the course of his duties, had fired by mistake at a man he thought to be a poacher. The guests however refuse to accept this explanation, preferring to believe the Marquis responsible for the removal of a dangerous rival.

Production: When, late in 1938, Renoir completed *La Bête Humaine* for Robert and Raymond Hakim, he and a group of friends decided to form their own production company. The eventual hope was to establish a French equivalent of United Artists, drawing in the talents of such directors as Clair and Duvivier and such stars as Gabin. The NEF (La Nouvelle Edition Francaise) was capitalised at 50,000 francs, the money being subscribed in ten equal parts by Renoir, Claude Renoir, Andre Zwoboda, Olivier Billioux, and Camille Francois. The French Government was sympathetic to the enterprise, and seemed likely to give the new company the distribution set-up of an important French cinema concern then in financial difficulties. The film industry viewed the NEF with the utmost suspicion, and it has been suggested that the cabal against *La Règle du Jeu* originated in the industry's hostility.

Claude Renoir, Francois, and Billioux began to raise finance for NEF's initial production while Renoir, together with Carl Koch and André Zwoboda, retired to Auguste Renoir's old home at Marlotte to work out a scenario. It was, Renoir later declared in a *Cahiers du Cinema* interview, his ambition to make a *drame gai*, and the first draft synopsis was a fairly free reworking and modernisation of Musset's *Les Caprices de Marianne*. The theme had been conceived by Renoir while working on *La Grande Illusion*—that everyone has his reasons, there is no one in the world who is completely good or completely bad, no one who is completely right or completely wrong. After a few weeks of work at Marlotte the shooting-script for the first third of the film had been written.

Planned as one of the most ambitious films of the season the budget was set at 2½ million francs, a considerable sum at that period. The three members of the company in charge of the financing managed to raise this amount and early in January, 1939, Renoir began his final casting of the actors. Originally it had been planned to cast Simone Simon as Christine with Fernand Ledoux as her husband, but it was objected that Simon would be far too expensive and that a new actress, Michele Alfa, could fill the rôle admirably. While these discussions were still going on Renoir happened to meet the refugee actress, Nora Gregor, at the theatre one night and insisted that she, and she alone, was capable of filling the rôle. A leading actress from the Vienna Burgtheater Nora Gregor was, in private life, the Princess Staremberg, wife of the former head of the Austrian Heimwehr and vice-chancellor of his country; she had (so far as I can trace) only been credited with two previous films, Dreyer's *Mikael* in 1924 and an American film of 1932, *But the Flesh is Weak*. (After the collapse of 1940 the Starembergs made their way to Chile and, in 1950, Nora Gregor made her fourth film in South America.)

Renoir's sudden inexplicable enthusiasm for Nora Gregor dumbfounded his associates; her French, they pointed out, was extremely poor, but all objections were brushed aside as Renoir continued to insist she was ideal casting for the rôle. The capricious Christine envisaged at Marlotte, a character to be fleshed out with that distinctive *femme-enfant* quality of Simone Simon was, quite obviously, beyond the physical powers of Nora Gregor. Remoulding the character into a woman of greater maturity meant the piquancy of a Simon-Ledoux relationship, already established by Renoir in *La Bête Humaine*, lost most of its point. At the last moment Dalio was brought in to play the Marquis while the director himself took over the rôle of Octave when his brother, Pierre Renoir, withdrew for 'personal reasons' not, apparently, unconnected with the choice of Nora Gregor.

This casting reshuffle forced a number of small but vital (how vital the producers were soon to discover) script changes. To explain away Christine's thick foreign accent she became the daughter of a famous Viennese conductor while, in view of Dalio's well-known Jewish origin, the Marquis was supplied with 'a mother from the Frankfurt banking family of Rosenthal' (an oblique reference to the character Dalio had impersonated in *La Grande Illusion*). This most classic of *films maudit* might have had an altogether calmer subsequent history had the rôle of Christine been filled by Simone Simon or Michele Alfa, but the work's 'moment of destiny' was that fateful meeting at the theatre between Renoir and Nora Gregor.

On February 15, 1939, the unit left for the Salogne to film the exteriors at the Chateau de le Ferte-Saint-Aubin. Renoir already had one unhappy experience of locations, that wet summer of 1936 which had caused the abandonment of *Partie de Campagne;* now he was again beset by weather difficulties. It began to rain and, for a fortnight, the unit and the actors hung around waiting for a break in the clouds. Renoir spent his time working on the script. Finally the rain eased off and the hunt was filmed. Money troubles began to add to the depression of the weather, and André Zwoboda was sent back to Paris to raise additional financing from Gaumont. This distributor had just had a great financial success with *La Bête Humaine* and was quite willing to guarantee a new film from the same director, contracting to book the film through their chain of cinemas.

Meantime Lourie and Douy, the art directors, had prepared the sets of the chateau interiors on the largest stage of the Joinville-Pathe studios (where Siodmak's *Pieges* was shooting on the smaller stages). Because of the rapidly mounting studio rentals Renoir had to return to Paris, leaving a small unit behind in the Salogne to shoot the animal scenes needed for the completion of the hunt sequence. This unit was headed by Andre Zwoboda, the camera operator Lemare, and the technical adviser Corteggiani. Renoir left a detailed shooting-script behind, carefully stipulating the material he required.

On March 16 1939, the French Government ordered a partial mobilisation and, although none of the cast or crew of *La Règle du Jeu* was affected, it was in this atmosphere of war threats and international crisis that the film completed its interiors. Marguerite

● *Top right: the Marquis (Dalio) shows Octave (Jean Renoir) the latest addition to his collection of mechanical toys.*
Centre right: Octave and his friend Jurieux (Roland Toutain) are greeted by their hostess, Christine (Nora Gregor) on arriving at her chateau to join a house party.
Bottom right: Christine introduces Jurieux, who is in love with her, to her other guests (Pierre Magnier as the General on the extreme right, Renoir and Dalio in the left background)

Houle Renoir began to edit the 42,000 metres of film according to the detailed instructions of the director who, suddenly tired and a little frightened, left her to it.

At the beginning of July, 1939, the original version of *La Règle du Jeu*, running 113 minutes, was screened for members of the NEF and for a representative from Gaumont. The latter insisted that the film was too long and that cuts must be made, particularly in those scenes featuring Renoir himself in the rôle of Octave. Renoir at first refused, but had to agree when reminded of Gaumont's important financial stake in the film—it had finally cost 5 million francs and all the extra money had been contributed by Gaumont.

Seven cuts were made, totalling about 13 minutes screentime and in this form the film was sent to the censor and got its visa.

Contemporary reaction: The première was an absolute disaster. The programme opened with a 40 minute documentary consecrated to the 'glory of the Empire' with military parades, flags flying, long inventories of the resources of France and its Empire. Whether a more judicious choice of programme filling would have helped the reception of *La Règle du Jeu* no one has ever been able to say. What happened was a riot. People quite literally set about wrecking the cinema, a howling, whistling mob began to break up the seats, others brandished lighted newspapers and threatened to set the cinema on fire. There was a whole range of complaints, that the film was morally disgusting, an aesthetic mess (beginning as comedy, going into burlesque and ending as tragedy), that it was incomprehensible, that it was a calculated slight on the *haute bourgeoisie*, and to the rampant anti-Semites proof that the rottenness of French society was due to the infiltration of 'foreigners' (the heroine with the Austrian accent) and 'Jews' (the nobleman with the Jewish mother).

Violently attacked by the anti-Semitic right wing press, the film did have one or two champions. 'Cette production est realisée avec l'habilete et le talent characteristiques de Renoir notanment la partie de chasse. Tous les details ont eté minutieusement etudies et mis au point, les robes de Chanel sont elegantes, les decors vastes et luxurieux', remarked the filmtrade paper *Le Cinematographie Francaise* (July 22 1939) in the course of a favourable review, although it must have been evident that the thumbs-down of a box-office disaster had already been placed over the film by the exhibitors. It did, in fact, lose its entire investment, and the NEF went bankrupt. Jean-Richard Block in *Ce Soir* (July 11 1939) defended Renoir and 'cette farce vengeresse et joyeuse', while both Maurice Bessy (*Cinemonde*, July 12 1939) and René Lehmann (*L'Intransigeant*, July 10 1939) considered that the work must be considered as one of Renoir's most accomplished and important films.

An equally divided press greeted the film's British première in 1951. *The Sunday Express* found it 'slightly baffling', the *Evening Standard* 'clever but confusing', and the *Daily Telegraph* dismissed it as a 'low-spirited charade', but Richard Winnington in the *News Chronicle* declared it 'an undoubted masterpiece'. During the course of a long review in *Sequence 11*, Gavin Lambert wrote:

'*La Règle du Jeu* was Renoir's last film in France and his last really personal document. It represents not only the height of his brilliance as a film maker, but the richest development of his humanist approach to the kind of life he understood best. Renoir is a keen observer of society and manners—one might describe his approach as nearer to a man like E M Forster than to the general climate of the French cinema of the 'thirties . . . It is a film without effects—though, curiously, some French critics have claimed that Renoir actually employed deep focus technique in this film before Welles and Toland in *Citizen Kane* (two years later). There is in fact a good deal of simultaneous foreground and middle-background action, both in focus, but to no greater extent than was already known at the time. It is more the highly expert though unobtrusive mobility of the camera in many sequences—especially the brilliantly managed arrival of the guests in a rainburst, hurrying out of cars under umbrellas held by footmen —that gives the impression of movement and action on several planes at once, reinforced by the use of sound at different depths'.

Destruction: In an attempt to salvage at least part of their investment after the fiasco of the première, Gaumont insisted that further cuts would have to be made; in its present form they saw no hope of imposing the film on the Gaumont chain of cinemas. Renoir, naturally deeply depressed at the whole business, replied that he couldn't, but he asked Marguerite Renoir and Andre Zwoboda to sit in with the audience and then cut the scenes which aroused the greatest hostility. This failed dismally, for no sooner had cuts been made than the audience began to hoot and hiss other scenes. After four or five attempts at judicious cutting the attempt was given up and, five days after its première, a wholesale hacking removed 10-15 minutes of the running time, reducing it to either 86 or 90 minutes (the exhibitors could choose between these two versions).

These cuts, while they simplified the motivations of the characters, completely altered the meaning of the last part of the film, reducing the part of Octave to that of a bumbling friend of the family. After becoming familiar with the cut version it is quite a surprise to find, from the reconstructed version, that the relationship between Christine and Octave is much more complex than one had imagined—this gives much greater weight to the final sequences, and points the fickleness of Christine's character much more strongly.

In spite of the drastic cutting the film still failed to please the public, it's first run lasted a mere three weeks and Gaumont never managed to impose it on the exhibitors. Renoir went off to Rome to film *Tosca* and a few weeks later the war broke out. In October, 1939, the French Government banned the film as 'demoralising'. This ban, lifted several months later, was re-imposed when the Germans entered Paris and remained in force throughout the war. In 1942 the allied air forces bombed the GM film laboratories and the negative of the complete version of *La Règle du Jeu* was destroyed.

At the war's end only a few worn copies remained, none of them suitable for duping. Then came the first of the happy accidents, an exhibitor in Northern France found a brand new copy of the 85 minute version in his cellar. It had been received from Paris just before the Germans marched in, and had lain there ever since. Before making a negative it was decided to cut another 5 minutes from the film so that, for many years, there were no less than three versions circulating in France.

The film's reputation began to take an upward turn, it became a staple of the cine-clubs, while a number of influential critics—notably Georges Sadoul and André Bazin—pointed out its merits. Georges Sadoul's appreciation in his book *French Film* more or less introduced the film to English-speaking audiences: '. . . it is the only French work that covers the period from the days of Munich to the early months of the war. It may be said that Jean Renoir did achieve the ambition recorded in the epitaph to his works, that at a similar epoch he should give to France a work of equal magnitude to *Le Mariage de Figaro* which Beaumarchais presented on the eve of the revolution'.

Sadoul concludes his appreciation with a description and analysis of those final sequences: 'The climax of *La Règle du Jeu* was, as in *Le Million*, a glorious filmic chase. The luxurious reception rooms of the castle offered an ideal background for the antics of the jealous gamekeeper who, firing a revolver in all directions, tries to stop his wife, a lady's maid, from being pursued by the local poacher. In another part of the house some guests, in the costume of Bavarian peasants, are rehearsing on an improvised stage the famous soldiers' song, *En revenant de la Revue*, a song which since the early days of Mèliés' youth had been used as the signature tune of the reactionary followers of General Boulanger. The owner of this valuable estate, a renowned collector of mechanical gadgets, is proudly exhibiting his musical instruments to a group of visitors. The lilt of their primitive music spurs on the game-keeper and the band of domestics in their three-cornered love chase, while a fight develops between the family and their guests over the charming hostess; the chase begins, regardless of the obstacles placed in its path. The scene gives way to a macabre dance of ghosts and skeletons. This brilliant sequence, following the chase, is an ideal cinematic metaphor, drawing with rare imaginative foresight a parallel to the disturbed and varied emotions of 1939. Renoir was busy shooting these very scenes while Hitler's entry into Prague was being announced over the loudspeakers of the world. This lovely corner of France, the Salogne, with its castles, its forests, its marshlands, a country famous for its hunting, whose beauty and tempo Renoir had so successfully captured, was but one year later to see the last sad battles of the French troops in the terrible year, 1940. Historically speaking *La Règle du Jeu* was, both in style and in theme, absolutely the film of the moment'.

The influence of *La Règle du Jeu* on the younger French film-makers and critics is of considerable importance; the directors of *la nouvelle vague* found in it an admirable example of the *film d'auteur*, while the contributors to *Cahiers du Cinema* have voted it the greatest French film ever made.

Reconstruction: In 1956 two film enthusiasts from the Paris Cine-Clubs, Jean Gaborit and Jacques Marechal, founded a modest distribution agency called *La Societé des Grands Films Classiques*. One of their first objectives was to establish a good copy of the 90 minute version of *La Règle du Jeu* and, finally, they managed to persuade Camille Francois to sell them the filmrights, and all papers and documents connected with the film. In these files a letter was found from the GTC laboratories (who had taken over whatever could be salvaged from the Boulogne laboratories after the bombing) which stated that they had found in 1946 in their warehouse 224 cans of film which had 'something to do with' *La Règle du Jeu*. Carefully examining the 200 cans (24 had disappeared) the two young men decided they might be able to reconstitute the 100 minute version of the première. Then, however, they began to suspect that an even

● *Escaping from a jealous husband, the ex-poacher footman Marceau (Carette) mingles with the guests at a masquerade to dance with Mme de la Plante (Odette Talazac)*

longer version had once existed. After months of work and effort they managed to piece together Renoir's original version almost in its entirety. One short scene, a discussion between Octave and Jurieux about their taste in women, which should be placed just before the hunt, is missing from the reconstituted version. The sound track for this was found, but not the picture.

Reappraisal: The spectre of Beaumarchais' *Le Mariage de Figaro* has been raised above *La Règle du Jeu* with some justice, for the latter is a social study of an ironic profundity rarely met with in the cinema. To find its equal one has to go back to Von Stroheim (the director who most strongly influenced the young Renoir). That later attempt to explore somewhat similar territory, Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, is nowhere as persuasive or penetrating. In his recent 'Conversation' with Louis Marcorelles, Renoir could say of *La Règle du Jeu* that 'like *La Grande Illusion* it is a sort of reconstructed documentary, a documentary on the condition of society at a given moment'. That fashionable boulevard audience rioting through the première were being a good deal more perceptive than could reasonably have been expected. However much they may have tried to rationalise their resentments these must have sprung, initially, from the uncomfortable feeling that their values, their way of life, was being mocked.

This pattern of corruption and decay in a dying social class is observed with merciless conviction all the more convincing in that it never becomes the crusading indictment of Fellini's films. Superficially these people are elegant and charming but, as Gavin Lambert pointed out 'their "sin" is something much less obviously abnormal. It consists of having no values at all, of always avoiding important issues. Thus they see love in terms of flirtation and adultery, it is enough to profess honesty rather than to practise it, to skate gracefully over difficulties rather than solve them. *La règle* is in fact the rule of the Lie'.

This though is not merely the 'social document' so beloved by critics. The formality of its construction, the fluidity of its movement, the kaleidoscopic surges of mood and emotion, are a perfect fusion of form and content. The plot themes, melting from one to another with the utmost ease, are unmistakably handled by a director at the peak of his power. There is nothing of mere prettiness or conventional beauty in these images. The chilling melancholy of the Autumn countryside or the peaceful beauty of birchwoods in the thin sunlight is used to point the mood, but the style is shorn of decoration. There is nothing one remembers with such intimacy as the two women on the swings from *Partie de Campagne*, or that silent figure of the girl with the tear slowly trickling down her cheek from the same film, but *La Règle du Jeu* is unmistakably controlled from that same fastidious eye. Less immediately ravishing than *Partie de Campagne*, *French Can-Can*, or *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe* it is, in its more formal way, perhaps the most truly beautiful of all the Renoir films.

The characters aren't posed in careful relation to the camera or the settings, they seem to move spontaneously through a *mise-en-scène* of a disturbingly eloquent naturalness. The camera never lingers over compositions, but the almost insolent bravura of these sequence shots (which reach a peak of expressiveness in the first mingling of the guests after their arrival at the chateau) has a totality of effect quite remarkable. Just before he started work on *La Règle du Jeu* Renoir wrote: 'The more I advance in my craft, the more I feel it necessary to have the scene set in depth in relation to the screen; and the less can I stand actors placed carefully before the camera, as though they were posing for their photograph. It suits me rather to set my actors freely at different distances from the camera, to make them move about'.

The ease with which Renoir develops his parallel relationships so that, for all the apparent intricacies of plot, the eye and the mind are carried effortlessly from theme to theme is due entirely to the director's brilliant handling of movement. Near the end there is a static camera set-up on the Marquis and one of his guests talking in the foreground, while Lisette can be seen in medium shot behind them. Their dialogue finished, the guest moves off camera right, while the Marquis walks obliquely off-screen left, pausing to speak to Lisette, but before he is out of frame Octave has appeared in a doorway behind them attracting the attention of Lisette who walks back and joins him. The patterning of this sequence carries the eye deeper and deeper into the frame and, at the same time, changes from one theme to another without any break in movement. This clarity of constructional detail is continually happening.

Renoir's handling reaches its peak of cinematic expressiveness in the shooting sequence where everything, the choice of angle, use of natural sound, rapid cutting, builds to a crescendo eloquently exposing the refined brutality of the sport and of those who indulge in it. This is one of the most masterly sequences in the whole Renoir canon, although his handling of the *danse macabre* is hardly less marked in its brilliance.

The work is flawed, though less fatally than one would expect, by the lack of conviction in much of the acting and by the banality of some of the dialogue. The latter is not the considered banality of phrasing which set a Venice festival audience against Visconti's *Senso*, but the clumsiness of an author much happier with visual than aural expression—the same faults recur in that later *film d'auteur*, *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe*. This dialogue would have benefited from the shaping hand of a Prevert, who had collaborated so fruitfully with Renoir on *Le Crime de M Lange*, but Prevert was now the dominating influence in the Prevert-Carné partnership (who were, at the very time *La Règle du Jeu* was on the great stage at Joinville, shooting *La Jour se Levé* at Billancourt).

Performances are equally variable—Carette lopes through the farcical goings-on of the subplot with outrageous élan, while Eddy Debray's cool elegance as Corneille, the majordomo, is exactly the sort of performance the film requires. Nora Gregor's mishandling of the key rôle of Christine, though, might well have wrecked a less resilient film than this; temperamentally the rôle is quite beyond her powers, lacking in both style and authority—but the major portion of the blame must go to Renoir for casting her against the considered advice of his associates. If there is one single cause for deep regret in *La Règle du Jeu* it is that the original casting for Christine was never carried through; Simone Simon had just responded superbly to Renoir's direction in *La Bête Humaine* and, in that brilliant moment of shrinking revulsion when her lover finds himself unable to kill her husband, had hit exactly the note of irresponsible selfishness needed to animate Christine. The rest of the performances verge on the adequate.

'One would have to read ten novels of the interwar period to understand as clearly the drama which Renoir has caught and condensed into eight thousand feet of film', Jean-George Auriol wrote (in *Penguin Film Review Number 8*) of this least apocalyptic of studies of a world on the brink of disaster and destruction, while Frank Hauser's summing-up of its characters (*Tribune*, February 23 1951) points a valid comparison: 'They are not relaxing from arduous labours, they are merely passing the time; and whatever sympathy we may feel for them the condemnation is as inevitable as it is in another view of the same subject, *The Cherry Orchard*. In both cases the judgment is 'history's'. In *La Règle du Jeu* form and content are one and indivisible; it is one of this century's most significant works of social comment, but the genius of Renoir is to have made this comment entirely through filmic methods of expression. It is the masterwork of a great director.

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● *A wild and reckless slaughter of the innocents when the guests form a shooting party*

FREEDOM OF CHOICE

Unless a British producer can be sure his film will be shown by either the Rank or the ABC cinemas, then the chances are that he will lose money. Consequently, no British producer is wholly independent. Until a few years ago the Board of Trade kept some control over the exhibiting side of the industry by asking for 'undertakings' by which the Rank Odeon and the then Gaumont circuits were operated and booked as separate entities. By this means a strong third circuit was maintained. Today, the third or independent release is not providing a healthy return for producers.

In a recent study of the industry the economist, John Spraos (*The Decline of the Cinema*—George Allen and Unwin) suggested that a fund of up to a million pounds should be created to compensate distributors for putting out films on the third release. This idea is now being considered by the Board of Trade's Cinematograph Films Council.

A group of independent cinemas has told the Board that it would be more satisfactory to attract cinemagoers back to the cinema than to subsidise empty seats. These cinema owners argue that when the Board of Trade allowed the Rank Organisation to merge its two circuits, Odeon and Gaumont, the resulting closure of cinemas and weakening of a third release has in fact enabled the Rank Organisation to increase its earnings from exhibition.

The independent exhibitors, through their trade association, have asked the Board of Trade to halt the drift towards monopoly by resuming some control of the film industry. They have asked for an independent enquiry into what needs to be done to re-establish 'a healthy and competitive condition'.

We do not believe that the virtual economic control of the British cinema by two circuit booking managers is synonymous with either freedom of expression or freedom of trade. The United States government crushed monopolistic trends in the American industry many years ago. Changes in Britain are long overdue, particularly as the present commercial set up has failed to prevent the continued decline in attendances. Perhaps, after all, the two major groups *don't* know as much as they think they do about what the public wants. Given a wider choice, the public would be able to decide for itself. And some of its decisions might surprise the Wardour-street moguls.

Burt Lancaster, filming with Visconti in *The Leopard*, took time off from location to introduce his film of Robert Stroud's life, *Bird Man of Alcatraz* at Venice. Lancaster won a Jury award for his performance. He also won the respect of most of the critics and reporters present at a packed press conference. He told them bluntly that *Bird Man* is intended as a plea for Stroud's release. He said that in his opinion the United States Government was refusing to release Stroud for no other reason than they now believe him to be a homosexual as a result of his imprisonment.

Lancaster is anxious that people who see the film should be able to sign a petition in cinemas where it is shown asking for Stroud's release. The producers have asked that such a petition be available to sign in every country in the world.

So far, no plans have been made for a petition in Britain. If, when you see the film, you would like to sign a petition on Stroud's behalf, ask the cinema manager why he is doing nothing about it. And write to Mr Lancaster's representative in London: United Artists, Film House, Wardour-street, London, W.1.

Festival of what?

The London Film Festival, in its sixth year, is nobly swelling the box-office at the National Film Theatre. Apart from showing films about to open commercially in London's West End (*Le Caporal Epinglé* of Renoir, *Le Proces de Jeanne d'Arc* of Bresson and *Vivre sa vie* of Luc Godard) it has collected an odd assortment of also-rans from the major 1962 festivals.

It has missed out on the major award film at Mar del Plata (Petri's *I giorni contati*), the major award film at Cannes (Durate's *O pagador de promessas*), the special jury award at Cannes (Antonioni's *L'Eclisse*), the top acting award at Cannes (Lumet's *Long Day's Journey into Night*), the best direction award at Berlin (Rosi's *Salvatore Giuliano*), the best female performance at Berlin (Viveca Lindfors and Rita Gam in *No Exit*), the best film award at Karlovy Vary (Romm's *Nine Days of a SingleYear*), the Karlovy Vary young director's award (the Cuban *El joven rebelde*), the Venice major award films (the Soviet *Ivan's Childhood* and the Italian *Cronaca familiare* of Zurlini), the Venice actress award (Emmanuele Riva in *Therese Desqueyroux*), and Venice's awards for young directors (Birri's *Los inundados* from Argentina and Perry's *David and Lisa* from the States).

The festival claims to contain 'the best of the year's films'. Who has chosen them? We suspect a small group within the *Sight and Sound* orbit. Some foreign producers, or their London distributors, refuse to let the NFT have their pictures, which makes festival-organising a thankless task. It is understandable if, like the solo British example (*The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*), they may be relegated to a screening at one o'clock in the morning.

Doubtless the theatre's 400 seats will be packed for most pictures. Any new film to London will attract an initial audience of this size. But if the British Film Institute really wants to make a contribution to the festival scene, surely it is long overdue that some effort is made to give the

London festival a purpose beyond raising money and reflecting critical prejudices. Perhaps there *is* an audience for the films the major festival juries have overlooked. But we would have thought most people would have first wanted to see the films the major festival juries applauded. Why should the Government-sponsored BFI fob its audiences off with so much of the second best without even a word of apology? Or does the BFI choose to deliberately cock a snook at the international festival juries?

Fido

Every time you go to the cinema in Britain, a part of your money goes to Fido (that is, the Film Industry Defence Organisation). Defence from what? Television.

Since its inception in 1958 the film men have spent £1,363,671 preventing 804 old films being sold for television re-issue.

The dog-in-the-manger attitude would be comic if it were not so tragic. Fido has become a monument to the film industry's lack of confidence in what it has to offer the cinemagoer.

Worse, the best of the films withheld from TV are seldom re-issued to cinemas. For many film lovers, mutilated TV showings are the only way to see some of the more interesting work of past years.

I suggest that Fido at once makes arrangements whereby the films it bars to TV are all automatically made available to the National Film Theatre, film societies and the specialised repertory cinemas like the Classics.

O'Toole's small one

Peter O'Toole, having recently completed his rôle of Lawrence in the big scale production of *Lawrence of Arabia*, immediately started work (with Jose Ferrer) on a small scale production—total cost £20,000—of Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*.

The film has been made in two weeks in Ireland. It is a new work by Keep Films, a company formed by O'Toole and producer Jules Buck, and was directed by Robin Midgely, a recruit from sound radio and television.

Beckett's play is unlikely to appeal to the

little minds in Wardour-street. By filming it cheaply, the producers will have a good chance of recovering their investment from 'art house' showings in Britain and the States. My estimate is that if it has good critical notices they can expect a profit, too.

Silhouette

One of the great innovators of the animated films, Lotte Reiniger, has an exhibition of her work in the Foyer Gallery of the Everyman, London, during November. Lotte Reiniger developed the silhouette film in Germany between the wars, making some fifty of them. Her style has since been copied, but the originals remain as fresh and as elusive in their style as ever.

She tells me she came to make them as a result of studying with Max Reinhardt in the theatre. Standing in the wings watching the great perform, she saw artists in silhouette against the lime lights. She began making silhouette portraits of the performers, and later film director Carl Koch encouraged her to work in celluloid.

Since the Second World War she has lived in London making films both for television and cinema showing. She does a number of book designs, her latest being the cover and end-papers for Oswell Blakeston's *The Queen's Mate* (Scorpion Press).

Victoria, Albert and Bess

I am sure both Victoria and Albert will turn in their graves to know that the London museum which bears their name is staging a winter exhibition of its latest acquisition—set and costume designs for the film of *Porgy and Bess*.

The Enthoven Collection, which forms a part of the Department of Prints and Drawings, covers the history of the London stage with playbills, texts, portraits and photographs. Until now the museum has owned little to represent the separate art of designing for the film.

They may not know it—but they still own little. *Porgy and Bess* may be a vastly entertaining cinema show; but it is certainly far from representative of the complex art of film. It is virtually a stage entertainment well photographed for the big screen.

The drawings were donated to the museum by Mr and Mrs Sam Goldwyn. Mr Goldwyn produced the film. The museum describes the gesture as generous. Goldwyn can be more generous than this. Let him follow up this astute piece of prestige publicity by donating designs, models, costumes and scripts of some of the more essentially cinematic and often very great works with which he has been associated.

Moscow won't pay

Some critics are very good at handing out the criticism—but they hate to be criticised themselves. At the conference of FIPRESCI (the international federation of film critics) in Venice during the festival, delegates were told that the organisers of the Moscow festival in 1963 had refused to pay the return air fares to and from Moscow of critics elected by FIPRESCI to form a critics' jury.

So the FIPRESCI leaders told the Russians they would not recommend their members to make an award in 1963.

Few reputable critics fail to attend festivals of importance, either as individual guests of the festival organisers or on an expenses-paid visit for the editors who employ them.

FIPRESCI has said 'yes' to a new festival in Nice (which wants to rival the old established festival at Cannes for a slice of the tourist trade) because the municipality will pick up the expenses of fifty FIPRESCI members.

The FIPRESCI antics are having two disastrous effects. Critics throughout the world who value their reputation refuse to join (or resign); and festival organisers who value their festival's reputation refuse to recognise the organisation.

A complete spring clean of FIPRESCI is long overdue—or it should be wound up.

Sunless

Most of my director friends in Britain have been complaining of the production delays this summer caused by the worse than average location weather. Days spent waiting for the sun to shine can play havoc with budgets.

One director has found the weather exactly to his liking. Tony Richardson wants his version of Fielding's *Tom Jones* to have the authentic smack of England.

Every day the colour cameras have been loaded and Richardson has uttered the previously unheard words, head poised skywards: 'OK the sun's going in. Now roll 'em'.

Genius

At a press conference in London to launch *Advise and Consent*, Otto Preminger talked about his future plans. After rape, Jewish resettlement, and politics, his next film will deal with religion. 'It is about a young priest and the difficulties facing a man living under two laws, the church and the state'. On hearing that Preminger was on the way to Rome to see if he can obtain the necessary permission to film there, one bright Fleet-street columnist asked if he had an appointment with the Pope. 'No, but I thought one of you could fix it,' Preminger snapped back.

Later he is to film Patrick Dennis' story of a film director, *Genius*. Autobiography?

Sales service

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer put a purchase tax on ice cream and confectionery, the cinema owners were alarmed that the public would not pay odd prices like 7d and 1s 2d for their lollies and drinks, or that the delays in giving change would limit their sales.

Now they are being asked to approve the Chancellor's tax. R M Griffiths, the general marketing manager for Walls ice cream, tells them in their trade paper *Kine. Weekly*: 'Looking at the silver lining, however, there is no doubt that the imposition of purchase tax in the long run will ease the customer out of the traditional habit of only expecting to spend such sums as 3d, 6d and 1s for his ice cream. Handled carefully, this could effectively open the way to selling at such figures as 9d and 1s 3d including tax.'

I would not be surprised to be told that the ice cream people were in future to run the cinemas, which would be open free of charge, films to be shown during regular entertainment intervals as a service to ice cream eaters.

Who sees films?

If you are between 16 and 34 years of age you go to the cinema thirty times a year; and the older you are the less you go. That is reflected by a survey conducted for the Screen Advertising Association.

The advertisers want to know because they want to sell you more. I find it disturbing to realise that the cinema, although it is losing audiences, is still not appealing to the more mature. Neither is it appealing to people with a high level of education.

The survey shows that 43 per cent of British audiences are in what is called by the advertisers Social Classes D (semi-skilled and unskilled manual workers) and E (those at the lowest levels of subsistence).

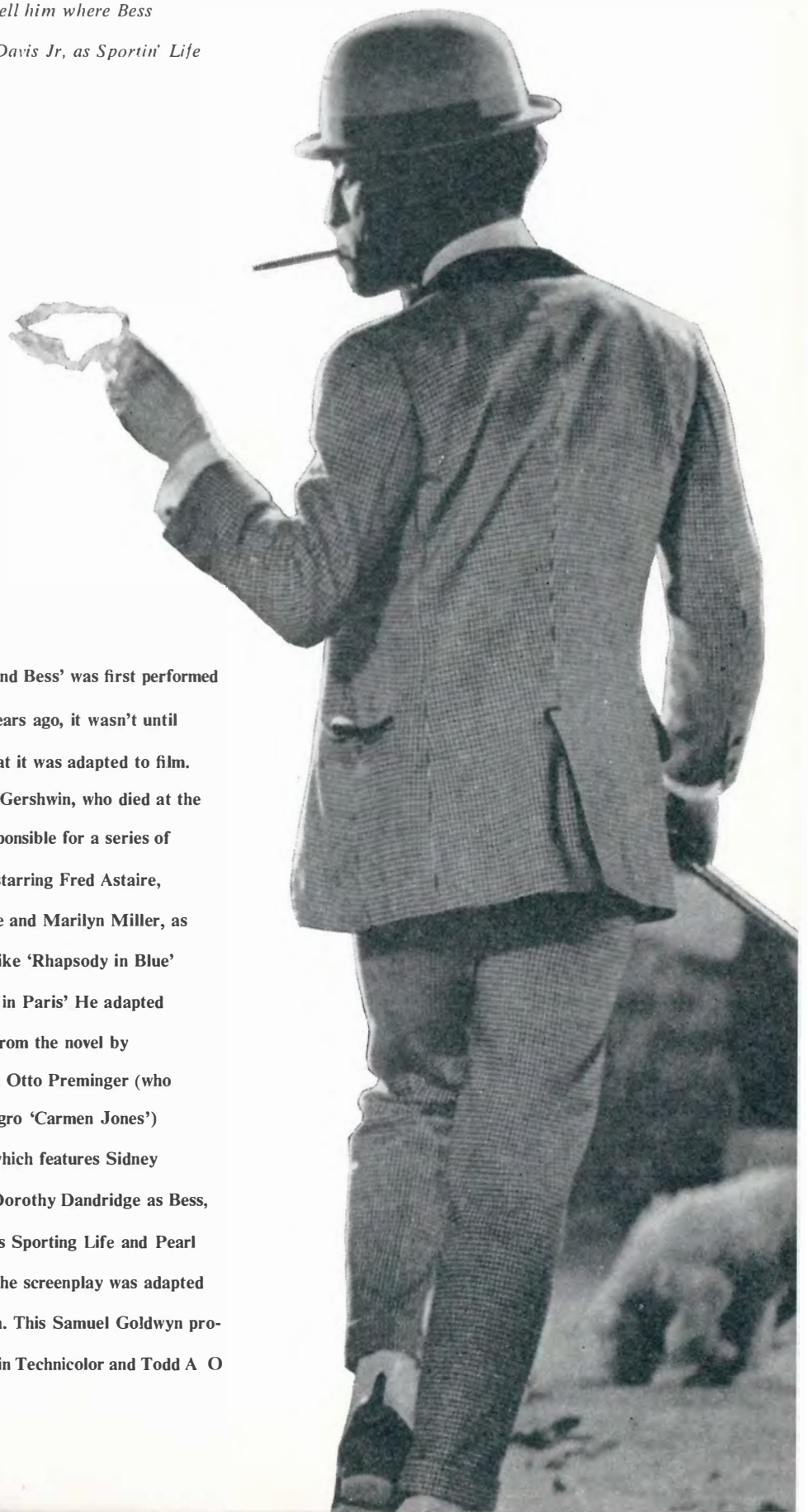
What do the film men want educated people and older people to do? Watch the telly?

● *Britain has the first Telstar stars. Albert Finney and Susannah York, stars of 'Tom Jones', have their pictures taken by fashion photographer Frank Horvath for radioing to New York via Telstar. Only previous pictures to be radioed by this method were of the Queen and ex-President Eisenhower*

Gershwin's American folk opera comes to the screen

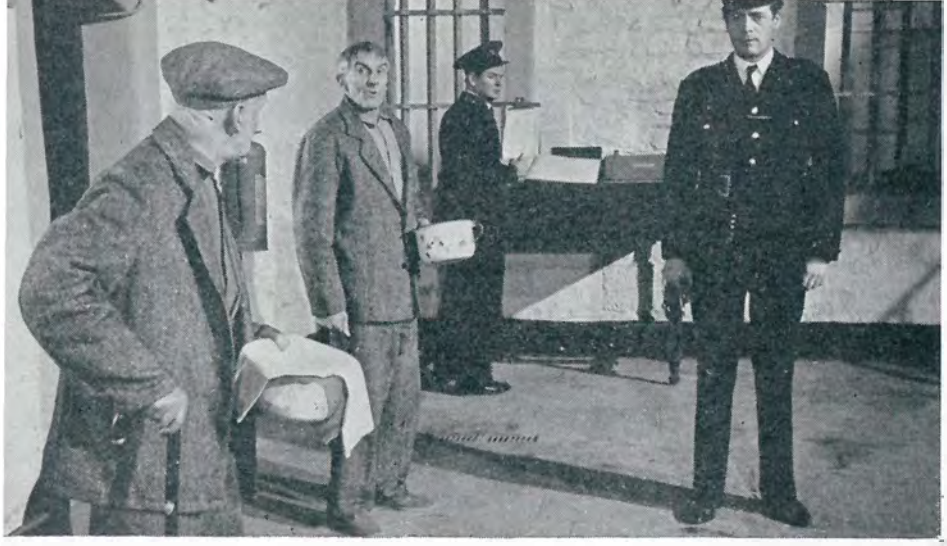
PORGY AND

● *Far left: Porgy (Sidney Poitier) and Bess (Dorothy Dandridge) sing 'Bess you is my woman now'.*
Left: Crown (Brock Peters), losing in a crap game, picks a fight with Nelson (Moses la Marr) and Robbins (Joel Fluellen).
Below: Song 'Oh, where's my Bess?' Porgy pleads with the people of Catfish-row to tell him where Bess has gone.
Right: Sammy Davis Jr, as Sportin' Life



BESS

Although 'Porgy and Bess' was first performed in New York 27 years ago, it wasn't until three years ago that it was adapted to film. Composer George Gershwin, who died at the age of 38, was responsible for a series of musical comedies starring Fred Astaire, Gertrude Lawrence and Marilyn Miller, as well as for works like 'Rhapsody in Blue' and 'An American in Paris' He adapted 'Porgy and Bess' from the novel by Du Bose Heyward. Otto Preminger (who directed the all-Negro 'Carmen Jones') directed the film, which features Sidney Poitier as Porgy, Dorothy Dandridge as Bess, Sammy Davis Jr as Sporting Life and Pearl Bailey as Maria. The screenplay was adapted by N Richard Nash. This Samuel Goldwyn production was filmed in Technicolor and Todd A O



Left *Watched by the warder (Patrick McGoohan) two old lags go on parade, in Arthur Dreifuss' 'The Quare Fellow'*

From the new films

Right *Foolish antics provide a method of escape in Renoir's look at the lighter side of war, 'Le Caporal Epinglé', which stars Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur*

Left *Harry (Ian McShane) tries to prevent fellow student (John Hurt) falling to his death in Ralph Thomas' 'The Wild and the Willing'*

Below *Blake Edwards' 'Grip of Fear' deals with a psychopathic killer who terrorises a girl bank clerk. With Lee Remick and Ray Poole*

Left *Joseph Wiseman in the title rôle in 'Dr No', adapted from the Ian Fleming spy thriller, and directed by Terence Young*

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THE LETTER THAT WAS NOT SENT*Soviet scientists search for diamonds in the frozen north. Directed by Mikhail Kalatozov. With Tatiana Samoilova and Yevgeny Urbansky. Classic, Edgware Road, Oct. 14 (for seven days). Reviewed this issue, page 42.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER:*** Tony Richardson's adaptation of Alan Sillitoe's short story of the borstal boy who seeks a subtle revenge on society. With Tom Courtenay and Michael Redgrave. Warner. Reviewed this issue, page 32.

REACH FOR GLORY:** a Jewish-Austrian boy joins an evacuees school in Suffolk during the war. Directed by Philip Leacock. With Harry Andrews, Oliver Grimm and Michael Anderson Jr. Berkeley. Reviewed this issue, page 34.

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GENERAL RELEASE:

ADVISE AND CONSENT:**the Washington political scene scrutinised by Otto Preminger. With Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, Don Murray, Franchot Tone and Walter Pidgeon. Rank release from October 15. Reviewed October 1962, page 29.

BIRD MAN OF ALCATRAZ:*** the life of Robert Stroud, double-murderer who has become an expert on ornithology and penology. Directed by John Frankenheimer. With Burt Lancaster, Rank release from October, 22. Reviewed September 1962, page 31.

TERM OF TRIAL:* unheroic teacher tries to come to terms with life in a touch school in the Midlands. With Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret and Sarah Miles. Directed by Peter Glenville. ABC release from October 8. Reviewed October 1962, page 32.

THE DOCK BRIEF:* directed by James Hill. With Peter Sellers and Richard Attenborough. ABC release from October 22. Reviewed this issue, page 37.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER:*** (see above) ABC release from November 5.

LIMITED RELEASE:

ACCATTONE: Italian poverty receives the poetic touch of Pasolini, his first film as a director. With Franco Citti as the pimp whose attempt at honest work leads to tragedy. Reviewed September 1962, page 33.

BILLY BUDD:** Peter Ustinov's adaptation of Melville's classic on the destructive power of absolute good and evil. With Robert Ryan as Claggart, Ustinov as Vere and Terence Stamp as Billy. Reviewed October 1962, page 29.

THE BRIDGE (DIE BRUCKE):** Bernhard Wicki's brutal but compelling view of war, and the senseless sacrifice of seven youths who defend their local bridge against the Allies. With Michael Hinz. Reviewed September 1962, page 32.

westend premieres

Le Caporal Epingle: a light look at prisoner-of-war life during the last war in France directed by Jean Renoir. With Jean-Pierre Cassel and Claude Brasseur. Academy. October 18.

Cleo de 5 a 7: two hours in the life of a French Lolita, directed by Agnes Varda. Paris-Pullman, November 1.

How the West Was Won: the first story film in Cinerama deals with the pioneer days of the West. Directed by John Ford, Henry Cathaway and George Marshall. Kasino, November 2.

Hid Galahad: remake of 1937 Edward G Robinson/Humphrey Bogart/Bette Davis film on corruption in the boxing world, it stars Elvis Presley and Charles Bronson. Phil Karlson directed. London Pavilion, mid-November.

Lawrence of Arabia: Directed by David Lean. With Peter O'Toole (as Lawrence), Anthony Quinn, Donald Wolfit and Jose Ferrer. Odeon Leicester Square, December 10.

The L-Shaped Room: life in Notting Hill, with Leslie Caron and Tom Bell. Directed by Bryan Forbes. Columbia, November 4.

The Manchurian Candidate: adaptation of Richard Condon's novel Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey and James Gregory. Directed by John Frankenheimer. Odeon Leicester Square, November 8.

Mutiny on the Bounty: directed by Lewis Milestone, with Trevor Howard and Marlon Brando Royalty, November, 19.

Sodom and Gomorrah: directed by Robert Aldrich. With Stewart Granger, Pier Angeli. Odeon Marble Arch. November 29.

Crime and Punishment 1962: a new title for the Saunders Bros *Crime and Punishment USA* with George Hamilton and Frank Silvera. 16 minutes have been cut from the film since it was reviewed in *films and filming* in January, 1960.

general releases

Month of original review in parentheses

October 15
ABC *Two Weeks in Another Town* (October 1962)
RANK *Advise and Consent* (October 1962)
INDEPENDENT *The Boys* (October 1962) / *The Mad 'Twenties* (October 1962)

October 22
ABC *The Dock Brief* (this issue) / *Solo for Sparrow*
RANK *Bird Man of Alcatraz* (September 1962)

October 29
ABC *The Counterfeit Traitor* (August 1962)
RANK *Grip of Fear* (this issue) / *Operation Madball* (re-issue, abridged)

November 5
ABC *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* (this issue)
RANK *The Notorious Landlady* (this issue) / *3.10 to Yuma* (re-issue, adbridged)

November 12
RANK *The Wild and the Willing* (this issue)

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Dock Brief, The*: *page* 37
Dr No: *page* 36
Golden Rabbit, The *page* 42
Grip of Fear, The*: *page* 38
Last Woman on Earth, The: *page* 38
Latin Lovers*: *page* 39
Letter that Was Not Sent, The*: *page* 42
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1000 Eyes of Dr Mabuse, The: *page* 40
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tions have cheerful attraction, particularly a mad climactic chase with Jack Lemmon dashing after Estelle Winwood who is bounding down a precipice-inclined slope in a brakeless wheelchair. But, eventually, *The Notorious Landlady* is a film without notable edge, a thriller which never knows whether to take itself seriously or not and a comedy without comic conviction.

THE QUARE FELLOW

Raymond Durgnat sees some quare goings on . . .

Directed by Arthur Dreifuss. Produced by Anthony Havelock-Allan. Screenplay by Arthur Dreifuss, based on Brendan Behan's play *The Quare Fellow*. Director of photography, Peter Hennessy. Editor, Gitta Zadek. Music, Alexander Faris. A Havelock-Allan production distributed by BL-C Cert. X. 90 mins.

Crimmin, PATRICK McGOOHAN; *Kathleen*, SYLVIA SYMS; *Regan*, WALTER MACKEN; *Donelly*, DERMOT KELLY; *Chief Warder*, JACK CUNNINGHAM; *Holy Healy*, HILTON EDWARDS; *Prison Governor*, PHILIP O'FLYNN; *Dr. Flyn*, LEO McCABE; *Lavery*, NORMAN RODWAY; *Mrs. O'Hara*, MARIE KEAN; *Mickser's Wife*, PAULINE DELANEY; *1st Customs Officer*, GEOFF GOLDEN; *2nd Customs Officer*, TOM IRWIN; *Poet*, JOE O'DONNELL; *Meg*, AGNES BERNELLE; *Minna*, IRIS LAWLER; and *Prison Chaplain*, DOMINIC ROCHE.

Brendan Behan's play was blessed with a grisly gallows jocularity which had you laughing even as you felt the steel of protest enter your heart. During the climax the condemned man's (or quare fellow's) march from cell to noose was accompanied by a running commentary, Glendenning-style, as if it were the Derby. A play can only get to that pitch of irony if its compassion is so sure that it has to be fought down, blasphemed against, shrugged off. Behan's comedy is so true because it is based both on the real callousness of human separateness and on the affected callousness with which human beings defend themselves against too sharp a pity. Without this humour Behan's text is not his play, any more than *Modern Times* would be a Charlie Chaplin film if you took it as solemnly as Euripides. I'm not advocating the whimsy-blarney which showed its clover hoof in the Theatre Workshop's production of *The Hostage* on its off-nights at the Wyndham's. But in its 'bad taste' comedy, Behan's play is as near Billy Wilder or Preston Sturges as, say, *Yield to the Night*.

Dreifuss, however, takes it comparatively 'straight'. Throughout the humour is soft-pedalled, and a (middle-class?) earnestness creeps in.

The film has an actual execution scene, the first to be allowed by the English censor for some years. The quare fellow's face is not shown (he doesn't appear at all in the play) but the noose is seen going around his neck, the hood over his face, the hangman pulling the lever. The gruelling sequence 'keys' the film's style, that of a tragedy alleviated by a few half-hearted jokes. There is even a brand new sub-plot, with the younger warder (Patrick McGoohan) nearly having an affaire with the condemned man's wife (Sylvia Syms). But if you have to have such a sub-plot ('for the women in the audience') why not take your courage in both bands, and end the film with a pretty broad hint that the warder and the girl have got so fascinated with each other that one day they will get married, and live happily ever after. Every cloud has a silver lining—that's the unkindest cut of all.

Maybe Dreifuss felt that Behan's 'facetiousness', while workable in theatrical conventions, wouldn't ring true in the 'realistic' cinema. I see his point and grant that a Behan film would need subtler handling. As it is he has made an honest attempt to solemnise and sentimentalise Behan's play more or less as Tony Richardson adapted Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*.

On the whole he has been less successful. Neither the editing nor the placing of the characters on the screen (in itself quite thoughtful) 'points' the dialogue very well. Sylvia Syms plays with her usual sincerity, but her performance has an oddly abstract quality, being neither English nor Irish, and quite without a glimmering of the irresponsible bitch the dialogue makes her out to be. The two warders—Regan, and even Patrick McGoohan's Crimmins—seem almost too cowed by their guilt feelings throughout, and the character of the hangman who loses his black box in a pub while drunk doesn't convince. The playing, solid enough, lacks that sharpness, that last twist of the screw which a showmanlike director can give. The film gives the overall impression of having been directed by Michael Relph and Basil Dearden on an off-day. It doesn't have much that is new to offer whether to English prison exposés like *The Criminal* and *The Pot Carriers* or to capital punishment films like *I Want to Live*.

All the same it is, in its own un-Behanish way, and despite the pervasive directorial stiffness, respectworthy and not unimpressive. The shot of prayers being read over the condemned man, a silent form under the black hood, is extremely moving. It's very disappointing, and while I wouldn't recommend you to go too far to see it, it's worth seeing — if you know what I mean.

REACH FOR GLORY

Peter Baker discovers things about the custard boys . . .

Directed by Philip Leacock. Produced by Jud Kinberg and John Kohn. Screenplay by Jud Kinberg, John Kohn and John Rae, from John Rae's novel, *The Custard Boys*. Director of photography, Bob Huke. Art director, John Blezzard. Music by Bob Russell. British. A Blazer film for Columbia release. Cert. X. 89 mins.

Leslie Craig, MICHAEL ANDERSON JR.; *Mark Stein*, OLIVER GRIMM; *Captain Curlew*, HARRY ANDREWS; *Mrs. Curlew*, KAY WALSH; *John Curlew*, MARTIN TOMLINSON; *Michael Freen*, JAMES LUCK; *Peter Joy*, JOHN COKER; *Felix Hearse*, JOHN PIKE; and *Headmaster*, CAMERON HALL.

It has become fashionable to make anti-war films, fashionable to make anti-anti-Semitic films, fashionable to make anti-adult films, and fashionable to make films about queers. Somehow *Reach for Glory* has the lot. Yet it is not a shoddy box-office contrivance: it is a film that, for all its weaknesses, demands to be taken seriously. I will try to explain why.

The film has been made, in Britain, by two young Americans, John Kohn and Jud Kinberg, who worked on the script with John Rae, on whose book, *The Custard Boys*, the film is based. Why no British producer snapped up the book after the glowing reviews it received on publication is one of those mysteries of which British studios should feel thoroughly ashamed. Nevertheless we can be grateful to Messrs Kinberg and Kohn who are fashionable only in the sense that they are able to be anti-Hollywood without being anti-American.

The story takes place in a small Suffolk village during the Second World War. A group of London evacuee schoolboys are flung into contact with country children; and both groups of children cannot avoid being scarred mentally, if not physically, by the war.

At first the children reflect callousness to life when they use a cat as prey in an imitation hunt. Then they display the fear of cowardice with daydreams of heroic exploits when they grow up or, in the case of at least one, a vast contrived complex lie to avoid admitting his elder brother is a CO. Then all the adult hate for everyone who does not succumb to the herd instinct is let loose. First the baiting of a refugee from Nazi tyranny because he is a Jew ('My mother says we're fighting to save the Jews'), then the roughing-up of the two friends wrongly accused of physical love-making, and finally, the sad irony, the pretended execution of the timid Mark which goes wrong and ends in death ('Why do we spend three afternoons a week learning the parts of a rifle? If they don't want us to use the bloody things, why do they teach us how to?').

Apart from the anchor of Harry Andrews and Kay Walsh as worried parents, clashing with their CO son who has just been released from prison, the film stands or falls on a juvenile cast of some dozen leading characters. It was no doubt a logical choice to pick Philip Leacock to direct. Ever since *The Kidnappers* Leacock had enjoyed a reputation for his handling of the early 'teens. But I don't think it was a wise choice. I sense the edge has gone from Leacock's work after a series of somewhat hack chores in Hollywood; and

some of the scenes smack of vamping what he has done with child actors before.

But this may be an unjust assessment because the whole film was made in little more than half the time taken by the average feature, shot wholly on locations (often very difficult ones), and costing somewhat less than half the average feature budget. Perhaps no other director, in the time, could have coaxed the youngsters out of a kind of over-rehearsed woodenness that smacks of any school's end of term concert.

Only a couple of brash Americans would attempt the seemingly impossible. If, unlike their famous compatriot Samuel Goldwyn, you believe the cinema *is* a place for messages, we should delight in their brashness. At one stage after the film had been made there was a possibility the British censor would insist on cuts that would destroy some of the essential elements of the drama (he was fearful of the dialogue about circumcision, the roughing-up of the 'love birds' and its positive anti-Cadet Corps theme); but fortunately he relented and the film goes out, I hope, on general and not limited release, with an X certificate.

Reach for Glory has a pretentious face to its title; but its mind is steered by logic, its heart by love. It's the kind of film that for once aptly fits the descriptive cliché 'little masterpiece'. It well deserved its award at the Locarno festival. It is a shame the major circuits in Britain have for so long refused to show it. Now it at last sees the light it deserves the support of everyone who values honesty on the screen.

LOLITA

Directed by Stanley Kubrick. Produced by James B Harris. Screenplay by Vladimir Nabokov, from his novel. Director of photography, Oswald Morris. Art director, William Andrews. Edited by Anthony Harvey. Music by Nelson Riddle and Bob Harris. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Seven Arts Productions. MGM release. British. Cert. X. 153 mins.

Humbert Humbert, JAMES MASON; *Charlotte Haze*, SHELLEY WINTERS; *Clare Quilty*, PETER SELLERS; *Lolita Haze*, SUE LYON; *Vivian Darkbloom*, MARIANNE STONE; *Jean Farlow*, DIANA DECKER; *John Farlow*, JERRY STOVIN; *Dick (Lolita's Husband)*, GARY COCKRELL; and *Mona Farlow*, SUZANNE GIBBS.

Lolita is one of those stories which cry out for a first-person camera. First person in the sense of being, not the hero's-eye-view—which isn't important—but his mind's-eye-view.

The film's glaring omission is the golden glow of rapture woven by Nabokov's prose about the heroine of his tragi-farce, so that the literal truth about Lolita is dissolved in a rainbow halo of happy Humbertism. Apart from the blurring effect of Humbert's erotic ecstasies, Nabokov's rhapsodic style has a sensuous delicacy akin to Colette's, and calls for a camera with a sense as vivid as Claude Renoir's for visual-tactile details: say, the sunlight on Lolita's nape, the masses of ice-cream melting in her pink lips, her tulip-red skirts and jejune limbs flashing in bare motel bedrooms. The novel's wordplay, its self-consciousness and whimsical awareness of the reader reading recalls Queneau's *Zazie Dans le Metro*—oddly enough one might describe Zazie as Humbert's mind in Lolita's body. Perhaps it's too much to expect the film to find filmic equivalents for all this—as Malle tried, and, by and large, succeeded, in his film of Queneau's novel—but it does make one or two mild gestures that way—abrupt subtitles, mainly, though some of the names are vintage Nabokov (forexample, a soda-fountain called 'The Frigid Queen').

Although Kubrick's *Lolita*, despite the screenplay credit, isn't Nabokov's, the producers have in several ways done the novel proud. The casting is splendid. James Mason is the perfect embodiment of Humbert, with his brutally handsome features, his absurd and touching shyness. My only regret is that Mason chose to restrain his fullest range of passionate feeling for the sake of registering the naive rigidity of Middle European mannerisms. Peter Sellers performs a series of brilliant parodies as the chameleonic Quilty who, nutty as a fruit-cake at heart, incarnates the conformising forces of America—the guttural psychoanalyst, the friendly cop obsessed with normality, the amiable and spineless intellectual out of Feiffer, the TV 'genius' who turns out *kitsch* as slickly as he mimics everybody from Spartacus to Walter Brennan.

Shelley Winters as Lolita's domineering mother shows just enough sincerity and goodwill to be an absolute nightmare of American suburban Momism. Sue Lyon gives an expert performance as Baby Doll's kid sister, and, later, as the banal, harassed young wife whom she has become. The change of age is—well, allowable, and, with censorship as nagging as it is, inevitable. About the conception of Lolita I am less happy. The film has lost the novel's golden mist, its dolorous haze of enchantment, and we are left with a heroine more Lola-Lola than Lolita, who acts less like a callow underage nymphet than like a precocious expert in the second oldest profession. Throughout the middle section of the film, Humbert, whether painting his lady's toenails or doing all the housework for her like a good little wifie, is reduced to the level of Emil Jannings in *The Blue Angel*—there is even a straitjacket scene—and the story of a shimmering hallucination is too blackly reduced to a story of dogged degradation.

Paradoxically, Kubrick's film is totally unerotic. Lolita wriggling in a hula-hoop, the credit-sequence of a male hand lacquering the toenails of a (podgy) female foot, are erotic ideas coldly staged, cerebral and emblematic.

The film has become instead a moral counter-attack against pharasaism. In a New England town as seething with sexpots as Peyton Place, our timid nymphetophile is more sinned against than sinning. Indeed, he is a paragon of respectability compared with Lolita herself, who is not just a brash brat but a blue angel who makes Marlene's seem a model of kind-heartedness. Morally Humbert and Lolita are both redeemed by a final scene where she prefers to stay poor with her decent young husband than leave him for luxury with Humbert—who rewards her with a no-strings-attached gift of his life's savings.

The novel's tone is amoral but the film brings a Calvinistic moral rigour to its attack on American middle-class hypocrisy, narrow ideas of 'normality', and Christianity. Credited to Nabokov, the screenplay has all the earmarks of Harris-Kubrick—the mood of revolt and the violently anti-romantic view of human nature; a view not too cynical, though, to deny the redeeming streaks of courage and passion.

The film abounds in ribald references and sexual details as kinky as they come. But its black humour is the secret of its charm; its aggressive scurrilousness conceals a deeper acceptance of human nature, and so is oddly exhilarating. Too brittle, somehow, to be a great film (despite Sellers' *pieces-de-resistance*), *Lolita* insists on being judged by the highest standards, and is devilishly—that's the word—entertaining.

RAYMOND DURGNAT

PORGY AND BESS

Directed by Otto Preminger. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn. Screenplay by N. Richard Nash, from the play *Porgy* by DuBose and Dorothy Heyward. Director of photography, Leon Shamroy. Production design, Oliver Smith. Art directors, Serge Kritzman and Joseph Wright. Edited by Daniel Mandell. Music by George Gershwin. Lyrics by DuBose Heyward and Ira Gershwin. Musical director, Andre Previn. American. Columbia-BLC release. Todd-AO. Technicolor. Cert. A. 131 mins.

Porgy, SIDNEY POITIER; *Bess*, DOROTHY DANDRIDGE; *Sportin' Life*, SAMMY DAVIS JR; *Maria*, PEARL BAILEY; *Crown*, BROCK PETERS; *Jake*, LESLIE SCOTT; *Clara*, DIAHANN CARROLL; *Serena*, RUTH ATTAWAY; *Peter*, CLARENCE MUSE; *Annie*, EVERDINNE WILSON; *Robbins*, JOEL FLUELLEN; *Mingo*, EARL JACKSON; *Nelson*, MOSES LA MARR; *Lily*, MARGARET HAIRSTON; *Jim*, IVAN DIXON; *Scipio*, ANTOINE DUROUSSEAU; *Strawberry Woman*, HELEN THIGPEN; *Elderly Man*, VINCE TOWNSEND JR; *Undertaker*, WILLIAM WALKER; *Frazier*, ROY GLENN; *Coroner*, MAURICE MANSON; and *Detective*, CLAUDE AKINS.

With its tumultuous sob of a score, *Porgy and Bess* is George Gershwin's abiding masterwork. True, it's something of a theatrical hybrid (being neither opera proper nor musical-comedy pure). True again, its melodramatics take some swallowing. True also, it sharply reveals its composer's limitations. But despite these objections, its sheer, shining theatrical magic is hard to resist. And, of course, its score, into which Gershwin poured himself without reserve, overwhelms. It carries one along like tidewater. It lifts the spirits high and tugs at the emotions until a positive ache is felt. A great ocean of a score, deep, dark, and surging. A score which tends to flood, not to say drown, the rickety dramatics tied to it. A score which haunts the mind long after the mechanics of its plot have faded from memory.

As in the theatre, so in the cinema: the music's the thing. Dramatically, the film isn't up to much. Really, Gershwin and his collaborators were after achieving a stunning piece of theatrical *effect*—and this is exactly what is missing from the film. Sam Goldwyn (the producer) and Otto Preminger (the director) tend to be respectful rather than bold and original, prefer to be cautious rather than interpretative. The direction simply takes no chances—the material is filmed hard, straight and sober. The camera is positioned here; the action is staged there. The performers play almost dead into camera. Consequently, the film's

of the situation is stressed by a series of shots purporting to show the car rolling down streets and round corners without anyone at the wheel, until it comes conveniently to rest on a barge moored beside the banks of the Seine. Fortunately Louis de Funes rescues the final twenty minutes by giving an interpretation of an irate Police Chief that Groucho Marx himself would have approved.

It is not for nothing that Dhery's work is so popular in France, but *La Belle Américaine*, while suggesting its director's essentially *theatrical* talent, is robbed of its verve by bad lighting and bad translation. French comedy *can* be imported satisfactorily (think of *Les Jeux de l'Amour*), but *La Belle Américaine* is much the worse for its journey. PETER COWIE

THE GRIP OF FEAR

Directed and produced by Blake Edwards. Screenplay by The Gordons, from their novel *Operation Terror*. Director of photography, Philip Lathrop. Art director, Robert Peterson. Edited by Patrick McCormack. Music by Henry Mancini. Columbia, distributed by BL-C. American. American title: *Experiment in Terror*. Cert. X. 122 mins.

John Ripley, GLENN FORD; *Kelly Sherwood*, LEE REMICK; *Toby*, STEFANIE POWERS; *Brad*, ROY POOLE; *Popcorn*, NED GLASS; *Lisa*, ANITA LOO; *Nancy*, PATRICIA HUSTON; *Landlord*, JAMES LANPHIER; and *Red Lynch*, ROSS MARTIN.

A nerve stretcher. A mite overlong maybe and arguably just a shade too generous in its supply of technical tricks; but certainly the best rouser of its kind seen since the breathless dramatics of *On Friday at Eleven*. Like that film, this present opus is strong on location detail. Less like it, the overall style employed is more theatrically toned. An exaggerated style perhaps, fleet and flexible, one which trades heavily on the spectator's involvement, one which depends on its audience being able to keep pace with its forward-pressing movement. Above all else, a highly imaginative and wholly cinematic style (part Hitchcock, part Welles: restless, graphic, jolting). A form of film-making which results in a smooth piece of agitated entertainment.

A young and pretty bank teller (Lee Remick) is menaced by an unknown terrorist. The girl contacts the FBI but as she cannot identify her would-be killer there is little the police can do. The terrorist, a master of disguises, tells the girl that he means to use her to embezzle a large sum of money. To ensure her co-operation, he kidnaps her younger sister. Still unable to recognise her adversary, the girl is forced into participating in his plan. Having stolen the money, the girl is directed by the criminal to a rendezvous at a baseball park. The police throw a dragnet around the area. Secret television cameras are trained on the girl. A helicopter hovers above the stadium.

To tell more would be unfair (chances are I may have told too much already). For this is an entertainment very much dependent upon its twists. There are quite a handful of set-pieces which stand out (an edgy moment in a darkened apartment full of waxed dummies; a meeting, between the killer and the girl in a honky-tonk strip joint, which goes astray), but the main thrills are saved for its climactic scene in San Francisco's Candlestick Park. This is a masterly moment. A bravura piece of staging spiked with edge and excitement.

It's here that the directorial style—elliptic, almost balletic—really comes into its own. Earlier, the constant dovetailing of scenes, so that each piece of action led directly into the next, may have seemed precocious rather than particular. But here the style fits exactly. Every piece of action and re-action (an FBI agent shakes his head as a signal, the gesture is duplicated by a ball-player in the heat of the game) is part of an elaborate orchestration of movement which builds in tempo until the final meeting between girl and killer, then killer and police.

Under Blake Edwards' driving direction this scene comes off with force and precision. And it knocks aside any objections one may have had about the film's manner. Although capable and efficient, the film's two stars—Glenn Ford and Lee Remick—can't quite match up to the directorial ingenuity on display. *The Grip Of Fear* is a triumph of stylish storytelling. The director, his cameraman, and his editor are the real stars of the piece. Not to be overlooked either is Henry Mancini's superbly atmospheric score (there's a really fine piece of mood-catching melody for the villain — a solo guitar throbbing with menace yet with an echo of sadness about it). JOHN CUTTS

DEADLY DUO

Directed by Reginald LeBorg. Produced by Robert E Kent. Screenplay by Owen Harris, from the novel by Richard Jessup. Edited by Kenneth Crane. Music by Richard La Salle. Harvard Film Corporation, distributed by United Artists. American. Cert. U. 69 mins.

Preston Morgan, CRAIG HILL; *Sabena* and *Dara*, MARCIA HENDERSON; *Jay Flagg*, ROBERT LOWERY; *Thorne Fletcher*, DAYTON LUMMIS; *Lt. Reyes*, CARLOS ROMERO; *Manuel*, DAVID RENARD; *Leonora*, IRENE TEDROW; and *Billy*, PETER OLIPHANT.

If you care about films you will search *Deadly Duo* for a flicker of talent, a clue that someone involved loves making films. Some newcomer on his way up perhaps, or an old-timer trying hard not to betray himself. You'll search in vain.

The plot revolves around identical twin sisters, and that should tell you a lot. There is a grand-matriarchal industrial dictator who, on the death of her son, wants to buy her grandson from her daughter-in-law, one of the twins. She employs a young lawyer to negotiate the purchase. It is to his credit that he is disgusted by her plan right up to the time she offers him 50,000 dollars to carry it out. The other twin contrives with her husband to get the money for herself. As both twins are played by the same actress, it's fairly obvious what the scheme is. The film has a happy ending.

I know *Deadly Duo* was a cheap, hastily made production, but films like these should serve as springboards for ambitious unknowns. There's no excuse for its flatness, its lack of enthusiasm for words, or images, or even how people look when they're supposed to be lawyers or industrial magnates. *Deadly Duo* is presented by the Harvard Film Corporation. No — surely — it could not have been *that* Harvard.

TONY MALLERMAN

THE LAST WOMAN ON EARTH

Directed and produced by Roger Corman. Screenplay by Robert Towne. Edited by Anthony Carras. Music by Ronald Stein. A Filmgroup production, released by BL-C. American. Eastman Colour. Cert. A. 59 mins.

Harold, ANTONY CARBONE; *Evelyn*, BETSY JONES-MORELAND; and *Martin*, EDWARD WAIN.

Confronted with such a title and the knowledge that Roger Corman (*The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Fall of the House of Usher* and so on) directed, the reader might be tempted into thinking that here is something odd-beat enough to warrant a visit. But how wrong. Made some years before Corman began to hit his stride, this is a childish melodrama made without a shred of enterprise. The possibilities inherent in the title are never touched upon. And the story best speaks for itself. Fleeing from the New York police, a big-shot gangster, his wife, and his attorney high-tail it to sunny Puerto Rico. Here they indulge in a bout of under-water aqua-lung diving. On surfacing they find that the world has been stricken by radiation poisoning. The two men quarrel over the girl; someone is killed and two very frightened people are left to face an uncertain future.

Dismal doings dismally done. The direction is plain direction-less; the script is literally unspeakable; the performances compare favourably with those given in 'Jim's Inn'. Poor stuff. JOHN CUTTS

PRELUDES TO ECSTASY

Directed, produced and written by Toivo Sarkka, from a novel by Hans Severinsen. Director of photography, Olavi Tuomi. Art director, Aarre Koivisto. Edited by Elmer Lahti. Music by Einar Englund. Oy Suomen Filmiteollisuus (S.F.). Finnish. Compton-Cameo Films release. Original language, English sub-titles. Cert. X. 105 mins.

Elsie, LIANA KARINA; *Sten Lehtoja*, TOIVO MAKELA; *Reino*, ESKO SALMINEN; *Reino's father*, EERO ROINE; *Maja*, ROSE-MARIE PRECHT; *The Sheriff*, AAKE LINDMAN; and *The Policeman*, KAARLO WILSKA.

Elsie, a teenage baggage, makes up to Mr Lehtoja, a middle-aged business-man, but falls in love with Reino, the village rake, who says that to all the girls but is a sensitive boy at heart. One night he climbs up to Elsie's bedroom window, and is so surprised to see her in bed with her 'uncle' that he falls off the ladder and breaks his neck. Panic, clandestine

burial of corpse behind shed, guilt, police, ruin.

I'm sorry to have to be unfriendly about this Finnish film as there are scattered signs that the director has tried not to let his sensationalist theme override some intriguing half-tones of character—such as Lehtoja's shy, mysterious gestures, and almost exotically smug-sad smile; and Reino's mixture of rustic-style ladies' man and unspoiled youth. Liana Karina is piquant to look at, and although she has only one expression of feeling, suddenly widening her eyes, it's a nice one, because they're bright eyes. The lighting has moments of delicacy (in some of the bedrooms scenes) and the Finnish faces, houses, lakes and manners—of which we see too little—are mildly refreshing. But oh! how completely these good intentions and slight pleasures are outweighed by limp cutting, inappropriate music, the director's fumbling grip on character, a slight story interminably inflated and clichés which aren't so much telegraphed as sent by stone tablet.

RAYMOND DURGNAT

SUICIDE PILOTS

Produced and written by Perry Wolff. Consultant, James B. Faichney. Edited by Peter Poor, Francoise Diot and Leo Zochling. Music by Norman Dello Joio. Irja Films. American. A BLC release. Cert. A. 85 mins.

Narrated by DUNCAN ELLIOTT.

Superficially this is the story of the war in the Pacific from Pearl Harbour to August 6, 1945. In many ways it is an extremely well made documentary. There is a welcome spareness of commentary. The tone is adult and factual. The narrative and story line are logically developed. The Japanese and American strategies and the tactics employed are explained very clearly. Maps are used where necessary and the whole is vividly illustrated by well edited war material taken either from American service archives or from captured Japanese film.

Pearl Harbour and the incompetence which led to the destruction of the American Navy are unreservedly expounded. The reasons which led to the Japanese reviving the fourteenth century code of the Samurai so that young pilots, many with a bare minimum of training, hurled themselves for eighty-two days in suicide dives into the American fleet, are subtly explained.

Subtlety is the key note of this film, despite its absence of polemics and its apparent objectivity. For in effect the film becomes a justification of August 6, 1945, the day on which the Americans dropped the first atomic bomb.

The adoption of the Samurai code, explains the film, meant that the Japanese army would defend itself to death. Honour was more important. Thus Japan could not be invaded and defeated without an estimated million American casualties. The atom bomb was the only alternative.

The night incendiary raids by B29s on Japanese industry led to the death of more people than at Hiroshima, and Tokyo saw the most destructive fire in the history of man; but in spite of this the army leaders would not surrender. Tentative feelers for peace put out by the Japanese politicians could never be effective because the army was in control. Although 1,900 suicide pilots died in the eighty-two day long attack on the American fleet 5,000 more were ready to make this same sacrifice. In those suicide attacks 10,000 American service men died and America was desperate. So the B29 with its new bomb went on its daylight way to Japan. Only after Hiroshima and Nagasaki did Japan surrender.

August 6, 1945 is one of the few really significant dates in history. On that day war changed from being an instrument of politics to being a Damocles sword that hangs over the whole of human civilisation. Watching this hour and a half long record of death and destruction, performed with conventional weapons—fire and explosion in their most hideous forms—or with the new form of horror loosed at Hiroshima, it is obvious what has to be banned: war. At least the film serves this purpose: with its aid no coming generation need plead ignorance of war's nature.

KEN GAY

LATIN LOVERS

Directed by Francesco Maselli, Piero Nelli, Gianvittorio Baldi, Guilio Questi, Carlo Musso, Giulio Macchi, Marco Ferreri, and Lorenza Mazzetti. Produced by Maleno Malenotti. Screenplay, Maselli, Nelli, Questi, Macchi, Ferreri, Luigi Cavicchiolo, Ottavio Jemma, and Sergio Perucchi. Directors of photography, Vittorugo Contino, Sandro Deva, Marcello Gatti, and Leonida Barboni. Magic Films-Consortium Pathe. Based on the novel *Le Italiane si Confessana* by Gabriella Parca. Music, Gianni Ferrio. Editor, Eraldo di Roma. French-Italian co-production. English sub-titles. Distributed by Gala. Cert. X. 80 mins.

With: INGER NYSTROM, ANDREA GIORDANA, MICHELE STASINO, MARIELLA ZANETTI, MICHELE FRANCIS, MARIO COLLI, ROBERTO MIALI, TANIA RAGGI, RENZA VOLPI, SILVIO LILLO, ROSALBA NERI and RICCARDO FELLINI.

The idea that love in Italy is all gondolas and bambini dies hard in Anglo-Saxondom. With any luck this film should administer the *coup-de-grace*. It comes hard on the heels of such denunciations of traditional Italian attitudes as Bolognini's *Il Bel'Antonio* and Pietro Germi's *Divorce, Italian Style*, and openly attacks the 'ancient and humiliating prejudices which are sometimes sanctioned even by the law'.

This omnibus film contains seven episodes based on the personal advice columns of women's magazines. Though they don't add up to an organic whole, as *La Ronde* did, each slice of life has plenty of food for thought.

The first, 'Children', is written and directed by Lorenza Mazzetti, who made *Together* under the 'free cinema' banner; and though it is very weakly staged it has the children's own charm. Some four and five year olds set about playing 'doctors, mothers and fathers', and gravely reason that, if baby boys are carried in their mummies' tummies, baby girls must be carried in their daddies' tummies. Mother turns up, 'Don't be disgusting', she says, 'everybody knows babies are brought by the stork', and deals out a sound slap to prove it. Thus the children's imaginative half-truth is obliterated by adult lies.

Having ensured that five year olds will find sex and motherhood dirty and disgusting, society, in the next sketch, sets about inculcating its impressionable adolescents with sexual cynicism. A young girl who has entered her boy friend's name ambiguously in her diary is accused of behaving like a prostitute. And in a heart-to-heart talk (rather late in the day) her respectable father insists 'All men, young and old, want only one thing from women . . . women can be divided into two classes: the stupid ones who give themselves and the clever ones who don't . . . A woman's virtue is her capital . . . You know yourself I am very broad-minded but I would never have married your mother if she hadn't always behaved as she should have done'. In short, he reduces all relationships with women to their sexual aspects (it is just this sort of man who then turns round and accuses 'the youth of today' of being obsessed with sex!).

'The Slasher', cinematically the most brilliant episode, is just a street quarrel between a man and a woman. It really gives the impression that the photographer just happened to be passing during the real event, and cleverly filmed it all with a handheld camera.

The next pair of episodes, 'Proof of Love' and 'Honeymoon', illustrate woman's dilemma in a culture which admires the seductive male but insists that women be 'pure'. The heroine of 'Proof of Love' yields to a stony-hearted Don Juan, who accuses her of not loving him. The young bride of the second sketch earns her husband's lifelong hatred because on their wedding night he finds out about her 'slip' years before.

'Marriage' centres on the predicament of a charming young woman who discovers that the successful rival for her husband's affections is a young man. This episode crystallises the pederastic undertones so pervasive in the films of Bolognini, Rossi and Visconti. There is a moving scene where the young wife watches helplessly as her husband kisses his male Juliet on a parkbench, and then is caught in the headlights of a car whose occupants jeer at him heartlessly.

'Success', a rather clumsily scripted imitation of *Chronique d'Un Ete*, shows how many young Italian women seek to emancipate themselves through 'show business', but lose themselves in a 'Dolce vita' world, becoming playboy's prey.

The Adultress is a sour-sweet little comedy about a husband and wife who deceive each other daily while seeming to all outward appearances a perfectly united family. Riccardo Fellini, Federico's brother, gives a neat comic performance as the

overwhelm him as one experiment after another fails to be decisive.

The second half of the plot, when Bolton is forced to sign spurious death-certificates for Black Ben so that he can claim money from the hospital for 'cadavers', does not ring true, but the film as a whole is surprisingly good . PETER COWIE

THE GOLDEN RABBIT

Directed by David MacDonald. Produced by Barry Delmaine. Screenplay by Dick Sharples and Gerald Kelsey. Director of photography, S. D. Onions. Art director, George Provis. Edited by Alan Morrison. Music by Bill McGuffie. A Jack Lamont production. Rank release. British. Cert. U. 64 mins.

Henry Tucker, TIMOTHY BATESON; *Sally*, MAUREEN BECK; *Peebles*, JOHN SHARP; *Clitheroe*, WILLOUGHBY GODDARD; *Det. Wilson*, KENNETH FORTESCUE; *Inspector Jackson*, DICK BENTLEY; and *Manager*, RAYMOND ROLLETT.

Shy, bespectacled bank clerk Henry Tucker inherits from his uncle a formula for making gold. As anyone might, he quietly sets about making a golden rabbit in his sitting-room. However, when some 500 oz. of gold is missing from his bank, his room is searched, the rabbit found, his secret revealed and at once two crooks and the Chancellor of the Exchequer attempt to procure the formula from him.

One difficulty with this film is deciding for whom it is intended; if for adults, then it is insulting; if for infants, then it is pernicious. One clear indication of 'infant-orientation' is its re-establishment, at the end, of the social *status quo*; children's entertainment in this country is not intended to encourage any improvement of one's social or intellectual standing. Instead, they are fed this kind of wispy daydream which ends in an as-you-were return to normality. Another indication of an assumed child audience is the crudity of the humour.

The worrying thing is that despite the internal evidence of an expected infant audience, there is no suggestion in the publicity material that the film is unsuitable for a post-adolescent intelligence. DAVID GERRARD

WHITE SLAVE SHIP

Directed by Silvio Amadio. Screenplay by Continenza-Coscia-Jacobbi. Director of photography, Aldo Giodani. Music by Les Baxter. (American version). Giogio Agliani Cinematografica-Illiria Film-Champs Elysees Production-Gladiator Film. Italian-French-Spanish co-production. English language. Version prepared by American-International distributed by Anglo Amalgamated. Original title, *L'ammutinamento* (*The Mutiny*). Colorscope. Pathe colour. Cert. A 86 mins.

Bradley, EDMUND PURDOM; *Commander Cooper*, IVAN DESNY; *Polly*, PIER ANGELI; *Anna*, MICHELE GIRADON; and *Calico Jack*, ARMAND MISTRAL.

A popular year this for mutinies (on screen that is), although this multi-nation co-production can't exactly be termed a competitor of *HMS Defiant, Billy Budd* and, we suspect, *Bounty*. The only thing it could compete for is the title of the smallest epic ever made. It's unspectacular, undramatic, unauthentic, and generally uninteresting, although it does have a certain amount of sadism and gore if that can be called a recommendation. In the current cycle of predominantly Italian historical films, it's not surprising here to learn that it is the women who are responsible for the mutiny. They don't like the idea of being transported from Newgate prison to be sold as slaves in America.

It would be interesting to know if anyone actually worked out when the story was supposed to take place. According to the synopsis the year is 1765, but the Unitalia catalogue states that it is 1685. Not that it really matters since this confusion is reflected in the dubbed dialogue which contains such amorous lines as 'You're a rotten little crook but I love you very much'.

What is surprising is that the American distributor should think the film worth a completely new music score by Les Baxter (the original score was by Angelo Lavagnino). ROBIN BEAN

RIDER ON A DEAD HORSE

Directed by Herbert L. Strock. Produced by Kenneth Altose. Screenplay by Stephen Longstreet, from a story by James Edmiston. Director of photography, Frank Phillips. Music by Fairlane. Allied Artists. Warner-Pathe release. American. Cert. A. 67 mins.

Hayden, JOHN VIVYAN; *Senn*, BRUCE GORDON; *Fry*, KEVIN HAGEN; *Ming*, LISA LU; and *Taylor*, CHARLES LAMPKIN.

Three gold miners make a strike. One turns homicidal, kills one partner, and tries to frame the other. This little melodrama goes all out for action and, on a modest level of appeal, effectively achieves its purpose. There's nothing very bright or original about either the plot or its handling. But to be fair, director Herbert Strock—best remembered (or forgotten) for *I Was A Teenage Frankenstein*—keeps the movement going at a respectable canter. Predictable certainly, but the performances are good (Kevin Hagen's villainous bounty hunter is well judged), and there's an off-beat title-song which naggingly lingers long after the film's 67 minutes have clipped by. JOHN CUTTS

PLAYBACK

Directed by Quentin Lawrence. Produced by Jack Greenwood. Screenplay by Robert Stewart, from a story by Edgar Wallace. Merton Park production, distributed by Anglo Amalgamated. British. Cert. A. 62 mins.

Lisa Shillack, MARGIT SAAD; *Dave Hollis*, BARRY FOSTER; *Inspector Gorman*, VICTOR PLATT; *Joe Ross*, DINSDALE LANDEN; *Simon Shillack*, GEORGE PRAVDA; *Ralph Monk*, NIGEL GREEN; *Inspector Parkes*, JEROLD WELLS; *Miss Wilson*, GRACE ARNOLD; *Police Sergeant*, DONALD TANDY; *Constable Wilkie*, PETER THOMAS; and *Walter*, DICKIE OWEN.

Police Constable Dave Hollis has an affair with Lisa, unhappily married to an international jewel executive who she plans, with Hollis's help, to kill. Hollis, having incurred gambling debts, reluctantly agrees to commit the crime. But he discovers, after he has shot Lisa's husband, that he is the victim of a frame-up contrived by Lisa and her lover, Ralph Monk, owner of the country club to which Hollis owes money. Insane with fury, Hollis tracks Lisa down and kills her.

Beginning with an intense close-up of Hollis in the dock, about to receive the jury's verdict, the story takes the form of a flashback from Hollis' point of view. One of the most interesting aspects of the film is played down, probably due to shortage of time. Hollis' friend and colleague, Joe Ross, is promoted to CID just before the murder and joins the hunt for Hollis. I would like to have seen what could have developed from this intriguing situation. What would Ross have felt, having to arrest his comrade and secure a conviction? But even without this deep personal angle, *Playback* remains a neat, uncluttered film, smoothly directed by Quentin Lawrence, who knows the value of keeping scenes short and succinct. An intelligent touch is the nosey neighbour, Miss Wilson (Grace Arnold), a trained speech therapist asked to identify Hollis's voice. Sensibly, this clever idea is not used to spark off a dramatic denouement; Hollis instead remains silent, stupidly allowing his colleagues to draw their own conclusions from his reticence. DAVID RIDER

THE LETTER THAT WAS NOT SENT

Directed by Mikhail Kalatozov. Screenplay by Victor Rozov, Grigori Koltunov and Valery Ossipov. Director of photography, Sergei Uresevski. MosLlm Production. Sovexport Film distribution. USSR Cert. A. 90 mins.

Tanya, TATIANA SAMOILOVA; *Sergei*, YEVGENY URBANSKY; *Andrei*, VASILI LIVANOV; and *Konstantin*, INNOKENTY SMOKTUNOVSKY.

Kalatozov had an international success with *The Cranes Are Flying*—and so did the lovely Tatiana Samoilova. His new film (it has taken a little over a year to reach Britain) attempts something in quite a different style—a story based on fact and narrated with a kind of disregard to realism that is usually more common in films made in Hollywood.

The Letter That Was Not Sent is concerned with the hardships experienced by a group of geologists trying to find diamonds in the Yakutia part of Asia and, having found them, getting their report back to Moscow.

The structure of the film is episodic. In most respects it has all the virtues (and the vices) of a picture like *Ice Cold in Alex*.

Uresevsky's photography is heavily romantic and somehow fights against the realist content of the story.

Nevertheless, the film has a number of tense moments (particularly a well staged forest fire and the final scenes on the frozen river) and the lovely Samoilova. It is unlikely to be remembered among the Soviet 'greats'; but it is well worth seeing. PGB

Joyhouses

clubs

by Michael Ratcliffe

The classy audiences won't cross the tracks to see *Joyhouse of Yokohama*; the *Joyhouse* crowd justifiably feel sold when they buy *Time in the Sun* for a nudie, and get Eisenstein and the Aztecs. Such, crudely, is the dilemma facing the idea and practice of club cinemas in this country. Forever poised between the two worlds of high art and honest titillation, they only intermittently acquire a proper respectability. It is in this context that the ambitious scheme of Gala, for example, to run a chain of cinema clubs from Soho to Scotland, appears to have failed. Doubtless there were many self-evident reasons for failure (one certainly being the charming but foredoomed attempt to get people out of their homes at 10.30 in the evening) but, in the main they failed because, Janus-like, they tried to have it both ways.

Leaving the less-elevated side of the business to take care of itself — as well it can — Gala has now abandoned its schizophrenia and settled for the Aztecs. It has just launched an enlightened cinema programme at the New Arts Theatre Club in Great Newport Street. Indeed, its managing director, Kenneth Rive, is the present motive power behind the whole transformation of that theatre. Richard Shulman, owner of the exemplary Paris-Pullman (generous, imaginative programmes, stunning posters) is the manager; Derek Prouse is advising on the choice of films. So far so good. They will be shown on Mondays and on some late evenings after the play — short measure as a beginning, but a great deal better than nothing. By the time this article appears, it will have opened with Mauro Bolognini's *La Senilità*.

Based on Italo Svevo's novel *La Senilità* (*As a Man Grows Old*), the film is set in Trieste between the wars and, a product of the Italo-American film boom, stars Claudia Cardinale, Anthony Franciosa and Betsy Blair. It should help us to give a proper orientation to Bolognini's position in the current Italian school, for his two previous best-known pictures received rather rough treatment here. *La Notte Brava* was fearfully emasculated into mid-Atlantic, for all but West End audiences, as *Night Heat*; and *La Giornata Balorda* may have slipped past many an interested party in its somewhat fruity garb as *A Day of Sin*. (What, I wonder, will they do to *La Senilità*?)

The Arts will be used as a try-out centre for the best of Gala's new stuff, and not simply as the last resting place of films denied a certificate by the British Board of Film Censors. The programmes will not necessarily be confined to Gala's own product. *Senilità* is almost certain to go out into the country after its run at the Arts, and other important new films to have their first British showing there are Torre-Nilsson's *Summer Skin* (on now), Vadim's *Le Repos du Guerrier*, Chabrol's first and rarely-seen feature *Le Beau Serge*, and the eagerly-awaited *Salvatore Giuliano* of Francesco Rosi. *Mondo Cane*, the Cannes documentary rejected out of hand by our censors, is also likely to cause quite a stir.

Membership of the Arts is a painless business—there is even an occasional membership for rare visitors to the capital — but the club's principal value to cinemagoers will lie in its character as a sort of trade fair (I almost wrote common market) for some of the most interesting new films from abroad. Film societies will likewise have a sizable stake in the quality of its programmes.

The aristocrat of all club cinemas — the National Film Theatre—is currently leavening its massive Russian season with a programme—collectively entitled 'One Shots'—devoted to directors who made only one film, or, in the opinion of the NFT, only one *good* film. Thus, for example, Charles Laughton's *Night of the Hunter* (1955), Menotti's *The Medium* (1951), Bretaigne Windust's *Murder Inc* (1951) and Curzio Malaparte's *Il Cristo Proibito* (1950). And, more startlingly, Budd Boetticher's *Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond* (1959) and Burt Lancaster's *The Kentuckian* (1955).

I took my first look at the latter. A simple tale of a backwoodsman and his son on one of the great American rivers, and drawing heavily but happily on the store of Fordian mythology in such folk-matters, it remains pretty trite. What makes an actor turn to direction? It cannot, in this case, have been a love of ostentation. Lancaster is the most meticulous, least power-happy of all the Hollywood principals, content to work for the most part under highly individual directors like Visconti, and even Frankenheimer. His own performances, both in *The Kentuckian* and in *Bird Man of Alcatraz* I find self-effacing to a point of fault. Maybe inside every actor there is a director trying to get out; at all events, comparison with the celebrated Laughton piece (showing November 11, 13 and 16) should be interesting. *One-Eyed Jacks* and *Mr Topaze* — both highly instructive examples of the *genre* — might well have been included in this season, as neither Brando nor Sellers has shown any sign of repeating his 'one shot'.

On the same evening as *The Kentuckian*, I saw Alfred Santell's *Winterset* (1936), based on the Maxwell Anderson play. *Winterset* has passed beyond the bourne of datedness, and attained the dubious limbo of 'period', but there is something very touching as well as absurd about the enormous trilby, shining eyes and too-scrubbed face of the young Burgess Meredith. The Brooklynese humour remains fresh, and there is one magnificent stroke of melodrama, but in the main pretentiousness is all. And the rain. Today *Winterset* belongs to its background orchestra and the gallant rainmakers of RKO, wherever they may be.

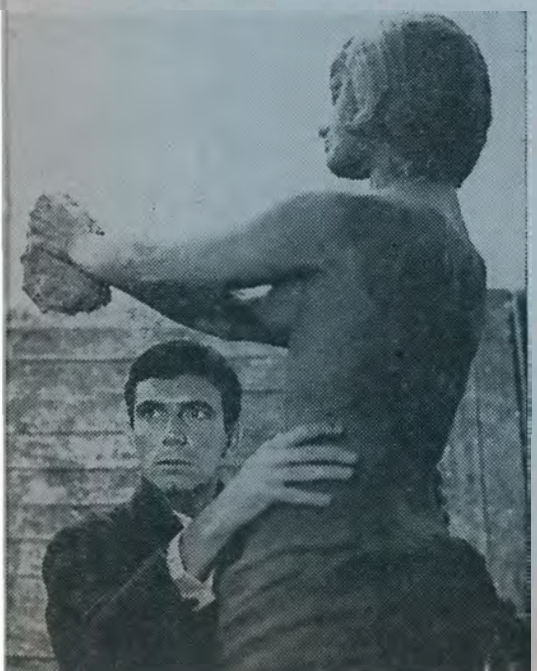
The NFT was showing the delicious *Top Hat* on October 15, and other programmes to note include *The Informer* (November 5), *Earth* (November 6), *The Children Are Watching Us* (De Sica's first major feature —November 12) and the Gorki trilogy shown in sequence on both November 17 and 18. The London Film Festival, noted elsewhere in this issue, runs from October 16 to November 3.

Just within the scope of this column lie the forgotten films of Wardour-street — films shown to the trade months, even years ago, and still awaiting a buyer and an audience. Distributors cannot be expected to clasp the *oeuvre* of the Chinese People's Opera with eager hands and rush it out to the two-and-threes, but in many cases their reluctance is bewildering. There is scarcely ever a film so bad that it is not worth showing at all. The neglect of any new film becomes the more inexcusable as the number of scratch West End 'revivals' appears to increase with each month.

The White Bear, a Polish film, directed by Jerzy Zarzycki in 1959, was first shown here a year later and subsequently forgotten. Zarzycki is co-author of the script.

It is the winter of Stalingrad. A Jew (Gustav Holoubek) escapes from a camp train and is reluctantly sheltered by two members of the Resistance in Zakopane, a dazzlingly beautiful mountain resort. The two run an outdoor photographic business on the ski slopes: the younger, dressed from head to foot in an enormous white bearskin, poses for holiday photographs with the Nazis and their women. The physical atmosphere is exhilarating, the moral climate squalid; a contrast nicely made.

The young man's Resistance activities are



● *Anthony Franciosa in Bolognini's 'La Senilita' which opened the New Arts Theatre Club film programme*

Popular life

BY KEN GAY

When in the 'fifties the spread of television with its daily news service made the old twice weekly cinema newsreels out of date before they were seen, George Grafton Green, then editing the *Empire News*, a now defunct Sunday paper, suggested to Ranks that they took their answer from the Sunday newspapers whose motto was 'featurise'. After a lifetime in journalism, Grafton Green came to Ranks to featurise their news, and *Look at Life* was born. The problem, he says, is to combine the technique of the short with the speed of a news operation, for the magazine is weekly. In fact he is placed on that borderland, known only too well to documentary film makers, which divides reportage and social documentary.

Look at Life was started in 1959, and so far nearly two hundred weekly issues have been made. They are in colour and usually run for ten minutes. Their distribution is world wide, for as well as travelling through 1,200 major cinemas in this country in a three to four month spread they go abroad into thirty-three other countries. The distribution of *Look at Life* is in fact vastly bigger than that of the old newsreels. Each issue can expect to have a life of from 18 months to two years.

This problem of time lag is a major one. For, from the time the idea for an issue is discussed and approved in an editorial meeting in Grafton Green's office to the time that issue ends its run, must be well over two years. As Grafton Green says, an element of crystal gazing is required for it cannot be so newsy that it goes out of date and yet its topicality must be of constant and world wide interest.

The real problem however is that there are several levels of audience demand in any form of mass entertainment. As Grafton Green recognises, the only way to select your programme in the commercial cinema is either to go or to stay away. As the Pilkington Committee recognised in the television sphere, the standard of mass appreciation must be raised without losing the audience, a delicate task.

Look at Life, like every other part of the Rank complex is charged with making a profit, and make a profit it does. In order to do this, and to maintain its cinema audience and retain Rank support, it must provide entertainment. Local cinema managers talk with their patrons, watch for audience reactions, and send in reports. *Look at Life* is popular.

When you mention *Look at Life* to a critical audience the remark is usually that 'they vary'. Variety of achievement is one characteristic of the series. This stems partly from the choice of subject and the way it is angled and partly from the talent making it. Freelance scriptwriters and directors are used. Grafton Green's problem is the problem of all documentary film producers that I have talked to — finding talent. When you face up to it you recognise that real talent is very limited, as it is in most professions and most generations. It is the Humphrey Jennings or the Satyajit Ray who shows the others up. Grafton Green looks out for young men to train to his requirements. In his view many existing documentary film makers tend to be too hidebound and slow for the demands of *Look at Life*.

With one issue coming out each week the pace of production can be quite hectic, with perhaps 20 or more issues on the go at any one time. *Look at Life* has ex-newsreel cameraman Ted Candy, who brilliantly covered the Royal Tour in Australia and New Zealand some years ago, as its very professional production manager. Everything, except the laboratory processing, is done under one roof in an old building at Park Royal.

Ideas for the issues come in from all over the place. Given the premise of mass entertainment on a world wide scale, religion tends to be out, and of course the three sacred cows in any polite forum tend to be religion, politics, and sex. *Look at Life* is not as straight laced as that but the Battle of Flowers in the Channel Islands, the RAF Black Arrows Air Squadron, and dirt track motor cycle racing were not subjects which were turned down. The range is wider than this: anything from tropical fish to the study of that endemic disease of our time, high tension or nervous strain, says Grafton Green. The amount of research is sometimes colossal. The amount of social significance can vary from a little to a great deal.

An important new production development is the planning of some double issues so that more detailed treatment can be given to some subjects. The first of these is the two reeler on The Common Market. West Indians in Britain provide another interesting subject for a forthcoming *Look at Life*.

Because it is prepared to tackle social questions like these, *Look at Life* deserves some applause. It is removed from the inanities of the old pre-war newsreel with its child guide commentator talking about unimportant subjects masquerading as hard news. As anybody who has tried it knows, to get down very far from the superficial in a one reel film about a social subject is enormously difficult. A documentary film can only successfully convey a minimum of abstract ideas. To do it in a film which has to appeal to a mass audience in public cinemas is to make the technical problem more difficult still.

Look at Life has never tried itself out on the festivals, and perhaps a festival judgment and more critical attention might be useful to it. Helped by the predacit system in Germany which exempts shorts of cultural interest from entertainment tax, together with the feature with which they are shown, but hindered in Italy by an import tariff on shorts, *Look at Life* is probably our most exported short.

With the Common Market in the news, and our relations with the Commonwealth uncertain, perhaps it was appropriate that one evening at the 1962 Edinburgh Festival was devoted to Australia. Like other parts of the Commonwealth, although Australia is not disturbed by political troubles it seems to want to find a new image of itself. The best documentary to come out of Australia in recent years was of course John Heyer's *Back of Beyond*, but I believe that in Australia this was not always critically acclaimed. It was the wrong national image for export.

Australia's population lives largely in urban communities and it is complex enough to be something quite different from the Western cowboy world of the Antipodes that some people imagine it to be. One film shown in Edinburgh was *The Story of An Australian*, made by the Australian Commonwealth Film Unit under the leadership of old time documentary film maker Stanley Hawes, and which may be distributed in this country as well as in Australia and elsewhere. This black and white three reeler starts off with poet John Thompson stepping out into an Australian city street, looking at the hurrying crowds, and asking what was the ancestry of these people. What is an Australian? The search for a national image could never have been more blatantly stated. With ballads and the use of old prints showing Australian life the film traces the history of the continent in terms of its white settlers. Convicts, squatters, diggers, soldiers in two world wars, independent government. At first the prints are related to present day actuality shots, as with derelict ex-convict prisons, but this link is lost and the old prints and the songs tend to become ends in themselves. There is no reprise or summary at the end, only a rather abrupt finish. The film is made to a very high standard, but the interesting thing is that it was made at all.

The impulse behind *The Cattle Carters*, a 30-minute colour film distributed by Paramount, was an industrial sponsorship but there is no sign of it in the film. Produced by Humphrey Swingler and written and directed by Derek Williams for Greenpark.

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Nine hours of my life

by Mark Robson

Horst Buchholz with producer-director Mark Robson in New Delhi for 'Nine Hours to Rama'

If we want to comment on sociology, history or philosophy, normally we do it from a platform in a lecture hall. Rarely do you find a subject that lends itself as a kind of entertainment where the audience takes out of the theatre with it something that has been rewarding.

Nine Hours to Rama is such a subject. In the film there are two opposites: the force of violence and the force of non-violence as represented by the life and work of Gandhi. And there is this tragic, classic inevitability of them getting closer and closer to a clash, and as a participant you try to hold them apart—you hope that something will intervene though there is an inevitability. Then these things clash in a triumph for non-violence.

We've telescoped and eliminated a lot of material from the novel, and the film differs considerably in structure. But the spirit of Mahatma Gandhi is out of the novel. We have also used some of his own dialogue, I think everything he says in the film he said in life.

The biggest problem of *Rama* was to photograph and capture the world of material that you find in India. There's so much that the eye can't digest it. Shooting in the streets was made difficult by the crowds that would gather. In India if you simply take out your wrist watch and look at it for 20 or 30 seconds you would draw hundreds of people who would look at your watch with you. So it was difficult to capture in an uninhibited way what you saw.

The part of the assassin is a remarkable one, and the first person we felt was right was Horst Buchholz. I didn't know him as a person, but I'd seen him in *Tiger Bay* and thought he was brilliant. A couple of years previously he had been at a festival of German films in India and had the same enthusiasm for the country as ourselves. He is also a very good mimic and was able to capture the character and his behaviour very well. He is most exciting to work with. When he needs stimulation he'll start to play a scene then maybe after we've made a couple of takes I'll give them something new, a new problem in the scene, which opens up a new and fresh vista for him. Sometimes I would have a notion about how a scene should go, but only after he had played it a few times did I develop a new way, even though I had prepared a different approach to the dramatic objective of the scene.

Over a long schedule you have a greater opportunity to live with the character. Generally speaking, films are an improvisation—you have a schedule from which you work but really you improvise from moment to moment. We had more of a chance to discuss, understand and discover about the characters. Sometimes when you are on a shorter schedule you don't have that opportunity, it isn't until the finished film is on the screen that you realise some of the great errors you've made.

All I could do as a director on a project like *Rama*, when I'm going into the great unknown on an immense location, was to have a very clear understanding of character objectives, so that I can examine a scene in terms of each character objective. Very often I discover 'What the heck is this character doing in the scene in the first place? Obviously he doesn't have any objective and shouldn't be there'. If he must be there for some kind of mechanical dramatic reason, then find an objective that doesn't seem apparent from the reading of the script. It's like building a house, if you stick with this method you can put the foundation down and most any good actor can deliver the objective. If all the bricks are put on with a clear view to the appetite and wants of the character, you'll come out with a pretty good story.

A perfect example of it was in *Peyton Place*. The girl (Diane Varsi) had to go to school. So I said 'What can I do on her way to school that can reveal the kind of character that she is, and the character of a town?' So I made her jump over fences, run down streets and through back yards to give people the experience of her joy of life the moment she left her house on the way to school. This was a kind of improvisation, it was something I only realised when I was on location and began to understand that I had to illustrate something about a character. So I took advantage of the location and development of the character at the same time.

Now with Diane and Russ Tamblyn we used to walk around the town at night and talk, I was so much older than they were, and they looked at me as though I was their father. We'd talk about acting problems, how to maintain a performance, what to be aware of. Then all of a sudden they'd sit down on a lobster trap and do an improvisation of the characters, even without a scene. It was very interesting. More films should be made that way, where you sort of live, think and plan together.

As a result of *Rama* I look toward a big change in the film industry in India. At the moment they make mainly historical films, and are not really interested in reality. They feel that films should entertain in a light or action way. The size of the film industry there is staggering, and they have big problems with the star system. Most of the stars are making between ten and twenty films at a time, and a producer is told 'Well you can have the actor three days in March next year'. So some of their films take literally years to make.

It is the only country that I have visited where people literally fight to get into a cinema. There are queues that go right around the block for every film. It is the cheapest form of entertainment: people live in crowded conditions: it's their escape from living on top of one another, so I'm sure a great deal of their privacy is looking at a film. And their films are improving as they acquire new ideas and equipment, and of course they are being exposed more to the West. The actors and directors are coming out and looking around, there is a growing excitement about their work. They remind one of the early Italian filmmakers in many ways because they have a flair about the way they live.

THE DECADE

FRANCE a mirror for

French governments traditionally rise and fall with Mack Sennett speed. The blame is often localised in a defective constitution: still, there has been a series of constitutions all with the same defects—arising, in the last analysis, from the spiritual and social diversity of the nation. England, by comparison, is a land of uniformity, of stiff upper lips and stiff upper minds; every Briton his own bobby; somewhere, in the depth of his being, where lesser breeds have a soul, the average Briton has, if not an Arnold of Rugby, then a Dixon of Dock Green. Britain is a middle-class nation and her class differences, however rigid, are subtle.

The Industrial Revolution gave the middle-class a moral ascendancy over the aristocracy above and the proletariat below. France's Industrial Revolution was later, slower and more limited, and allowed no class or class-ethos so complete a predominance. Far from expelling the aristocracy, the Revolution of 1789 left bitter divisions, an atmosphere of no-compromise. The bourgeoisie are more ready to use Fascist techniques openly than their English equivalent and so are colonial settlers: for example, in Madagascar in 1947 French troops and settlers avenged the murder of 200 whites in riots by slaughtering, it is said, 80,000 natives.

At the other extreme France has a large 'standing' Communist vote. Many a Frenchman votes Communist in accordance with a family tradition of voting 'against' the right, of permanent protest. His father voted for the 'Radicals' (now a centre party), his grandfather for the Republicans (against the 'Royalists'), his great-grandfather for the 'Montagnards' in 1789. Workers vote Communist as readily as the English working-class votes Labour. Communist strength is appreciable in economically stagnant rural districts. All uneasy alliances?

The paradoxes of French politics, paradoxes rooted in hard economic and ideological reality, can be multiplied ad infinitum. Communism is subdivided into a 'carnivorous' Communism (Moscow-directed, militant) and a 'vegetarian' Communism—historically associated with a dogged patriotism; it was the workers of Paris who refused to surrender to the Prussians in the war of 1870, and had to be subdued with extreme ferocity by French government troops. History repeated itself after the debacle of 1940. With reference to the Resistance, Francois Mauriac wrote, in 1943: 'Only the working classes will as a whole have proved faithful to a humiliated France.' There is a clerical and anti-clerical split down the centre of all the other political divisions. The running quarrels between the curé and the schoolmaster in *La Femme du Boulanger* and *Clochemerle* reflect the intellectual conditions which began before the Revolution between the church on one hand and the rationalist 'enlightenment' on the other. Many staunch Catholics are anti-clerical, i.e., object to the church's participation in legislation and politics. The Church hierarchy is traditionally right-wing but there are now powerful Catholic trade-unions; many Catholics vote Communist, despite the Papal interdiction of 1947. There is a pro-American right-wing (Bidault), an anti-American right-wing (de Gaulle) and so on. There are also 42 million Frenchmen, individualist and temperamental at that; Andre Siegfried maintains that one candidate for L'Assemble Nationale stood as a 'National Malcontent'. French politics is a chronic crisis, an alternation of paralytic anarchy with weak, brief dictatorships.

The debacle of 1940 was one result of this chaos. And, in its turn, a cause. The moral crisis of post-war France, and of *la nouvelle vague* in the cinema, cannot be grasped without reference to it. In 1934, French Fascists inspired by Hitler's success in Germany had combined with other right-wing groups in violent Paris street-riots intended to bring down the government. Socialists and Communists coalesced uneasily into the Popular Front, which came to power (insofar as Third Republic governments had any power) briefly from 1936. The right wing muttered: 'Rather Hitler than the Popular Front!' In 1940 'generally, all that was Right and Centre was solidly behind Vichy', together with 'all those French groups which are traditionally attached to the concept of legality: the Army, the Navy, the police, the clergy, the greater part of the bourgeoisie, the civil service, and most of the peasantry.' The Petain government replaced the slogan '*Liberté, equalité, fraternité*' by that of '*Famille, travail, patrie*', true to the paternalism of its class (this association helps to account for the violently sneering tone adopted by many left-wing writers like Prevert and Ado Kyrou to such apparently 'non-political' topics.) The traditional French hostility to authority was aggravated by the conscientious way in which many policemen helped the Gestapo to round up Jews, Communists and resisters; and the peasantry flourished because of the blackmarket, which redistributed the national wealth of France to an appreciable extent, ruining part of the old bourgeoisie and creating a new one. The Resistance however 'derived its chief support from elements which were on the left . . . ', at least until 1943, by which time the changing fortunes of the war, and Nazi brutalities, were swinging opinion rapidly round (for instance, the rank-and-file clergy were, after intense spiritual struggles, defying the commands of the church hierarchy and helping the Resistance).

The Occupation is thus also a *civil war*; the bitterest war there is. '*La Resistance*' is moral but illegal; a 'legal' obedience is, at bottom, immoral. Some activities

Marianne

The French set the fashion in clothes, jets and films: but is their cinema more than an intellectual exercise for the dilettante? Raymond Durgnat finds the French enjoy culture as the English enjoy cricket

● *Left: Bedroom pranks of a young couple (Daniel Gelin and Anne Vernon) isolated from the world in Becker's 'Edouard et Caroline' (1951) Above: Yves Montand and Charles Vanel in Clouzot's attack on 'dollar colonialism' in 'Le Salaire de la Peur' (1953)*

(blackmarketeering) were confusingly moral (frustrating the Germans) *and* immoral (profiteering at the expense of Frenchmen). Some *collabos* were pro-Nazi, others only pro-Vichy, others sincerely making the best of a bad job, others again playing a double game (sabotage from *within*). Assassinations reached a pitch of one hundred a day. The morality of the OAS ('France betrayed by de Gaulle') *is* that of de Gaulle ('France betrayed by Petain'). In such circumstances the puritan slogan, 'Of two evils, choose neither', is absurd. Everyone has *les mains sales*. Existentialism, with its combination of moral earnestness (Sartre comes from a Protestant background) and pessimism, presupposes the same problems as a very opposite response, the pathetic cry to a colleague of Laval, Petain's *collabo* Prime Minister: *'Je suis jusqu'au con dans la merde, alors ne faites pas de vagues!'*

By 1944 the Resistance had gained support, and Eisenhower estimated its military value after D-Day as equivalent to 15 divisions. When the war ended in 1945 the Fourth Republic seemed to herald a new era of unity and goodwill. Under de Gaulle, the Communist members of the government preached wage restraint. There were high hopes of a new France inspired by 'the Spirit of the Resistance'. But they were soon scotched. In the winter of 1944-5, the Parisian workers were worse fed than under the Germans and until about 1950 were poorer than before the war; despite waves of strikes and violent demonstrations, wages failed to keep pace with inflation. A chronic housing shortage has continued till this day (cf. de Broca's *Les Jeux de l'Amour*). While the workers suffered from malnutrition, the new, shady bourgeoisie easily evaded attempts at detection and control. From 1947 the 'cold war' gelled; after the Czech coup the Communists were isolated from the Socialists, splitting the proletariat politically and rendering it increasingly impotent. The figurehead of the Resistance, de Gaulle, 'went thuggish' in 1948 and was discredited politically—for a while. The Korean war in 1950 wrecked the French attempt to create a 'third force' independent of America and Russia, brought the 'atomic jitters', demoralised French attempts to stop German rearmament, and triggered off another round of inflation.

By 1952 under the Pinay government the Americans were pressuring the French to outlaw Communism and to rearm the freedom-loving Germans — two more moral twists confirming Sade's thesis that vice is never punished and virtue never rewarded. except by chance. Indeed, Vadim's projected version of Sade's *Justine* has every chance of being a straightforward documentary of what actually happened during and after the Occupation. The moral disillusionment of post-war French films is based on solid experience. And as yet few benefits were observable from the one success of the postwar French governments; their 'welfare state' measures to raise the birthrate, and the long sighted economic measures to rejuvenate the French economy.

This economic distress affected the French film industry less than American aid. In 1946 the Blum-Byrnes Pact allowed the Americans to begin 'dumping' their six-year backlog of feature films onto a market scarcely large enough for the cheapest French film to recover its cost. Fortunately the government yielded to industry pressure and by 1952 the French industry was on a more firm footing. Ever since 1914 French production companies have tended to be small and precarious; in 1951, 296 companies produced or more often co-produced only 102 films between them. The two 'vertical' combines, Pathe and Gaumont, both owned by the same consortium of banks and electrical firms, were hardly rivalled by a nationalised concern. Union Generale Cinematographique, which was the remainder of Dr Goebbels' investments and was being allowed to 'run down' gradually. In 1952 the business of international co-production was getting into fullswing, with each co-production being treated as a 'home' film in both markets. American talent was beginning to percolate to France—John Berry, Jules Dassin, Robert Siodmak, Preston Sturges joined their compatriot Eddie Constantine, France's favourite tough guy.

The French films shown in England offer only a limited view of France. The cinema in France as elsewhere caters mainly for the urban audience and, by weight of numbers, for the urban proletariat; where politics are concerned, it is the provinces whose influence preponderates. In a sense, then, the *film* public is not the same as the *political* public. *Clochemerle* is probably, alas, as good a guide to the French political scene as many a more 'committed' film. Those French films which cross the Channel are usually chosen with an eye either on the West End trade, or on the X-certificate audience. The films which tend to be under-represented here are the cheerful family comedies, the many good-natured films about children, and some of the more serious, socially concerned films. French films by and large are far less gloomy than the French films which come to England, and much generalising about French 'decadence' and 'pessimism' is grossly exaggerated. And many French

comedies are so unsophisticated that Old Mother Riley wouldn't feel out of place in them.

Nonetheless the French cinema has its artistic ace-in-the-hole. The French traditionally enjoy their culture much as the English enjoy cricket; and their cinema is to a greater extent an industry of artists. The conveyor belt system, pioneered by Mayer and Thalberg in the '20s, never caught on; a film is accepted as both an entertainment for the audience and as a manifesto by the director or his writers. The audience is relatively quick to sense a 'message' and to be entertained (or enraged) by it. It has no particular preference for happy as against unhappy ends; and writers like Cocteau and Sartre, instead of almost unconsciously lowering their standards when they write for the screen (like, say, Graham Greene or Peter Ustinov) make no particular mental adjustment in appealing to the larger audience. The difference between the French and the Anglo-Saxon cinema is not that there's no French trash, it abounds, but that low-brows also enjoy a 'serious' approach. Intellectuals have always been interested in the cinema: the theorising in *Cahiers du Cinema* makes *Sight and Sound* read like *Film Fun*. In 1943 Marcel L'Herbier was able to set up what Britain still lacks, a film-making school IDHEC, which has been the object of much controversy but did accommodate men like Colpi, Malle and Resnais during their apprentice years.

As the failure to resolve the moral crisis of the years 1945-52 determines the spiritual character of the succeeding decade, a brief flashback to the post-war years may be in order.

Immediately after the war, the 'Spirit of the Resistance' seemed on the verge of creating a neo-realism based less, like Zavattini's, on 'protest' than on a robust and confident optimism. The trend is represented by a flotilla of documentaries and 'reconstructed documentaries', notably René Clément's *La Bataille du Rail*. But the trend petered out as France failed to solve her social and moral problems. The fate of two films is symptomatic. The Communist Louis Daquin's *Le Point du Jour* (1948), the story of a miners' strike, came to a sticky end at the box-office, and Marcello Pagliero (co-writer of *Sciuscia* and *Paisa*) was (idiotically) attacked by the Communists for *Un Homme Marche Dans La Ville* (1949), a tragedy about a Le Havre docker which has been called one of the few truly existentialist films.

In *La Vie Commence Demain* (1948) Nicole Vedres tried to awaken post-war youth from the pseudo-existentialist gloom of the 'caves'. In a series of short, vivid episodes, the biologist Jean Rostand, a psycho-analyst, Le Corbusier, Sartre, Picasso, Prevert, Darius Milhaud and Andre Gide (a convert to Communism) sketch the new hopes offered by a left-wing scientific humanism. Becker's *Rendezvous de Juillet* (1949) similarly tried to renovate French youth, but the director's films about hermetically happy young lovers (*Antoine et Antoinette, Edouard et Caroline*) were significantly more 'authentic' in feel. Another 'moral' film of the period was Delannoy's *Les Jeux Sont Faits* (1947), scripted by Sartre, which employed a Cocteau-like framework (whereby Marcello Pagliero and Micheline Presle live their lives again and make all the same mistakes) to pose existentialist dilemmas of freedom, commitment and 'being', and though it was a moral warning it's significant that it was widely misunderstood as a fatalistic Cocteau fantasy.

In fact seven Cocteau adaptations appeared between 1945 and 1950; the poet's anguished and claustrophobic (not to say incestuous) world seemed satisfyingly to paraphrase the French mood of paralysis and gloom without coming too near the prickly realities. For much the same reason, costume pictures were popular, although many had a contemporary reference: Autant-Lara's *Le Diable Au Corps* (1946) although set in 1919 was 'made', commercially, by young people who saw in it their own attitudes and problems, and was topical enough to cause diplomatic protests. Another up-to-the-minute costume picture was Maurice Cloche's *Monsieur Vincent* on which a certain artistic distinction was conferred by the spiritual ferocity of Pierre Fresnay as Saint Vincent-de-Paul, who, apparently, charged through the social abuses of 17th-century France like a Speedy Gonzalez of efficacious grace. Left-wing Catholics were among the first to denounce the implication that the best cure for the economic ills of 1947 was to 'catch the conscience of the King', i.e., a Petainist paternalism of church and state.

The *film noir* was popular (and still is), paraphrasing social misery by a tragic romance. Producers pleaded with directors to repeat *Quai des Brumes* and directors were glad to oblige, or try to, Yves Allegret producing two stunning little atmosphere-pieces. Prevert and Clouzot related the 'doomed lovers' to the social and political reality. Prevert's songs and poems enjoyed an immense popularity among French post-war youth—one can almost speak of a 'Prevert generation', contrasting with the 'Sagan generation' which, regrettably perhaps, followed with its *dolce vita* of whisky, bed-and-boredom. A recent attempt to contrast Prevert's poetic screenplays with Renoir's realism, to the former's disadvantage, just won't stand a reasonably close scrutiny. Prevert had his ear to the ground all right and the pessimism of his scripts for *Les Portes de la Nuit* and *Les Amants de Verone* was more gratuitous than that of *Les Jeux Sont Faits*. Cayatte's film updated the Capulets and Montagues to proletariat and aristocracy in postwar Verona; and if the crazy young aristocrat longing to machine-gun all the traitors seemed to some of us then a morbid and eccentric figure, well, if one thinks of the OAS prowess with plastic and bazooka he doesn't seem quite so 'poetic'. Clouzot's *Quai des Orfevres* and *Manon* were two even more incisive attempts at integrating the 'doomed lovers' theme indispensable to the box-office with a broad and vivid canvas of contemporary social moods.

By 1952, when our decade begins, Gremillon, Vedres, Rouquier, Prevert and Daquin are all virtually absent from French features; Pagliero, understandably, has settled for mainly commercial subjects, and Duvivier, Allegret, Delannoy and Carné have their best films behind them. Throughout the '40s and '50s the most honoured directors are those who explore their private or regional worlds—Cocteau, Clair, Ophuls, Bresson, Tati, Pagnol.

At about this time there was a noticeable change of mood, typified by Clouzot's *Le Salaire de la Peur* (1953), his first film after an abortive two years in Brazil. *Le Salaire de la Peur* ranks alongside *Bitter Rice* as one of the great post-war 'melodramas of honest toil'. Under the shadow of the oil-wells through which a gigantic American corporation pumps up for its own profits the potential riches of a poverty-stricken South American state, a motley gang of Europeans, ex-war-heroes demoralised by unemployment, sit and rot. The hero (Yves Montand) abandons his old friend, a consumptive Italian bricklayer (Folco Lulli) to ally himself with a tough gangster (Charles Vanel), whose violence offers a chance of escape, of making a killing. Their chance comes when the Americans, to extinguish a blaze at their oilwell, hire four men to drive lorries laden with nitroglycerine across the country. One cannot say that the film's moral is serious political philosophy, for Clouzot ignores any alternative courses open to his unemployed men. And that's his point: there's none. Once the worker becomes an individualist, abandons his 'solidarity', then, given his lack of capital, his equivalent of the capitalist's *legal* cut-throat competition is to abandon the bricklayer, to befriend a gangster, to *become* a gangster.

The film's anti-Americanism was not widely noticed in England, but is unmistakable in the French 'climate' of its period. The theme of 'dollar colonisation' is reiterated in Robert Vernay's comedy, *Ils Sont Dans Les Vignes* (1952), where jovial old French winedrinkers defeat the salesman for Koku-Kolu. The reference to 'cola-colonialism' reminds us that the alcohol lobby which later brought down Mendes-France in 1954 briefly succeeded in banning 'coke' as a habit-forming drug. *La Putain Respectueuse* is obviously anti-American, as is another script by Sartre, that for Raymond Rouleau's *Les Sorcieres de Salem* (1957), a Franco-East German co-production based on Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* which denounced McCarthyism, via the hysteric witchhunts of 17th-century New England.

In *Le Salaire de la Peur* Clouzot's political logic is coarse and behind it lies not a plea for solidarity but a nihilistic disbelief in it. Before damning Clouzot out of hand as a blackhearted pessimist, it's worth remembering that he wrote and would have directed *Si Tous les Gars du Monde* (1956) had not ill-health forced him to vacate the directorial chair in favour of Christian-Jaque. A dying sailor is saved when his ship's distress signals are picked

up by amateur radio 'hams' who flash it to and fro across the globe. If all the lads of the world stuck together . . . is the positive of the negative in *Le Salaire de la Peur*. But the choice of a freak situation hints at an evasion of the real difficulties—nationalism and politics. It is a plea rather than a description, for, alas, though the lads *could* all stick together, when it comes to it, it's a hundred thousand to one that they won't.

The anger and despair of Clouzot's film is maintained in the work of René Clément, Claude Autant-Lara and André Cayatte. However their aesthetic merits or demerits may compare with those of the films of Ophuls, Clair, Carné, Becker, Bresson and Tati, there can be no doubt that the historians of the future will gain a far keener appreciation of the stresses and struggles of the Fourth Republic from the first group of directors. So much so that it is mildly surprising how our so-called 'committed' critics engage in interminable discussions of the work of such obvious, out-of-this-world romantics as Flaherty, John Ford and Eisenstein, while neglecting or dismissing the work of those directors who deal openly and courageously with the actual abuses of modern society. Scratch a 'committed' critic and you will find a precious little aesthete, sniffing up his cultured nose at any film which doesn't answer to the artistic standards which he learned at college and which he fondly imagines are 'objective' criteria.

René Clément's *Gervaise* (1956) and Claude Autant-Lara's *La Traversée de Paris* (1956) might both be subtitled *The Wages of Fear*. Gervaise (Maria Schell) abandoned with her two illegitimate children in the slums of Zola's Paris, battles for survival and self-respect; after her blacksmith admirer is deported for trying to form a trade-union, she is defeated, and ends up as a ragged hag in a ginshop; her little daughter Nana takes the first step on her career as a courtesan, a parasite of the aristocracy. *La Traversée de Paris* is a savagely comic Pilgrim's Progress of two blackmarketeers smuggling pigs across occupied Paris. One, played by Bourvil, is a nervous 'little man' scraping for subsistence, his companion (Jean Gabin) a world-famous painter who joins in the escapade out of sheer devilment. The scene in a cafe where he turns on a group of cowed workers and jeers, 'You filthy poor!' aroused bitter comments in the left-wing press which missed the point later made by *Positif*, that, in claiming the authority which is its right, the proletariat cannot expect allowances to be made for its moral shortcomings, least of all for political passivity. A poor man who is cowed, whether he remains poor because he is cowed, or is cowed because he is poor, is as despicable as a man who becomes rich because he is ruthlessly ambitious. 'Making allowances' is a plea for indulgence, i.e., an implied dependence on those in power, a self-betrayal. And proletarian attitudes to the middle- or upper-classes seem fatally attracted by the alternatives of *emulating* their social superiors or of merely *defying*

● *Juvenile delinquents end up in the dock in Cayatte's look at modern youth 'Avant le Deluge' (1954)*

them—two forms of being cowed, as contrasted with a vigorous self-assurance which simply ignores, or uses, bourgeois prejudices. How monotonously, and easily, working-class movements are 'usurped', either by bourgeois leaders with public-school backgrounds, or by extreme-left-wing conspirators (the ETU's Socialist youth movements). It is often as if the rank-and-file is determined to make itself impotent by leaving its political activity to somebody, anybody, else. 'Committed' criticism suffers from the same difficulty. The critic takes over grammar school (i.e., middle-class) attitudes to art, and in their most earnest and dogmatic forms. Yet the example of a Surrealist-cum-'pop'-artist like Jacques Prevert remains completely unnoticed, or is looked upon with contempt.

The element of social paraphrase in *Gervaise* and *La Traversée de Paris* is reiterated in Autant-Lara's *L'Auberge Rouge* (1951) and Clément's *Les Jeux Interdits* (1952). Curiously enough, these films also bear an occult resemblance to each other—perhaps not so occult, for all four films have the same scriptwriters, Aurenche and Bost, who wrote about half the best French films from 1945 to 1956. *L'Auberge Rouge* is primarily a religious satire; Fernandel is at his most hilarious as a well-meaning monk blundering into an inn whose landlord (Carette) murders all the guests for their money. His efforts to bring the murderers to book (and save his own skin) reveal his unconscious hypocrisy and give us a great deal of sympathy with the murderers; the only people to emerge unscathed from a final holocaust are the monk's lapsed novice and the landlord's daughter, a sweet but absolutely callous innocent. *Les Jeux Interdits* is a deeply moving study of children who, inspired by their glimpses of death when Stukas dive-bomb a refugee column, quite innocently invent a secret game, burying all the dead animals they can find, and then steal crosses from a churchyard to mark their graves. They daydream of animals to bury as 'companions' for the little girl's dog: 'Beetles, moles, cats, tigers, lions—' 'And people!' cries the little girl, yearning and ecstatic. The children are contrasted with a grim and avaricious peasant family (in 1940, in fact, some French peasants *sold* cups of water to refugees fleeing from the Germans). Both films deal with the morbid innocence of the young, who take killing as a matter of course, who don't know what it means because they have seen so much of it; both are *necrophilic* films, expressing, consciously, a total, and an *innocent* lack of 'reverence for life' and find it no worse than the hypocrisy of 'respectable' adults. Equally stinging attacks on 'respectable' morality are made by Autant-Lara's subsequent films, although they are artistically less satisfying, except perhaps *Le Blé en Herbe* (1954) and *En Cas De Malheur* (1958).

André Cayatte's *Nous Sommes Tous des Assassins* (1952) is a ferocious attack on the pharisaism and brutality of capital punishment; and is perhaps the climax to this ex-lawyer's quartet of films indicting French justice: *Justice Est Faite* (1950), about the moral dilemmas of juries, *Avant le Deluge* (1953), which relates juvenile delinquency to the atomic bomb and the

cold war, and *Le Dossier Noir* (1955). All four films are written with Charles Spaak, a prolific writer, very 'transparent' to his directors, here at his best. For Cayatte, films exist not to become *objets d'art* in the museums of 2062 (should our civilisation get so far), but to change society now—to shock the unthinking spectator out of his easy generalisations into thinking afresh, to shock the thinking spectator back into the vulgarities of passionate feeling. One emerges pulverised by their emotional violence and what Andre Bazin calls 'an indescribable atrociousness of logic, a terrorism of reasoning' which confer on the film 'the traumatic quality of a nightmare. Cayatte has transposed into images, and with due regard to realism, a lawyer's rhetoric. But, as we can see, the facts, the men, the events are not mere ideas. In articulating them as such, Cayatte evaporates reality, substitutes an exclusively logical universe peopled by beings like ourselves, but also essentially unlike us, being without ambiguity.' Cayatte's theme of the 'injustice of justice' is also an indictment of society—not only because a society which tolerates moral injustice in its legal system is a corrupt society, but because the issues which arise mirror society and its points of friction. *Avant le Deluge* evokes the 'atomic jitters' of 1950 when some elements of French society, convinced that World War III was imminent, made every preparation for a quick getaway from the Red Army then only 300 miles away, in Austria.

On the strength of his 'trilogy' about contemporary youth, Jacques Becker, with an eye like Renoir for the intimate and the trivial, seemed excitingly embarked on a series of contemporary vignettes—a series which would Boswellise a variety of social strata and constitute so many cross-sections of our time. His next two films, *Casque d'Or* (1952) and *Rue de l'Estrapade* (1953) also centred on young lovers, and, instead of sealing them off in happy hermetism, the films 'tracked back' to relate them to society. But the society to which they relate is a void. *Casque d'Or,* set in turn-of-the-century Paris, recounts the love of a young carpenter (Serge Reggiani) for Golden Marie (Simone Signoret), 'gigolette' of a gang of Apaches. This study of the wild ones of 1898 hinges on moral issues; the hero's conflict between love and his moral obligations (loyalty to a friend, even in the negative form of *revenge*). Morality rather than society is Becker's main interest in all his subsequent films, including his swansong *Le Trou* (1960).

Another important 'moralist' of the period is Luis Buñuel, who in three Franco-Mexican co-productions re-examined the social philosophy of the extreme left in three melodramas set in South America's right-wing dictatorships: *La Mort Dans ce Jardin, Cela S'Appelle L'Aurore* (1956) and *La Fievre Monte a El Pao* (1958) with Gerard Philippe as a revolutionary who, trying to compromise, defeats himself.

Last of the 'moralists' of the period is Yves Allegret, who seems to be trying to dynamite his way out of the black inertia of his earlier films. In *Les Orgeuilleux* (1953; Aurenche-and-Bost-ex-Sartre), a fastidious lady (Michele Morgan), stranded in a plague-ridden tropic village, comes up against a drunken doctor (Gerard Philippe) nursing an inverted pride in his own degradation. They regenerate each other through a perverse interplay of love and guilt; she joins him in a new life, caring for the natives. *La Meilleure Part* (1956), also with Gerard Philippe, was a box-office disappointment, and Allegret, as if demoralised, gradually sank lower and lower artistically to potboilers like *La Fille de Hambourg* (1958).

The issue of German rearmament is yet another humiliation for the French and the development of the European Common Market complicates the moral issue; to bury the hatchet with Germany entails putting a hatchet in Germany's hand.

The consequent psychological turbulence is evoked (indirectly!) in Alex Joffe's *Les Assassins du Dimanche* (1956), where an inefficient French mechanic endangers the lives of a carload of jovial German tourists. In its melodramatic way the film paraphrases the French feeling of technological inferiority to the Germans—even to an inferiority of character; the Germans are bold, jolly, direct, manly and strong, the French are a hesitant, divided, shifty lot. (This recurs in Louis Malle's *L'Ascenseur a l'Echafaud* later.)

One way or another, by the first splash of *la nouvelle vague,* the Old Guard—Duvivier, Allegret, Clément, Cayatte, even Autant-Lara—show signs of floundering, as if seeking a renewal of mood and theme, but not knowing where to find it. In a sense, perhaps, their hesitations reflect the boredom, the bewilderment, the psychological exhaustion on which the Algerian settlers counted in their 'coup' in 1958.

The era of co-productions and Cinemascope is the era of spectacles. Christian-Jaque, whose *Barbe-Bleue* (1950) and *Fanfan La Tulipe* (1951), both written by Henri Jeanson, showed immense wit and panache, smothered his talent in a welter of lavish costume pictures showcasing his wife, Martine Carol. The cinema at last catches up with Abel Gance, who had used triple-image screens in 1927 and stereophony in 1934. After a decade of routine assignments (1933-43) and another of total inactivity (1943-53) the bigscreen era brings this septuagenarian Mike Todd back to the cinema, undaunted, with all his cinematic and historical fixations.

Nonetheless, by 1956 two more 'modern' cycles were in vogue — the gangster film and the *comedie Americaine.* Although from about 1953 the new prosperity was bringing Vespas and LPs the workers' way, the moral-political crisis persisted, with its atmosphere of suspicion, insecurity and potential violence—an atmosphere on which the gangster picture could thrive. In 1945 the Paris intelligensia responded quickly and eagerly to the American 'black film', the Chandler thrillers, and in particular Charles Vidor's *Gilda.* The same 'Americanisation' proceeded on lower cultural levels, with the French ransacking Anglo-Saxon crime literature for film subjects, particularly two writers whom the English and Americans hardly touched, Peter Cheyney and James Hadley Chase. Becker's *Touchez-Pas Au Grisbi* (1954) triggered off a round of gangster films which pleased the angry anarchism of the Poujade era. Among them, Decoin's *Razzia Sur La Chnouf* (1955) and in the same year Dassin's *Du Rififi Chez Les Hommes,* essentially more successful than his more serious follow-ups, *Celui Qui Doit Mourir* (1956) and *La Loi* (1958). Through the films of Robert Hossein and Eduardo Molinaro the gangster film acquired a 'new wave' tinge. The so-called 'American comedy' was taken up by Marc Allegret (brother of Yves), a commercial director with a flair for finding young talents. If Vadim created Bardot, Allegret is her godfather, starring her in *Futures Vedettes* (1955) opposite Cocteau's principal boy, Jean Marais, and again in *En Effeuillant La Marguerite* (1956), centring on that very American institution, le strip-tease, which like so many other American inventions had just become the rage of Paris.

By 1956 in fact *la nouvelle vague* was creeping up the dykes. Jean-Pierre Melville had remained an 'outsider' since his first feature, in 1948, *Le Silence de la Mer,* a Resistance drama. In *Les Enfants Terribles* (1950) this chameleon among creators had assumed the colours of Jean Cocteau's world; in 1956 his gangster story, *Bob le Flambeur* substituted for the smash-and-grab style of *Grisbi* and *Rififi* a wry acceptance of fate's dirty tricks, less like Becker's stoic, anarchist morality than the laconic detachment of *la nouvelle vague.* Further out on the fringe, the critic Alexandre Astruc had directed a short-story-film, *Le Rideau Cramoisi* (1951), and in 1954 a feature, *Les Mauvaises Rencontres,* a story of two provincial students deracinated and lonely in Paris.

It is in the short film, however, that the French cinema was renewing itself. Since pre-war days the double-feature had been forbidden by law, leaving a free field to the documentary short. Before 1952 dull quota quickies predominated. But in 1952 the government created the *'Loi d'Aide',* which gives substantial financial advances to films adjudged 'superior'. This applies to features as well as to shorts; Chabrol's *Les Cousins,* for example, cost 58 million francs and received 45 millions in advance. Such advances (to be repaid from profits, if any) encourage producers to put quality before cash. And it meant new life for short films, putting creative talents like Franju, Rouch, Lamorisse, Resnais, Baratier, Astruc and Agnes Varda at a premium.

Franju is often classed as a 'wave' director, on the strength of his feature films; yet he is old enough to be Truffaut's father, directed his first short in 1934, was a co-founder of the Cinematheque Française in 1935, and made his second documentary, *Le Sang des Bêtes* in 1949 (well before the flood). It is the first of his 'black' documentaries, protest films whose tone recalls that of Prevert and even Clouzot rather

than *la nouvelle vague*—with whom however he has in common a gift for distilling poetry from 'deadpan' views of reality. *Le Sang des Bêtes*, a gruelling exposé of slaughterhouses, is both a grim social document and a disturbing meditation on life and death, the soul and the carcass. In *L'Hotel des Invalides* (1951) the butchery is that of war. What exponent of so-called 'Free' Cinema would dare, would even dream of, so blasphemous a study of equivalent British institutions, viz: the Chelsea Pensioners or the Imperial War Museum? *Nice Time* implied that war films glorify war, but its conformist little mind is never crossed by the possibility that it is precisely what is *genuinely* touching, *genuinely* sacred, which, really, glorifies militarism.

Way back in 1948, before such prehistoric films as *Rendezvous de Juillet*, Alexandre Astruc had been writing about 'le camera-style'—the use of the camera in an informal, personal way, rather than obeying the alleged 'rules' of academically 'correct' cinema. The innovations of the documentarists are supplemented by the writings of André Bazin and his cohort of young critics at *Cahiers du Cinema*—including Doniol-Valcroze, Truffaut, Chabrol, Godard, Eric Rohmer, Jacques Rivette. All that is needed for a new wave is . . . Vadim and BB.

The movement is really a quadruple revolution: aesthetic, economic, political and moral. If the documentaries count as chamber music, Vadim's *Et Dieu Crea La Femme* (1956) is the first blast of the trumpet. It is quite orthodox so far as financing and production are concerned, a surface sex-and-violence subject in Cinemascope and Technicolor with an international star (Curt Jurgens). Its 'new' morality has been not just excused, but virtually preached, by Jacques Prevert in for example *Les Enfants du Paradis* (1944). But by now people are realising that young people's diffidence towards 'conventional' morality is not just 'post-war delinquency'; it looks like being permanent, and the film's contemporary air (teenagers, big cars, jukeboxes, BB) bring out the moral fire brigades. Vadim's scandal and success open a breach for his contemporaries—whose themes are splendidly adapted to minimum crews, low budgets, and 'shooting from the hip'. But the industry still doesn't get the message; the initiative comes from the *Cahiers* group themselves. Rivette and Truffaut scrimped and saved to produce their shorts, *Le Coup du Berger* (1958) and *Les Mistons* (1959) on minute budgets. Chabrol financed his first feature, *Le Beau Serge* (1959) out of an inheritance of his wife's, and its artistic and financial success coincide with that of Truffaut's *Les Quatre Cents Coups* in the same year.

Then the boom was on. Producers, vaguely convinced that these young eggheads had hit on a formula they themselves could hardly understand, fell over themselves to pour money into the inexperienced hands of anyone. Chabrol's *Les Cousins* (1959) riveted everyone's attention on the seductive formula, 'easy sex amongst smart students'; everyone forgot that *Les Quatre Cents Coups* and *Le Beau Serge* are 'provincial' rather than 'smart' in subject-matter, that promiscuity plays only a supporting rôle. (Indeed, it's arguable that the 'villain of the piece' is Carné's *Les Tricheurs*, a sensational indictment of flaming youth—although again it is notable for its 'provincial' moral seriousness). Soon the market was flooded with stories whose characters, like their creators, shunt to and fro around the bars and bedrooms of the Champs-Elysées and St-Germain-des-Pres. I prefer this to westerns, myself, but, in both cases, enough is enough.

In a general way, *la nouvelle vague* reverses the Woodfall trend in Britain. Proletarian themes are abandoned for the bourgeoisie, the 'luxury' world of film-extras, journalists, and so on, or the privileged idleness of students. *Les Cousins* and *A Bout de Souffle* (1960) are the flagships of the line. The hero of Godard's *A Bout de Souffle* is an anarchist so nihilistic that he feels neither remorse when he kills a cop nor indignation when the cops kill him, and criticises the logic rather than the treachery of the little female Judas by whom he is betrayed. Clearly so serene an intelligence can have no moral grounds for disapproving of Fascism or any other little whims of the modern state. To judge from reports, Godard's *Le Petit Soldat* (1961) runs true to form. Michel Subor joins an extreme-right-wing organisation (by way of caprice), fights the FLN, endures torture (to see if he can), while loving an FLN girl who, it is implied, is eventually tortured to death by the OAS. The little soldier might, by analogy with the old phrase for psychopath, 'moral imbecile', be called a 'political imbecile'. With the gangrene of torture goes the gangrene of moral diffidence.

Indeed, the Algerian issue slashes right across traditional moral and political frontiers—although a victory for the settlers and the army would undoubtedly have crippled, perhaps destroyed, democracy and the non-Communist left. The moral confusion of Godard's film reflects, alas, that of society as a whole; his laconic nihilism is the sum total of its conflicting and ruthless sectarianisms. *Le Petit Soldat* is banned outright by the French government, which becomes increasingly touchy where politics and the military are concerned. Vadim's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (1959) was refused an export licence for two years, on essentially 'political' grounds (its unflattering picture of French high society); J. L. Bonnardot's *Moranbong* (1959), with its Korean War background, was banned altogether, for showing the United Nations forces bombing North Korean civilians.

Claude Bernard-Aubert skirmished with the censor over three of his four films—*Patrouille de Choc* (1957) which uses newsreels and non-professional actors to give a picture of the Indo-China war, *Les Tripes Au Soleil* (1958) about race-hatred (banned for export), and *Les Laches Vivent d'Espoir*, the story of a white Parisienne's romance with a coloured North African (cut to ribbons).

In *L'Ascenseur à l'Echafaud* (1958) Louis Malle hinted at the moral gangrene in allegorical form, which is not only safer, but more effective, since at least the censor allows people to see it (equally, of course, no-one understands your allegory unless they understand it already). Malle's plot is a double barrelled affair. One theme concerns a working-class adolescent, who is goaded by jealousy into murdering an affluent, friendly, but patronising German tourist. The other hero is an ex-'para' (as in *Therese Raquin*), demoralised by the 'business-is-business' ruthlessness of his capitalist boss, whose wife (Jeanne Moreau) he loves. On the basis that if dividends justify moral irresponsibilities, so does love, the 'para' murders him. But both heroes take the lift to the high jump.

While *la nouvelle vague* is abused for avoiding moral or political issues, it can't be said that the old guard are actually falling over themselves to depict hot-from-the-headlines reality. Cayatte's *Le Passage du Rhin* (1961), another double-barrelled story, contrasts a right-wing Resistance leader with an apathetic prisoner-of-war, and concludes that whereas the latter has a future in the ECM, the patriot has nothing to which to look forward. This enrages left-wing opponents of the ECM (it must be admitted that Cayatte grandly omits all the little details of economic adjustments); and infuriates patriots of the left, right and centre who don't like the way the patriot is characterised as a near-sadist, nor the way in which the Vichy collaborateuse is finally revealed as no worse than the rest of the characters. One could certainly take it as a pro-Vichy film; maybe Cayatte is just pleading for *collabos* as he did for murderers; maybe he is saying that old hatchets must be buried now (and France will remain paralysed by her divisions if they're not). Anyway, somebody must have liked the film, as it was one of the box-office heavyweights of the year.

The social overtones of Autant-Lara's *En Cas de Malheur* (1958: written by Aurenche and Bost) may be evoked by a vivid, if very crude, schema. BB is the soul of France—'Marianne', an anarchist born, but corrupted into prostitution and hold-ups (compare *La Traversée de Paris*). Jean Gabin, the corrupt, masochistic lawyer who becomes her protector, 'symbolises' respectable bourgeois society — afraid of leaving his wife, infatuated by BB, but unwilling to trust her. His rival (Franco Interlenghi) lives in a hotel full of Algerians (=a French settler in Algeria) and utters terrorist threats. He is a *blouson noir* (blackjacket) and a medical student—the last two, an odd combination, recalling the French Algerians' claim to have brought Algeria medical care and all the benefits of the West. It's no accident that BB's opening flight across Paris synchronises with the British Queen's visit—as if to make BB a sort of 'anti-Queen'; and that at the end, BB (like the Fourth Republic) lies slaughtered while Arab music wails. Interspersed with 'commercial' subjects were Autant-Lara's two pacifist subjects, *Le Bois des Amants* (1960) and *Tu Ne Tueras Pas*

(1961), whose hero is a conscientious objector. This script, which Aurenche and Bost had been trying to set up for 10 years, was first supported and then betrayed by the Vatican *and* the Communists, and is also banned by the French government, like its spiritual opposite *Le Petit Soldat*. Paradoxically, both films are assertions of neutrality, one as moral as the other is amoral; it would seem that the French government wishes to suppress all films which in any way fail to conform to the government's line.

Autant-Lara's *En Cas de Malheur* and *Les Régates de San Francisco* happen to coincide with 'wave' subjects, but they also pursue favourite themes of the director's. Duvivier, Clement, Clouzot and Carné turn for a renewal of inspiration to 'wave' themes of youth and morality. Duvivier exploits and abases two New Wave personalities, BB and Jean-Pierre Leaud, while Clement's *Plein Soleil* is only a sub-Clouzot shocker despite the photography of New Wave cameraman Henri Decae and the script by Paul Gegauff, Chabrol's writer and a favourite target for those who see Chabrol's films as unconsciously Fascist. *Les Tricheurs* (1958), developed from an idea by Charles Spaak, is a well-intentioned indictment of youthful irresponsibility. But it lacks subtlety, its main points being that too many young people blindly follow the herd in being cynical about love and sleeping together; and would rather sponge on their families than work. An equivalent British film would, I suppose, be about the King's Road Brigade. Clouzot's *La Vérité* (1960) through the prism of a murder trial, examines the clash between confused and amoral youth (personified by BB) and the law, to which it adopts a severity akin to Cayatte's. It has Clouzot's coarse vigour and a sly sense of paradox; BB is alleged to have been 'misled' by reading the feminist tomes of the existentialist writer Simone de Beauvoir—one of whose most incendiary essays is, of course, inspired by BB! In fact at one time BB was almost a political figurehead, the right-wing against her, the left-wing in favour.

The laconic postwar attitude to chastity, the total feminine emancipation whose different aspects are incarnated by the sex kitten and by Jean Seberg in *A Bout de Souffle*, compel an agonising reappraisal of all attitudes towards love and the family, and the theme is examined from various angles in one film after another. Notable are Alexandre Astruc's *La Proie Pour l'Ombre* (1958), where Annie Girardot is torn apart by her husband (Daniel Gelin) and her lover (Christian Marquand), neither of whom can satisfy her as both a female and an individual, and Louis Malle's *Les Amants* (1958) (whose daring love scenes ensured it an international success, especially in the USA, where two hapless cinema managers were put in prison for corrupting America's innocence), and also in four comedies by Pierre Kast, of which only *Le Bel Age* (1960) has been shown here.

This moral uncertainty inevitably results in a certain emotional debilitation. The lovers of *A Bout de Souffle* talk, argue, make love, and beneath it all probably do love each other; but they betray each other and themselves in the course of working out their tortuous, private and different moral codes. Many New Wave films reflect the moral and emotional confusion induced by social mobility, amounting to rootlessness: in particular, Rohmer's *Le Signe du Lion*; Rivette's *Paris Nous Appartient*, Paviot's *Pantalaskas*, Hanoun's *Une Simple Histoire* and *Le Huitième Jour*, and Chabrol's *Les Bonnes Femmes* and *A Double Tour*. Perhaps the most moving is Truffaut's *Tirez Sur Le Pianiste*. The structure of the mind itself is re-examined in an almost solipsistic spirit in the films of Resnais, *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (1960) and *L'Année Derniere a Marienbad* (1961). Resnais' first feature, like Colpi's *Une Aussi Longue Absence* and Peter Brook's *Moderato Cantabile*, is scripted by Marguerite Duras; his second by Alain Robbe-Grillet, with whom Resnais claims a profound creative sympathy, almost an identity of thought. Both Duras and Robbe-Grillet are members of the group of writers including Samuel Beckett, Michel Butor and Nathalie Sarrault, associated with the publishing house Les Editions de Minuit. At a closer look this group dissolves into as many distinct and different individuals as *la nouvelle vague*, but they all have this in common: a hostile scepticism about conventional notions of character, a disdain of metaphor, a total dissolution of conventional storylines, and a use of language so austere as to be practically ceremonious. This 'style' has much in common with *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, with its hypnotic formalism, its pounding insistence on superficiality, and its disturbing 'imbalance' between a transitory love affair and the world's first taste of atomic warfare. *L'Année Derniere a Marienbad* takes even further the fragmentation of ideas, of consciousness, of reality itself, with its hypothetical story of an inscrutable stranger persuading an enigmatic female to obey a memory which may be false and abandon her mysterious companion for an indefinable fate. This teasing and ambigious film, a virtual dissolution of the subjective-objective duality which has dominated western thought for several hundred years, is not only a milestone of some sort in the aesthetic evolution of the cinema, but a box-office middleweight.

The general sense of uprooting is not peculiar to *la nouvelle vague*. The extensive rejuvenation of French industry, extensive engineering projects and *la planification* transform the feel of the country. In *Mon Oncle* (1958), poor Monsieur Hulot, with his lazy, friendly, human warmth, fights a losing battle to find a niche in a gadget-riddled, Americanised bourgeoisie. The veteran regional novelist Jean Giono writes the script for Francois Villiers' *L'Eau Vive* (1960); here a country region is transformed by the construction of a vast dam, while a young 'wave' girl escapes on her scooter from a peasant family as avaricious and grim as that of *Les Jeux Interdits*. Like Tati, Renoir protests against

the 'technologisation' of the French soul in *La Testament du Dr Cordelier* (made for television with a view to cinema release later) and *Le Déjeuner Sur L'Herbe*; and so does Georges Franju in *Les Yeux Sans Visages*, where a megalomaniac surgeon murders young girls with as little compunction as scientists vivisect animals.

The moral rootlessness of the era goes with social mobility. A lax moral atmosphere is sometimes conducive to an open-minded and respectful interest in 'heathen' customs. While in England, Reisz, Anderson, Richardson and their fellow-travellers discover the working-classes, *la nouvelle vague* explores the world and, though too few of these films have been shown here, this may prove the real importance of the New Wave. In *Hiroshima Mon Amour* it is a Japanese stranger who forces the French heroine to remember her dead German lover and rediscover herself. Marcel Camus's first film, *Mort En Fraude* (1957), an Indo-Chinese subject, is followed

● *Below: The depressing atmosphere of the laundry is the background for this scene from Clement's 'Gervaise' (1956) Right: Godard described his 'A Bout de souffle' (1960) as destroying all the old principles rather than creating something new. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg*

by *Orfeu Negro* (1958)—hardly an anthropologist's film. But it is the ultimate anti-colour-bar film in that it re-tells the Greek myth through the loves of Rio de Janeiro natives. Due to the vigour and passion of the acting, the exoticism 'reverses' the apparent meaning; it is not the natives who are 'honoured' by our myth, but the myth which comes alive because of them. They are our superiors, for they experience and 'possess' myths which we have allowed to become as dry as dust. They are the aristocrats, the heroes of classical mythology, our demigods. Bernard-Aubert's films probe racial frontiers, Jacques Baratier invested all he had in *Goha*, a beautiful rendering of an Arab theme. And three nomads rove the world with their candid cameras: Francoise Reichenbach, Robert Menegoz, Chris Marker, produce imaginative feature-length documentaries on America, China, Israel, Cuba, all lands of transformation; while Jean Rouch in *Moi, Un Noir* (1959) and *La Pyramide Humaine* (1961) sets out to use his anthropologist's mind and camera-eye to penetrate the African's experience of, not just colonisation, but cosmopolitanism.

In *Chronique d'un Eté* (1961), Rouch, carrying his camera through the streets of Paris, seeks to transcend the limitations of the TV technique and to force us Europeans to see ourselves with the objective eye of the anthropologist—detachment becomes a new clarity, a new intimacy. Anthropology turns full circle and challenges art on its home ground. In 1960 his collaborator, the critic Edgar Morin, had written: 'Rationalist Europe and rationalising America, religious and amorous, brandish their colossal carnival dolls, the stars. Let us look for new scholars who will know how to describe the ethnography of non-primitive societies. Your turn, Africans, Oceanians, Amerindians, objects and victims of ethnography. And do not be merely disdainful collectors as we have been in regard to you.'

The history of anything still living leads to a series of question marks. At least one French critic sees a gloomy prospect for the French cinema. Television is biting into audiences; production tends to split into very cheap, often very bad, 'wave' productions (33 per cent of 1960 films were made completely outside the studio) or expensive, ultra-commercial blockbusters. The French set-up of small and shaky companies producing 'hand-made' films dominated by the director, is increasingly threatened by mergers, or by the predominance of distributing 'giants' who increasingly hire producers. Thus an American 'conveyor belt' is in the offing, with the distributor playing a rôle analogous to that of the front office in Hollywood.

Already continental companies are associating themselves with American companies—Raoul J Levy with Columbia, for example; while the ECM may well favour the big epic, as impersonal as the Hollywood feature, over the truly national and intimate French film. The government has begun to taper off its artistic subsidies, and its tightening censorship is another serious threat to the individualism which has always been the strength of French thought, whether verbal or visual. Still, the increasing success of French films abroad suggests that the foreign invasion of France may also be a counter-invasion by France; and it's hard to believe that at this epoque of fluid cultural boundaries, the agile French mind won't remain in the front ranks of our battle for a sharper understanding of our lives.

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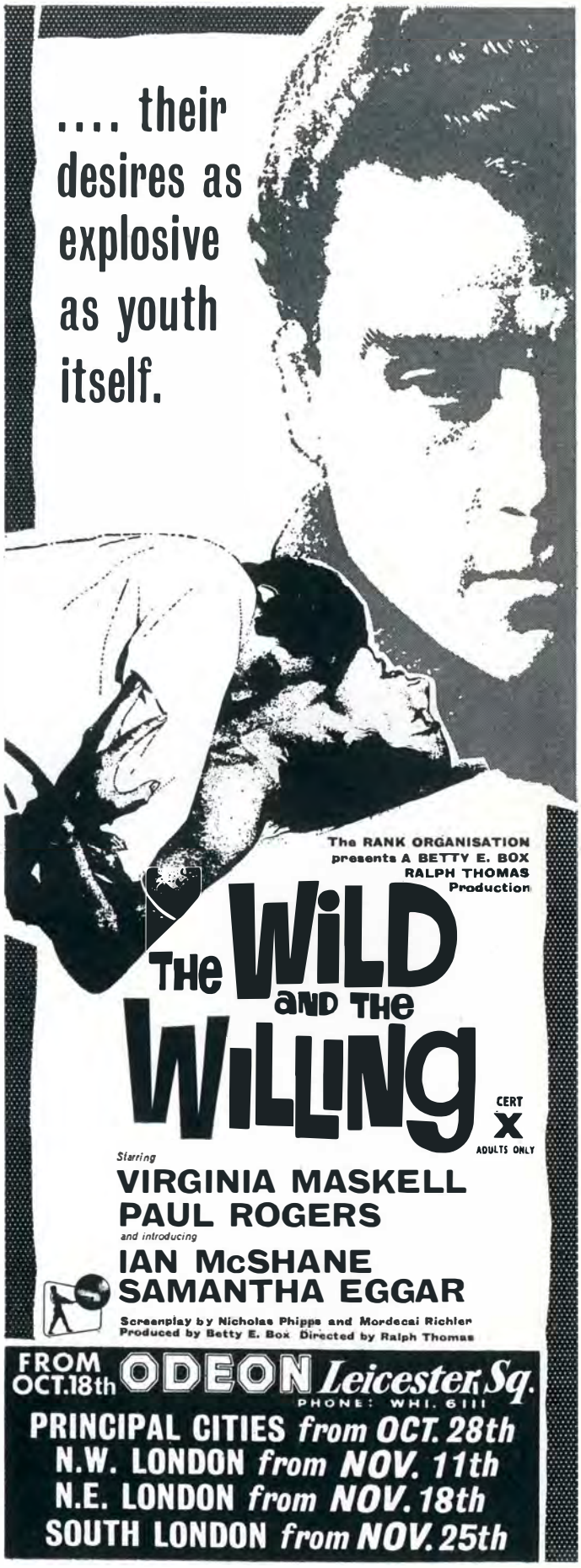
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● *Two films divided the Lido—Pasolini's 'Mamma Roma' and Zurlini's 'Cronaca Familiare'. In 'Mamma Roma'—below—Anna Magnani is a whore who tries to put her son (Ettore Garofolo) on the right road, without success. In 'Cronaca Familiare'—left—Jacques Perrin plays a sick boy of good family whose brother goes through hell to give him (also without success) a better life. But the Jury was united. It gave its award to 'Cronaca'*

festival*

Peter Baker at VENICE

Nothing is more class conscious than a film festival, particularly the one in Venice. By day, the cultured 'establishment' sprawls oiled before the exclusive cabanas on the Excelsior beach while the hoi polloi trek from distant hotels and pensiones to the cheap *bagni communale* or litter-strewn free beaches at either end of the Lido. By night, the rich (6,000 lire a time) and the invited don their finery for the air conditioned nightmare of the Palazzo del Cinema—while the hoi polloi scramble for unreserved seats in the open air arena or sweat it out in the Sala Volpi (where there is no air to condition).

This arbitrary sorting out of festival-going humanity always seems to me to be the very negation of art. I suspect the organisers have a guilt complex over it, otherwise it is difficult to explain their almost vicious attitude to visiting film distributors and others directly connected with the sordid commerce of films. (I spotted one Wardour-street big shot, who in London has never been nearer the screen than the twelve-and-sixes, sitting second row outside right in the Palazzo stalls, scowling at Lolita, who to him must have looked a very elephantine nymphet.)

So I was not surprised to find early in the festival that the oily ones on the Excelsior beach were eagerly anticipating *Lolita* (because they hoped to be shocked) and *Cronaca Familiare* (because it was the 'big' Italian film of the festival), while the hoi polloi had appetites whetted for *Lolita* (because they hoped to be shocked) and *Mamma Roma* (because they knew it would shock the oily ones.)

In the event, *Lolita* shocked no one and it was difficult to understand why the festival had broken its own rules of entry in order to invite it from the States. (The real shock for many of us was the sordid spectacle of the Americans demanding it be entered as a British film, which it eventually was, in order to safeguard the 400.000 dollars British Film Production Fund money it may earn on British release with a narrowly-gained quota ticket.)

Zurlini's *Cronaca Familiare* did exactly what the establishment expected. A good,

wholesome, sentimental slice of Italian life, it was a safe choice for a major Jury award. On the other hand, Pasolini's *Mamma Roma* certainly succeeded in shocking the oily ones, who almost from the first reel reacted in the Palazzo with barracking and hissing. Now I am not suggesting that rich people cannot respond to what artists have to say (although like Christianity they may find it more difficult), but of this I am certain—Pasolini can see beauty in the depth of human despair, which is why his work forces an audience to take a stand, while the chocolate box picture makers seldom touch them. The hissing of the oily ones was Pasolini's accolade.

But it takes more than three films to make a festival. Venice had over fifty—twelve in competition, a score in the information section, and the remainder forming a retrospective of the early sound period of American films. In all, too much of a good thing for a mere fifteen days viewing.

There were disappointments. Joseph Losey's *Eva* (Jeanne Moreau in a story set in Venice) was not shown because the producers disputed the date the organisers gave it, and the eagerly awaited Welles' version of Kafka's *The Trial* was not completed in time for delivery.

And there were delights. The discovery of the witty and sophisticated 'eternal triangle' treatment in the Polish film in the information section — Roman Polanski's *Noz w wodzi* (*Knife in the Water*) and the unlocking of the long withheld Tod Browning *Freaks* and Rouben Mamoulian *Love Me Tonight* for the American retrospective.

In all, Venice in its thirtieth year has yet to meet the storm it cannot weather. If it is capsised at all, it will be by its inability to attract films of genuine merit for competition (this year's crop, minus the Welles and Losey, fell below average) and to elect a Jury strong enough to give a lead (this year the Jury patently hoped to please everyone with its flabby award citation, an award reflecting an attitude of mind nearer 'the establishment' than the artist).

The Jury was: Luigi Chiarini (president), Guglielmo Biraghi (Italy), Giobatta Cavallaro (Italy), Georges Charensol (France), Josif Heifitz (USSR), John Houseman (USA), Arturo Lanocita (Italy), Ronald Neame (Britain) and Hans Schaarwaechter (West Germany).

The British entry, Peter Glenville's *Term of Trial* was fully reviewed in *films and filming* last month. The film Britain adopted, Stanley Kubrick's *Lolita*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue: by any other title it would be a good film, but it is not *Lolita*. And the United States entry, *Bird Man of Alcatraz* was reviewed in the September *films and filming*. I propose dealing with the other films in competition in the order in which we saw them.

Ever since his delightful *Amici per la pelle* (*Friends for Life*) in 1955 I have been expecting Franco Rossi to make a really great film. He almost did it with *Morte di un amico* (*Death of a Friend*): but he has certainly not done it with *Smog*, which opened the festival.

● *Andrei Tarkovski's first film, 'Ivan's Childhood' (top) was unashamedly derived in style from the romanticism of Dovshenko. It shared the Golden Lion. Jean-Luc Godard's 'Vivre sa vie' (below) groped for a new means of expression—for much of the time Anna Karina is seen only in big close up of the back of her head —and won a special prize for its effort*

The subject is a good one. The central character is a white collar worker (in this instance a lawyer) who confuses success in life with social snobbery. It is a study of a man who rejects a woman he could love for the dubious advantage of a night's social climbing. Indeed, with such a good cast, had Rossi told this story in an Italian setting (which he knows) instead of an American setting (which is strange to him) his film could have been a fine one. I cannot believe that social climbing is unique to America.

Instead, the basic theme is overlaid with a lot of documentation on how the Americans who inhabit the smog-bound areas of California live, with the story forced from location to location to justify sectional sub-titles: Hollywood, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills and so on.

The man is played with conviction by Enrico Maria Salerno (who gave such a fine performance in *La lunga notte del '43—The Long Night of '43*—a couple of years ago), Renato Salvatori has a nice touch of cynicism as an Italian emigree giving Italian lessons to American matrons, and Annie Girardot completes the triangle adequately. But, merely playing a scene against a ten-pin bowling channel, for instance, does not in itself reveal anything of America or develop the character of a man whose life is changed by being there. Rossi has too often confused his ideas with ill-controlled backgrounds.

The Russians seem to have a pathological dislike for the way people in the West live. We are expected to accept them ; but they will not accept us. Sergei Gerasimov's epic (it runs three and a quarter hours and was made for Soviet release in two separate parts) is really a piece of propaganda to convince the Russians themselves that they could not be happy living anywhere except in Russia. It has the somewhat pretentious title *Liudi i zveri* (*Men and Beasts*) and for the most part took the line that all Russians are men and anyone else is a beast. All too reminiscent of some of the Nazi propaganda films of the mid-'thirties.

The story is about a Russian returning to the Soviet Union after seventeen years. He meets a mother and daughter who give him a lift in their car and in flashback we see his wartime experiences (the beastly Nazis) and his miseries being seduced by a South American blonde (oh, those dreadful lecherous Western beasts). For long periods the film is bogged down with lectures in political morality, and there is a side issue that takes up much of the time—the returning hero helps mother put the teenage daughter on the right tracks before she is utterly lost as a result of any misguided talk she may hear about how teenagers live in the West.

Gerasimov even plays a part himself, a kind of Charlie's Uncle from South America who lectures his family on how dreadful they are. The saving grace of Christianity is its acceptance of sin and forgiveness ; the frightening thing about this kind of Communist film is the way it reflects a Communist idea that sin is not admissible and therefore forgiveness becomes unnecessary. For me it is this kind of false idealism that makes men beasts. It was the other side that at times were much closer to being men. It is tragic that a man of Gerasimov's talent should be so blind to what living is all about. The whole morality of *Liudi i zveri* is like a grown up Disneyland.

Jean-Luc Godard and Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson have virtually nothing in common; it was an object lesson that their two films, *Vivre sa vie* (*Live it up*) and *Homenaje a la hora de la siesta* (*Honour at Siesta Time*), were shown on consecutive evenings. Godard is a young man with limited experience; Torre-Nilsson is not so young and has many films, and a filming-making family, behind him. One is French, the other knows best the South American cultures. Complete contrasts.

The greatest difference between these two men is their approach to their art. Godard dispenses with technique (I will not say he has thrown out technique, because he never bothered to learn it for a start) ; and Torre-Nilsson displays a greater and more assured technical vocabulary with every film he makes.

Vivre sa vie is a subject that the cinema too seldom, if at all, tackles—the difference between physical sexual urges (a perfectly normal function and one in my opinion not to be denied) and spiritual communion (equally normal and perhaps more desirable because it is the real basis of love). Godard tackles it in the most simple manner. He shows us the miserable physical life of a prostitute, but instead of taking the old formula of the pro with the heart of gold, he is content that she has a perfectly normal heart, capable of falling spiritually in love at the right time.

The film fails lamentably because of Godard's inability to control his images. Not content with his subject, or finding himself incapable of reflecting and developing it, he has resorted to technical gimmicks. We are asked to observe the girl in twelve episodes, each given clinical chapter headings in white titles. We are asked to accept that this is reportage. The camera helps us by spending periods of up to five minutes photographing the backs of the heads only of two people in conversation. We are asked to accept the girl's story as true. Perhaps the occasional prostitute does get shot and killed in a gang fight. But at the end I couldn't help thinking of many better films about tarts who get killed.

Godard has said of his film : 'It is not a question of spying on her (Reichenbach), trapping her (Bresson) nor of surprising her (Rouch), but only following her : nothing else but to be good and just (Rossellini)'. Art demands a point of view from the artist and the technique with which to express it. Godard doesn't seem to care very much for his people and, with his limited technique and predilection to wild experiment, the result is that very little comes through.

Let him take a good look at the Torre-Nilsson film, *Homenaje a la hora de la siesta*. Here is yet another novelettish story from Beatriz Guido, concerned with missionaries (one an ex-stripper) and their conflict with faith and deceit in the Brazilian jungle. In synopsis form the story is full of improbabilities. Torre-Nilsson, however, has given the whole thing tremendous movement and gloss, displaying an incredible control over his exotic and erotic elements. His building of backgrounds, his sense of story pace, have combined to invest the tale and the characters with so much more than they had at the start.

The tragedy is that technique alone cannot produce a good film ; and in the end *Homenaje a la hora de la siesta* does not rise above the level of good average entertainment. But I doubt if Godard's technical shots in the dark will ever put him in the great film-maker category, although a lucky shot may occasionally produce a good film. The chances are loaded against him. He is more likely to destroy good basic material (as he does in *Vivre sa vie*) than to be able to build with straw.

The intellectual Pier Paolo Pasolini again concerns himself with low-life in *Mamma Roma*. The story is about an elderly prostitute (Anna Magnani) who breaks from her pimp (Franco Citti) in order to reform herself, so that she can influence her son (Ettore Garofolo) to give up his street corner companions and take a respectable job as a waiter. Pasolini's particular kind of pessimism twists the story back to where it was—Mamma is back on the streets and her son ends a physical and mental wreck in prison.

What I admire about Pasolini is his ability to find the core of human hope even when true to life, things do not always turn out right in the end. It is exactly because the characters in *Mamma Roma* are real and not just because they speak Italian 'four letter words' that the sophisticated Venice audience was so hostile to the film. Pasolini refuses to let us think we are better than we are ; but even in his picture of the dregs of humanity, he shows that we constantly want to be better. The Pasolini creed is quite simple : Man is not strong, he is weak. Accept that and one can begin to measure the greatness of Pasolini's contribution to the cinema.

Mamma Roma is more expertly made than *Accattone*. There is a fluidity of style, an inner balance to the action and performances (even Magnani is not allowed to pull all stops out) that was missing in the earlier film. Pasolini is aware that realism is incomplete in drama without poetry: and it is often the softness, the fantasy of his style, that gives his film depth. A year after I had seen *Accattone* I was inclined to think I had over-rated it: I hope *Mamma Roma* will not fade with time. Its immediate impact is tremendous.

The second Soviet entry, *Ivanovo detstvo* (*Ivan's Childhood*) I had seen privately at Karlovy Vary. A second viewing does not diminish my enthusiasm for this first work, by Andrei Tarkovski. It marks a return to the lyric cinema of Dovshenko (some people regard the influence as a vulgarisation of the master). There is barely a story. A fair haired boy of about fourteen is caught up by the war, isolated from his family and friends, protected by a small group of Soviet soldiers. The men try to

shield him from the consequences of war and he wants to break the barrier between adolescence and manhood and play an active part.

I cannot recall war itself wearing such a beautiful face. The horrors of the battlefield are photographed and cut into shimmering patterns of sound and light that become a part of the barbarity (and tenderness) of nature. It is remarkable that a Soviet film-maker should be able to think of war in such terms; not terms that imply it is good, but terms that reflect the beauty of horror, a philosophy one would have thought alien to the Soviet mind.

More than this, the casting and some of the situations reflect the kind of homosexual fantasy that is a marked streak in much of Cocteau's or Pasolini's work.

It is because *Ivanovo detstvo* is so far away from the mainstream of both Soviet cinema and Western trends in realism, that Tarkovski's technically accomplished work is difficult to accept and value on the level of content. I do not think it is a masterpiece; but it is a remarkable first film.

Japan usually saves its best for Venice, which has done so much in past years to interest Europe in Oriental cinema. Tomu Uchida's *Koyia koi nasuna koi* (*The Mad Fox*) I cannot believe to be Japan's best. It is an elaborate fairy tale story, beautifully photographed in colour, complicated in plot, often lacking in narrative invention and, in the end, rather dull.

Georges Franju's *Therese Desqueyroux* marks a departure from the hard, fast-paced, shock-tactics style of his previous work. This tale (from the Mauriac story) of a country poisoner, moved to her crime by solitude, lingers on characters and background in a way that is akin to Antonioni. But Franju does not have quite so much control, quite so much insight; and as a result, whereas Antonioni's work seldom drags, Franju's film often comes to a full stop.

Yet it contains many things to admire. The mystery and solitude of the country is both fearful and beautiful, and the final throb of city life bursts on the screen as though it were a welcome perversion. Only city life can keep us sane, the film would appear to be preaching. An odd, disturbing, haunting picture.

Valerio Zurlini's first features (*Le ragazze di San Frediano*—1954, and *L'estate violente*—1960) showed considerable promise. They had an originality of style, were not afraid to be romantic, but kept their emotions well under control. His new film, *Cronaca Familiare* (*A Family Diary*) is a big, long-winded saga spread over the period between the two world wars, loosely based on the theme of 'my brother's keeper'.

Marcello Mastroianni plays the elder brother who goes through hell to do his best for his kid brother, played prettily by Jacques Perrin. (One bedroom scene is almost incestuous.) For the most part the film hints at nothing below the surface and shows little above it that one would not see in a gala-size slice of *Coronation Street*. The colour had that dated look, so when I wasn't trying to keep *Coronation Street* out of my mind, I was thinking of Coward's *This Happy Breed*.

The Jury's *opera prima* award was shared by two films in the information section. This year for the first time Venice extended the competition for *opera prima* beyond the usual confines of the main competition. As a result, it was able to parade no fewer than thirteen first works—something achieved by no other festival and a remarkable testimony to the new blood now surging into films.

Frank Perry's *David and Lisa*, a psychological study of adolescent misfits, is honest in its characterisation, but the story is somewhat contrived in the telling. Fernando Birri's *Los inundados*, I had seen previously; it is an Argentine piece of documentary-fiction, reflecting the director's admiration of the early Italian neo-realist style.

The Italian films in the information section are discussed elsewhere in this issue by John Francis Lane. While I have a great admiration for the present surge of talent in Italy, I was somewhat apprehensive after seeing Eriprando Visconti's *Una storia Milanese* and Bernardo Bertolucci's *La commare secca*. Technically sound as most of these films are, I sense a trend towards sterility of content. They are in danger of becoming 'message' pictures without messages—and not commercial entertainment at that. Copies of commercially successful films often serve a profitable if not very creative purpose; but a tendency to copy Antonioni, Visconti, or Pasolini merely because youth is delighted (as opposed to being inspired) by them is a somewhat hazardous creative venture.

Seeing Tony Richardson's work (*A Taste of Honey*) in juxtaposition to these Italian offerings I was made suddenly more aware of Richardson's importance in present day world cinema. He seems to be one of the few new directors to consistently apply themselves to the subject instead of twisting the subject to exult or interpret their own egos. Too often the young director is a hero-worshipper, when what we require are a few more heroes.

I think the young Spanish director has sufficient independence to go his own way. Julio Diamente's *Cuamdo estallo la paz* (*When Peace Breaks Out*) is a satire on the callousness of neutral humanity during the time of world war. Set in an imaginary country in 1914-8, many of us could readily accept the country in fact to be Spain. The fact that Spain at present is in the process of revolution invests the film with added significance.

Arne Mattson's *Waxdocken* (a psychologically immature man finds sexual gratification from a doll) is a brilliant piece of filming. In its sombre sexual purity, it is something only the Swedes can do. On the other hand Carlo J Arconti's (pseudonym of Benito Alazraki) *Time and the Touch* — an elderly woman picks up a young boy in the cinema and loses him to a queer on the beach—has all the sexual dishonesty that plagues the New World.

Louis Stoumen's *Black Fox*, a documentary on the life of Adolf Hitler with a commentary by Marlene Dietrich, was pretentious and rather dreadfully out of touch with the European 'climate'. And although Roger Corman's *The Intruder* felt passionately about integration in the Southern States, the message finally defeats the movie. Corman remains better at *Pits and Pendulums*.

I must confess disappointment with François Reichenbach's *Un coeur gros comme ca*, a sentimental view of a Negro boxer in Paris, and Serge Bourgignon's *Les dimanches de la ville d'Avray* (with Nicole Courcel and Hardy Krüger), a well written script about a man's loss of memory, the tension of which is somehow dissipated in the telling.

The retrospective section, devoted this year to American films of the early sound period, was compiled by the Italian critic Giulio Cesare Castello. It was a remarkable one-man effort, putting to shame the superficial programme mounted some months ago in London at the National Film Theatre.

Among the plums: Murnau's *Sunrise* (1927), Crosland's *The Jazz Singer* (1927), Vidor's *Hallelujah* (1929), Lubitsch's *The Love Parade* (1929), Milestone's *The Front Page* (1931), LeRoy's *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* (1932), Mamoulian's *City Streets* (1931), Mamoulian's *Love Me Tonight* (1932), Hawks' *Scarface* (1932), Wellman's *The Public Enemy* (1931), Hughes' *Hell's Angels* (1930), Brown's *Anna Christie* (1930), von Sternberg's *Dishonoured* (1931), Sedgwick's *Dough Boys* (1930), Norman McLeod's *Horse Feathers* (1932), Tod Browning's *Freaks* (1932), Frank Capra's *Forbidden* (1932), Lloyd Bacon's *42nd Street* (1933), Murnau's *Tabu* (1932), Frank Borzage's *A Farewell to Arms* (1932), and a score of extracts from works of the same period.

Castello was able to persuade Paramount and MGM to make available films that have not been seen for thirty years; and, even more significant, several prints were sent from the Moscow Film Archive. It appears that in Moscow they have more Hollywood films than any other archive, including the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

It is a pity that such a fine collection should have been seen by comparatively so few people.

THE AWARDS

Golden Lion of San Marco—Jointly to IVAN'S CHILDHOOD Director Andrei Tarkovski. USSR CRONACA FAMILIARE Director Valerio Zurlini. Italy

Special Jury Prize—VIVRE SA VIE Director Jean-Luc Godard. France

Volpi Cups—Best actress: EMMANUELE RIVA (in *Therese Desqueyroux*) France. **Best Actor:** BURT LANCASTER (*Birdman of Alcatraz*) USA

Opera Prima award—Jointly to DAVID AND LISA Director: Frank Perry. USA. LOS INUNDADOS Director: Fernando Birri. Argentina

H Forsyth Hardy at EDINBURGH

Visitors to Edinburgh this year saw the first evidence of the Festival's new policy, evolved over the past twelve months. Established sixteen years ago simultaneously with the parent event, the Film Festival has now been fully integrated in the International Festival. The friendly partnership of these years has been replaced by something firmer and more formal. Films have been brought from the periphery clearly within the framework of this great annual manifestation of the arts.

As part of this policy, and under the general direction of Lord Harewood, the Film Festival will seek links with the older arts on display at Edinburgh. This year the Film Festival had as its dominating theme 'The Film and Literature' and this not only gave an identifiable character to many of the programmes, but also made possible some real and rewarding comparisons between what was happening on other stages and platforms and in the cinema. For example, it was possible to see within a day or two Benjamin Britten's opera based on *The Turn of the Screw* and Jack Clayton's unforgettable film rendering of the Henry James story in *The Innocents*. One of the theatres presented *The Doctor and the Devils*, the story of Dr Knox and Burke and Hare which Dylan Thomas wrote as the script of a still unproduced film, while at the Film Festival we saw *Dylan Thomas*, the distinguished tribute paid by Jack Howells to the Welsh poet. A viewing of *Karel Appel's Art* followed by a study of his paintings in the Sonja Henie Collection gave an indication of what might be achieved in other years.

Integration is a sound policy; no art can live wholly unto itself and the influences mingle and merge in a fascinating way. With resourceful direction and alert programme building, it should be possible for the Edinburgh Film Festival to take stimulating advantage of its unique position and to enrich the experience of the huge international audience annually attracted to the Scottish capital.

There is nothing in this policy which denies individuality to the film among the arts or suggests that audiences would be content with unimaginative transcriptions. The least successful films were those which stuck most relentlessly to the original form. It seemed to me unfortunate, for example, that Brian Desmond Hurst regarded J M Synge's dialogue as sacred in *The Playboy of the Western World*. Again and again the action is held up and the natural flow of the film hampered while the characters deliver themselves of what, given the naturalism of the cinema, is excessive wordage when the meaning is already clear. Doubly unfortunate because the characterisation is good enough not to need this verbal propping and the camera, eager to be out on the lovely shore or the bracing hills, is cruelly held on a leash.

How then should a literary work be adapted for the screen? In Sydney Lumet's adaptation of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, we have the undiluted deluge of Eugene O'Neill's words, made memorable by the brilliant acting of Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Dean Stockwell and Jason Robards. Even although there is only one main set, the film never becomes stagey: the camera is used excitingly to create character in depth. Incidentally the film which, understandably, made its Cannes audience restive was followed in Edinburgh with absorbed attention by a capacity audience during its three hours and was warmly applauded at the end.

The deepest impression, however, was made by *Electra*, also seen by an audience of over two thousand. Here Michael Cocoyannis has given an essentially cinematic form to the Euripides play. The full weight of the tremendous drama has been responsively accepted by the director and imaginatively recreated in realistic terms. Received with an enthusiasm which would have warmed the director's heart, *Electra* became the Festival's main talking point. Its success gave much pleasure to those of us who first recognised the quality of Cocoyannis's work by selecting his *Windfall in Athens* to open the 1954 Edinburgh Film Festival.

From other European countries came films in great variety to illustrate the Festival's theme. Germany sent a curiosity in *Father Malachy's Miracle*, adapted from a novel by Bruce Marshall and translated from its Edinburgh setting to Hamburg. It was a strange experience to see a situation, relevant to life in the Scottish capital in the early 'thirties, related with force and pungency to the complexity of life in Western Germany in the early 'sixties. Another odd literary re-emergence was *Adorable Julia* from Austria, adapted from Somerset Maugham's novel *Theatre*, with Lilli Palmer and Charles Boyer in the leading parts: a curiously artificial piece, but faithful to its period and convention. Italy sent *Senilita*, adapted from the novel by Italo Svevo and placed by Mauro Bolognini against the background of Trieste in 1927. This is an intense and stylish study of the agony of jealousy, with Claudia Cardinale endlessly provocative as the flirtatious heroine. As strong in its period atmosphere was the East German contribution, *Muddy Waters*, an elegant and elaborately mounted adaptation of Balzac's *La Rabouilleuse*, set in early nineteenth century Paris. The understanding direction of Louis Daquin and the acting of Jean Claude Pascal and Madeleine Robinson help to keep the film firmly in period. Poland sent *Birth Certificate*, adapted by Tadeusz Rozewicz from three short stories of the Second World War and directed with notable sincerity by the author's brother, Stanislaw Rozewicz.

In addition to these new films there was a retrospective season, reviving such relevant films as *Wuthering Heights*, *The Innocents*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and *Last Year in Marienbad*. They attracted large audiences. The short films included both biographical works about Erasmus, Marcel Proust, Albert Camus and Antoine de Saint-Exupery and adaptations of short stories by Stephen Leacock, Edgar Allan Poe and Guy de Maupassant.

If this suggests that no one was admitted to a performance without the right book under his arm it would be a little misleading. The festival remained essentially a *film* festival and it was the magnetism of cinema which drew the crowds. How else to explain, for example, the full house for a programme of seven short films from the Netherlands, even if there were the names of Bert Haanstra (*Zoo*) and Herman van der Horst (*Pan*) to provide a guarantee of quality? It was the cinematic dexterity of *Love Without Words*, with its endearing comic invention, which made this Czechoslovakian comedy by Jiri Sequens one of the most popular films of the festival. Nor am I forgetting films like Paul Crosfield's *Manolis* which dispensed with words altogether and by the sheer quality of their observation and visual imagination successfully told their stories. In watching a film like van der Linden's *Big City Blues* which, like all other films from the Netherlands, does not use words, one realised afresh that visual narration is the essential and ultimate justification of the cinema.

Just as there was a strong American entry (including *Adventures of a Young Man* and *The Miracle Worker*), so also there was a strong Russian contribution: *The Queen of Spades*, *Composer Sergei Prokofiev*, and—a delightful surprise—*The Lassies*, a spirited and unpretentious comedy of young people in a lumber camp, the spectacular beauty of the Russian forest land in winter impressively photographed in Cinemascope. The film has a Mary Pickford-like heroine, Nadezhda Rumiantseva, with a mischievous sense of humour. Of the Commonwealth countries Australia made the most balanced contribution this year with such films as *Portrait of an Australian* and *Festival in Adelaide*. France sent *The Last of the Cannibals*, the Oscar-winning record of an expedition into Dutch New Guinea. Rumania's contribution was the highly ingenious *A Bomb Was Stolen*, notable for its visual narration and passages of pointed satire.

The British contribution was ridiculously inadequate for an international occasion of this scale. Apart from *The Playboy of the Western World* (about Ireland) and *Manolis* (about Greece), the only other feature-length film was *The Story of Private Pooley*, a co-production with East Germany reconstructing with studied care and detachment the massacre of a hundred men of the Norfolk regiment by Hitler's ss in the French village of le Paradis in May, 1940.

This omission apart—and it is surely not in the best interests of British cinema—the 1962 Festival has been as successful as any.

festival

Cork, like Edinburgh, began as a festival primarily devoted to the documentary. Over the years the emphasis has been slowly shifting and this has now been tacitly admitted by the festival authorities. They are presenting three new awards in the 'con-competitive' features section as well as the usual St Finbarr statuettes for short films. Unhappily this does not appear to have had the effect of raising the standard of feature entries, which was well below the level expected of an international festival. Among the shorts the field was a broad one, both in nationality and subject matter, and the general standard was good. Perhaps it was inevitable that so many of the films had already been seen and noticed at other festivals but it undoubtedly lessens the interest. There seemed to be fewer of the glossy industrial shorts which were so noticeable two years ago and a greater emphasis on more personal, even experimental, film-making. This is undoubtedly a healthy trend but at present it lies more in promise than in fulfilment. Too many films made it clear that excellent material and imaginative ideas can easily be lost through inability to translate them into moving visual terms, and, more important still, through failure to relate them to the human condition.

This is particularly well illustrated by one of the most technically accomplished of the entries, *Heart of Scotland*. Based on a treatment by John Grierson and directed by his former assistant, Laurence Henson, the film is superbly photographed in colour. It has a commentary by the Welsh poet John Ormond and a striking, if somewhat obtrusive score by Frank Spedding. Obviously care and talent have been expended to make a prestige film following up the successful *Seaward The Great Ships* which won the main award at Cork two years ago. The result, unhappily, is flat and mechanical. The commentary evokes the spirits of Bruce and Wallace and speaks with pride of the achievements of Scots agriculture and industry. Yet none of the Scots upon whose character and work all this depends is ever shown. The fields of ripening corn, the glowing furnaces, the towers of the oil refinery all have meaning and purpose only in relation to the men who make and use them. The two steel workers who are fleetingly glimsed are entirely incidental. In this arid conception of the heart of Scotland the heart of man has found no place.

The same dryness of approach marred several other strikingly photographed colour films. *Douro Boatmen*, for instance, from Portugal, had a fascinating subject in the *Rabelos*, a vanishing race of heroic boatmen who navigate the treacherous waters of the Douro river. But it revealed nothing about the men and their lives that could not have been learned from a coloured postcard. And *Call of the Khedda*, from India, which looks as if it is going to show the lives of the men who trap and tame wild elephants, concentrates instead on the rather dreary routine of the trapping method and ends just as it is beginning to be interesting. Happily there were also films which showed the reverse of the medal and managed to relate industrial processes and natural features directly to the lives of men. The Shell Film Unit's *Prospect for Plastics* gives a fascinating account of the manufacture and properties of plastic materials, showing them in use in places as far apart as Greece and Nigeria, while the Canadian *Nahanni* re-constructs the eighth attempt of an elderly prospector to force his way up the raging waters of a great river in the Mackenzie Mountains to the goldfields he believes to exist near the source. The landscape of this remote area is majestic, but the film takes its point and its scale from the puny figure of the solitary man pitting himself with measureless patience against the vast emptiness.

The human element was also successfully integrated in a little Irish documentary by Colm O'Laoghaire designed to encourage rural communities to put in their own water supplies. Called *Water Wisdom*, it teaches by example in an entertaining way, showing in the simplest terms how easily the job can be done by modern methods and the benefits it can bring. Functional documentary in fact, exactly fulfilling its purpose. It was awarded the St Finbarr prize in the Educational section. The Irish showed another nicely made film which was strictly for the natives. This was *Gaelic Football* and we foreigners from England were fascinated to observe the variations which the Irish have introduced into our national game.

Among the remaining 'straight' documentaries *Fiesta in Jerez* and *Vaino Aaltonen—Finnish Sculptor* both lacked coherence in spite of their picturesque subjects, and *Hippocratic Oath* (Switzerland) largely wasted a wealth of historical material by lifeless unimaginative treatment.

It was encouraging to find that British shorts showed up very well in this international company. John Krish's film about school-leavers *Mr Marsh Comes to School* makes a lively and entertaining impact without in the least losing track of its serious purpose, and John Reid's BBC documentary *Scott's Last Journey* makes excellent use of Ponting's remarkable record. The main prize in the documentary section was awarded to another British film, Henry Lewes' *Eyes of a Child*, which takes a kindly but thoroughly unsentimental look at the education of blind children. The only British animated entry, George Dunning's *The Ever-changing Motor-car*, has a re-

● *Toshiro Mifune (right) plays a primitive Indian in 'Animas Trujanos' (Mexico)*

Brenda Davis at CORK

freshingly original approach but was handicapped by a rather blurred soundtrack.

The Film Society award went to Herman van der Horst's *Pan,* which together with *Zoo, Delta Phase I* and *Big City Blues* made up the impressive entry of shorts from the Netherlands. They also won two Council of Europe awards for *Erasmus* and *Silver Wedding.* H van der Horst has mercifully forsaken the zoom for the telephoto lens and his film opens with ten minutes of superb observation of water birds in their lakeside home. His use of natural sound is particularly striking. But with the introduction of a small boy punting among the weeds (homage to Flaherty) the natural joy of the film is destroyed and an element of arty contrivance is introduced. The boy plays his pipes—the birds respond—he fights with a swan, but is never seen in the same shot with it. What had begun so well ends on a note of irritation and one of the few occasions where the human element is both unnecessary and intrusive has been clearly demonstrated.

Another contender for the Film Society prize seemed to me to integrate human and natural aspects with delicacy and charm. This was *Boy and Waves* (Poland) by Wladyslaw Slesicki. Beginning again with a boy in a boat and in an even more Flaherty-ish setting, the film goes on to follow the lad reaching manhood as he works at his first job in a lumber camp. It tells its story without words and the few small incidents flow quite naturally out of the situation. Subtle, gentle and quietly satisfying.

A film which attempted something rather similar but which just missed its mark was *Poet's Return* by Madeline Tourtelot (USA). The central figure is a young poet revisiting the scenes of his childhood in the hope of rediscovering his earlier self. Unfortunately the director just has not the means to convey this rather tenuous feeling in the images, and she is further handicapped by a sugary score. The rest of the American shorts included two interesting but conventional television films (*Wisdom* and *The Circus*) and three independent productions of unbelievable pretentiousness (*Leaf, Seeking* and *Gog, Magog and Little Babylon*).

Among the cartoons my own favourite was *The Steel Helmet* a brilliantly pointed little allegory of the menace of militarism from Czechoslovakia, but the prize went to *Le Cadeau* from France. This is a pleasant little joke but I prefer *Teeth Is Money* which takes some sly digs at big business. The Jugoslav cartoons were much admired but they are becoming too cerebral for my taste. *Everyday Chronicle* is an effective exercise in conveying ideas by abstract means — in this case the soullessness of big city life — but I found *Don Quijote* completely incomprehensible. The jury however were more perceptive and awarded it a prize in the General Interest section. A Jugoslav joke I did understand was *Love and Film* which satirises the treatment of love in the films of various nations. It is funny if not very subtle (the Swedish lovers strip on meeting and jump into a lake).

And so, reluctantly, to the features. The opening film was Dhery's *La Belle Americaine* which certainly came over much better in the sub-titled print than in the dubbed version shown in London. Dhery is an endearing comedian but he stretched his gag a little too far. It would be improved by some judicial pruning. *The Important Man* (*Animas Trujanos*) from Mexico is remarkable only for the performance of Toshiro Mifune as a rapacious primitive Indian. His samurai style fits very well into the atmosphere of violence and superstition. But the direction, by Ismael Rodriguez, is weak and the supporting cast is outclassed. The Russian *Girls,* all about love and fun in a lumber camp, could have been very trying but was in fact gay and charming thanks largely to a virtuoso performance from little Nadejda Roumiantseva, who looks like a dumpy 14-year-old and whose style is an agreeable cross between Giulietta Masina and Mary Pickford. A similarly agreeable surprise was provided by one of the German entries *The Liar* (*Der Lügner*) by Ladislao Vajda who made *Marcelino.* Again he gets a fantastic performance from a child, this time little Annemarie Düringer. She plays the daughter of a salesman who, in order to spare her the harshness of reality, has regaled her with Walter Mitty fantasies in which he plays the leading rôle. Vajda has completely avoided the Teutonic heaviness which so often afflicts German comedies and given the rather sentimental story an airy lightness. He is helped by a witty script by Hans Jacoby which has been admirably sub-titled. Also pleasantly unpretentious is a Jugoslav entry which has already been seen at earlier festivals, *The Missing Pencil,* in which a small boy learns that the adult world does not always appreciate honesty and may indeed even prefer a convenient lie. Originally made for children, it is perceptive and disturbing enough to be enjoyed by adult audiences.

The series of programmes in which *The Missing Pencil* appeared was called 'Tribute to Jugoslavia' and also included the American export version of a new feature called *Dance in the Rain* (by Bostjan Hladnik) which caused a minor flutter because the festival authorities asked for a very small cut in a scene of sexual intimacy. The American producer and distributor, F Herrick Herrick who opposed the cut, subsequently revealed that he and his collaborators had already removed some 400 feet in the process of re-editing and largely re-making the film for the American market. It is hardly surprising that the final product is incoherent, but one suspects that even in its original form this story of an ageing actress and her lovers was a self-conscious piece of work by a young director obsessed with technique before knowing how to use it.

The only other 'incident' occurred over the West German compilation film *Tzar to Stalin* which had been withdrawn from Edinburgh because the Russians were unhappy about it. The Russian delegates at Cork were also disturbed but they made no official protest and the film was shown — a tribute to the immense tact of the festival organisers. It is a pity therefore that the film is crudely edited and burdened with a vulgar and tasteless commentary. It contains archive material of intense interest but so awkwardly handled that most of its value is lost.

America was represented only by two independent productions — the eight year old religious pageant, *Day of Triumph,* and *The Glass Cage,* a psychological thriller which in spite of its occasionally irritating sententiousness shows signs of real talent. Presumably the work of a very young director (Antonio Santean) who appears to have experience in television, it describes the sequence of events when a young and ingenuous detective sets out to prove the innocence of a young girl who appears to have shot an intruder. Arline Six gives a promising performance in a difficult part.

The last film shown turned out to be the winner of the prize for direction. This was Jiri Weiss' *The Coward* (Czechoslovakia). Set in a remote mountain village in German occupied territory in 1944 it shows the effect on a married couple of the terrible dilemma of those days. Torn between loyalty to the partisans and a very natural desire to survive and start a new life after the war the village schoolmaster reluctantly collaborates with the Germans. His young wife is disgusted and her feeling is complicated by the attraction she cannot repress for a young Russian parachutist who is sheltering under their roof. She helps him to escape, killing two Germans and blowing up their tracker dogs on the way. Meanwhile her husband has been forced to help the Germans choose hostages. Suddenly his self-loathing erupts and he claims to be the culprit. His wife is in time to see him before he pays the penalty, and she goes on her way with strengthened resolve. Weiss has treated the action side of the story with simple directness, pulling no punches and making no concessions to sentimentality. But the human relationships are treated with much more insight than is usual in films of this type.

The programme this year was too full for anyone to see it all — a French retrospective for instance included some interesting items though it hardly justified its label 'Great Moments of the French Cinema'. The atmosphere was as friendly and stimulating as ever, but fewer and better films would have made it an exciting experience as well as an interesting one.

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world production guide

DIRECTOR	TITLE	STARS	NOTES
			BRITAIN
Basil Dearden	*The Mind Benders*	Dirk Bogarde Mary Ure John Clements	*Screenplay by James Kennaway on subject of brain-washing. Produced by Michael Relph for Anglo Amalgamated*
John Boulting	*Heaven's Above*	Peter Sellers Isabel Jeans Cecil Parker	*Clerical comedy produced by Roy Boulting for British Lion*
Daniel Petrie	*Summer Flight*	Susan Hayward Michael Craig Edward Judd	*Remake of* Dark Victory. *Screenplay by Jessamyn West. Produced by Lawrence Turman and Stuart Millar for United Artists*
Carl Foreman	*The Victors*	Jeanne Moreau, George Hamilton, Melina Mercouri, Eli Wallach	*War story produced by Foreman for Columbia*
Cyril Frankel	*The Very Edge*	Richard Todd, Anne Heywood, Jack Hedley, Nicole Maurey	*Original screenplay by Elizabeth Jane Howard about the consequences of an assault. Produced by Raymond Stross*
Carol Reed	*The Running Man*	Laurence Harvey Lee Remick Alan Bates	*Suspense drama about an insurance fraud. Screenplay by John Mortimer, based on novel by Shelley Smith. Produced by Reed for Columbia*
			USA
Robert Aldrich	*What Ever Happened To Baby Jane?*	Bette Davis Joan Crawford Anna Lee	*Suspense drama about two sisters, both ex-stars. Produced by Aldrich for Warners.*
Bud Yorkin	*Come Blow Your Horn*	Frank Sinatra, Barbara Rush, Lee J Cobb, Molly Picon	*Comedy with songs. Screenplay by Norman Lear from play by Neil Simon. Produced by Howard W Koch for Paramount*
John Ford	*Donovan's Reef*	John Wayne Lee Marvin Dorothy Lamour	*Based on original story by James Michener. Shooting in Hawaii. Produced by Ford for Paramount*
John Huston	*The List of Adrian Messenger*	Kirk Douglas George C Scott Dana Wynter	*Comedy thriller based on book by Philip MacDonald. Guest stars will appear in rubber mask disguises and reveal their identity at film's end*
Delbert Mann	*A Gathering of Eagles*	Rock Hudson Mary Peach Rod Taylor	*Story of modern day Air Force. Produced by Sy Bartlett for Universal International*
Frank Tashlin	*The Man from the Diners' Club*	Danny Kaye Martha Hyer Cara Williams	*Comedy produced by William Bloom for Columbia*
			FRANCE
Jean-Pierre Melville	*Le Doulos*	Jean-Paul Belmondo Rene Lefevre Serge Reggiani	*Thriller about a police informer. Produced by Rome Paris Films*
Marc Allegret	*L'Abominable Homme des Douanes*	Darry Cowl Pierre Brasseur Francis Blanche	*Produced by Ege Films and Felix Films. Shooting in Marseilles*
Robert Enrico	*La Belle Vie*	Frederic de Passequale Aline Bertrand	*Screenplay by Enrico. For Les Films du Centaure*
Georges Lautner	*L'Oeil du Monocle*	Paul Meurisse Maurice Biraud	*Screenplay by Jacques Robert and Remy. Orex-CICC-Viatele*
			ITALY
Andre de Toth	*Gold for the Caesars*	Jeffrey Hunter Mylene Demongeot	*Based on novel by Florence Seward. Screenplay by Arnold Perl. MGM*
Luchino Visconti	*The Leopard*	Burt Lancaster Alain Delon Claudia Cardinale	*Based on the novel by Guiseppe di Lampedusa. Produced by Goffredo Lombardo for Titanus-20th Century-Fox*
			WESTERN GERMANY
Jürgen Goslar	*90 Minuten nach Mitternacht*	Christian Doermer Christine Kaufmann Martin Held	*Cameraman: Klaus von Rautenfeld. Produced by Luggi Waldleitner, in both English and German language versions*
Rolf Thiele	*Das Schwarz-wiebrote Himmelbett*	Nadja Tiller Martin Held Margot Hielscher	*Produced by Ilse Lotz-Dupont, photographed by Heinz Schnackertz. Shooting in Munich*

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Big screen fever by George Fenin

United States

On September 30, 1952, the mammoth screen of Cinerama inaugurated in New York an era of cinematic technical revolution. It opened the gates to such processes as Cinemascope, Superscope, Todd-AO, Vistavision and many others. Cinerama, the modern patriarch of them all, was confined however to a strict diet of travelogue and documentary, and no director dared bring a story to the gorilla screen.

After ten years, however, the first Cinerama feature film has finally made its appearance, also in New York. *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm* is directed by Henry Levin, whose credits include *April Love*, *The Remarkable Mr Pennypacker*, *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* and *Where the Boys Are*. It tells the story of the two German brothers, Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, played by Laurence Harvey and Karl Böhm, assisted by Claire Bloom, Walter Slezak, Oscar Homolka and other notable actors. To quote Shakespeare, 'much ado about nothing', insofar as this particular factor is concerned. The description of the existence of the two brothers and of their *grandeurs et misères* is rather boring, repetitious, monotonous. But the monolithic film presents also—and this is rather interesting—a visual display of three lesser known tales of the Grimms, *The Dancing Princess*, *The Singing Bone* (with Terry-Thomas in the rôle of Sir Ludwig) and *The Cobbler and the Elves* (with Laurence Harvey in the leading rôle). Of these, the second tale is by far the best, with a remarkably sexy dragon moving along the whole expanse of the Cinerama screen, vomiting flames and generally making a lot of noise.

Technically, the distortions at the two side panels of the Cinerama screen, and the lines separating the various sectors are still a grave nuisance. Serious critics, although expressing their interest for this experiment, have nevertheless generally considered this first picture rather disappointing. This may be the reason why MGM and Cinerama officials have decided to launch the other Cinerama film with a story, *How the West Was Won*, in Europe, taking precedence over the United States. It is also quite possible that *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm* will be shown in Europe only after a year or two, in the wake of the western opus.

In the meantime, something important has happened. After years of research, a means has been discovered by which the Cinerama process can be achieved with one camera, one film, and one projector. And United Artists, which has signed a contract with Cinerama (the first two films mentioned above were backed by MGM), is going to improve the process, supported by George Stevens, who will shoot *The Greatest Story Ever Told* in Cinerama, and Stanley Kramer, who is already shooting his comedy *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* in the same process. Two more Cinerama theatres will open shortly in New York, joining the former Capitol, now known as Loew's Cinerama. And from the declarations of Stevens and Kramer, it seems we are at the beginning of an effort to provide the wide screen with a lot of stories and action.

At the opposite pole, New York has witnessed the projection of a low budget film, made with an unknown cast and a collection of city locales. *The Small Hours*, written and directed by Norman C Chaitin, is a study in human emptiness and futility. It takes place within twelve hours in the life of an advertising executive. The man wanders aimlessly between one experience and another, and finally gets killed by a car. Technically, the film is rather weak, and the cast is efficient only at times; but the endeavour is a worthy experiment in its study of the behaviour of some lost Americans, completely detached from real life, who become victims without even realising why and how. The critics have generally expounded at length on the technical weaknesses, but it is a fact that the situations presented by Chaitin are quite realistic, and that although grim and repellent they are a true 'slice of life'.

The Museum of Modern Art has shown a retrospective survey of dance films made by Gene Kelly, nine in all. And the Bijou theatre has been renamed the David Wark Griffith and will become an art theatre; it was about time that the pioneer of American cinema had a theatre by his name.

A film version of *The Balcony*, the successful off-Broadway play, is to be produced by Ben Maddow and Joseph Strick (*The Savage Eye*) for less than 200,000 dollars; Strick will direct. Lillian Hellman's play *Toys in the Attic* will also be put on the screen, under the direction of George Roy Hill, with Wendy Hiller in the leading rôle. Included among the other properties under consideration are *Catch-22*, from the Joseph Heller novel about the USAF in World War II, to be directed by Robert Rossen; *Andersonville*, the history of the infamous Confederate concentration camp in the Civil War, to be directed by Stanley Kramer; *No Strings*, from the Richard Rodgers musical currently on Broadway, minus (naturally) the interracial love story of a Negro model living in Paris and a novelist from Maine; *The Circus of Dr Lao*, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, to be produced by George Pal.

In New York, shooting on location for *Come Blow Your Horn* with Frank Sinatra (Bud Yorkin directing) has started. Producer David Susskind is financing *All the Way Home*, from the Pulitzer Prize novel by the late film critic and poet James Agee, to be directed by Alex Segal in New York. Susskind plans to follow with *The Greatest Man in the World*, from James Thurber's short story. Amin Chaudrhri is ready to shoot *The Emperor of the Dark Chamber*, and Lewis Jacobs and Herbert Danska will direct *Night Song*, a drama of four people in Manhattan, partly narrated within the framework of jazz artists' sensitivities. All in all, New York is shaping as a good stamping ground for new projects, on a large or limited scale, and this phenomenon is to be watched with due attention.

On the national front, *Lonely Are the Brave*, the excellent off-beat modern western showing a cowboy being drowned by our modern civilisation, has collapsed at the box office, despite unanimous rave reviews. Kirk Douglas has bitterly attacked the distributors, who have not in his opinion presented the film adequately, and he has quite a point on this score. The whole distributing and exhibiting setup is completely wrong. Here is the typical example of a good film which has failed because some key people in the distribution business did not know how to handle it. We are still cursed by the old 'tie-salesman mentality' lamented by Gabriel Pascal.

● *Director-producer Hall Bartlett with Robert Stack between scenes for 'The Caretakers' mental hospital drama which also stars Joan Crawford*

● *Tony Richardson on camera truck rehearses a long tracking shot with Albert Finney on location for 'Tom Jones'*

● *Anthony Newley with Ken Hughes and Warren Mitchell at work on 'The Small Sad World of Sammy Lee'*

Low life with a new look by Barrie Pattison

'Not just a pretty face', commented Anthony Newley as he removed his trousers to reveal spotted underwear for a re-take on *The Small Sad World of Sammy Lee.* Ken Hughes is making this film version of *Sammy*, his TV play, at Shepperton. He and Newley scored a hit together with the television version, and now look like producing one of the liveliest pieces of work to come out of British studios for some time.

Newley's character is no longer the spieler in the grubby sweat shirt, but still planted as low in the social scale as was possible; he works as a strip joint comic. Newley's glib, insecure Sammy is unlike any of the parts around which shaky vehicles have been built for British film comics for the past forty years. The character is pathetic because he is shown in the detail that makes his situation believable, rather than because he is cut to the little man stereotype.

As Newley talks about plans to film his *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off* when he returns from playing it 'some place called Broadway', his enthusiasm shows. He wants to use the full resources of the big screen and colour, in a completely new way. It is easy to see why he finds the work of the young French directors exciting for their individuality—because they 'are not afraid to leave finger prints on their work'.

Hughes has expanded the TV original by bringing in the characters who were only spoken to on the 'phone, and by making the action cover the whole of Sammy's day. The film's Soho setting now appears on screen as a careful mixture of studio and location filming. The accuracy of sleazy detail and uninhibited dialogue are the realisation of the kind of observation hinted at in Hughes' early films like the first of the Scotland Yard series or *The Brain Machine.* Here, though, the detailed realism has moved from the background to cover the central characters also.

In addition to Newley, the cast includes Robert Stephens, Wilfred Bramble, Miriam Karlin and newcomer Julia Foster.

By way of contrast, producer Anatole de Grunwald is emphatically old wave in his approach to film making. He feels that there is enough thuggery and adultery on TV without the British cinema exporting it to the world's art houses. To make his point he used an argument which is not new but is particularly telling at the present. He defied me to name one new British film which emphasised the positive aspects of British life. He knew how much more demanding it was to hold attention while showing everyday events, and it had been with this problem in mind that he and Asquith had made such 'propagandist' films as *Demi-Paradise* and *The Winslow Boy.*

Britain

De Grunwald is still trying to bring the same 'thematic values' into the films of his current Metro contract. Even *Champagne Flight*, the present essay into the *Three Coins in the Fountain* field, emphasises the link between Europe and America in a manner similar to his *Way to the Stars.* He wouldn't agree with director Henry Levin's suggestion that it compared with Levin's *Where the Boys Are.*

Levin came from the hard school of Columbia's forties production, from *Cry of the Were-wolf* and *Man from Colorado*, scripted in succession by the incredible team of Sidney Boehm, Abraham Polonsky and Ben Maddow. He recently directed the Cinerama production of *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm.* He found only one objection to Cinerama—the weight of the enormous view finder.

Champagne Flight is being filmed in colour and Panavision by Ossie Morris in a style completely different to the two films he had at Venice this year, *Term of Trial* and *Lolita*, or indeed any of his earlier work. He is trying for a lush visual texture, but drew the line at the full Hollywood technique exemplified by Levin's new film, *If a Man Answers*, with Russell Metty pouring diffused coloured light over everything.

The cast is largely American. The three air hostesses who are the central characters are played by Dolores Hart, Pamela Tiffin and Lois Nettleton (whose second film this is, following *Period of Adjustment*). The male contingent is headed by Karl Malden, who is especially enjoying the part because it is the first time he has got the girl since *Ruby Gentry* (a film like *Baby Doll* which he remembers with particular affection). Hugh O'Brien and Carl Boehm are also featured. Boehm has decided that though it means abandoning his native language, there is more potential in the English speaking film industry, and his next project is directing a contemporary version of the Electra tragedy *The Trial of Orestes* with Lilli Palmer. He has rejected the solution which Dassin chose for *Phaedra* of making the original characters rich magnates, feeling that he can find a truer parallel in the Jewish persecution of the second world war.

The Boulting Brothers' film *Heavens Above*, starring Peter Sellers, is the work of their familiar team. Directed by John Boulting and produced by Roy, it has been scripted by John Boulting and Frank Harvey. The photography is again by Max Greene and the art director is Albert Witherick. This clerical comedy has Sellers as a vicar with a strong cast including Cecil Parker, Eric Sykes, Ian Carmichael, Irene Handl, and Miriam Karlin.

Robert Wise is to film the Shirley Jackson novel *The Haunting of Hill House* which Nelson Gidding has adapted. Julie Harris and Claire Bloom will star in the film, titled simply *The Haunting*, which is to be made in Metro's Borehamwood studios,

Thesuccessof his stage production of *Come Blow Your Horn* seems to have erased the image of Cy Enfield as director of tough stuff like the early Stanley Baker films or the remarkable American *Sound of Fury.* Having completed *Hide and Seek*, he will now direct Baker's production of *Zulu.*

Clear eyes of youth

by John Francis Lane

Two years ago the Venice festival established a special prize for the best film by a debutant director: it was won that year by an Italian, Florestano Vancini for his interesting partisan story *The Long Night of '43*, based on Giorgio Bassani's novelette. In 1961, an Italian won the *opera prima* prize again: Vittorio De Seta for his *Bandits at Orgosolo*. At that same 1961 festival we also had two other important debuts: Pasolini's *Accattone* and Olmi's *Il Posto*, both of which were refused for the main competition. The world has now acclaimed Pasolini and Olmi, and Venice this year had to include the 'first films' of the Information Section in the competition for the *opera prima*. In the end, the Jury shared the award between an Argentinian and an American. I have seen the four Italian 'first films' which were shown in the Information Section and, despite the Venice Jury's preferences, I find it difficult to believe that these four films could be bettered by any other film producing country at this moment. If 1961 saw the 'triumph of Italian realism' (the headline of my article last year on Olmi, Pasolini and De Seta), then 1962 is a further confirmation of the richness of talent and ideas in the Italian cinema and proof that the Roman new wave shows no sign of receding: indeed it has turned into a flood.

● *A woman is murdered—brutally. Witnesses will not tell the truth. The murderer believes he did right—she was a prostitute, her soul was already dead. This is the theme of Bernardo Bertolucci's 'La commare secca'*

Bernardo Bertolucci, whose father is a well-respected Italian poet, is Pasolini's protegée both as a poet and a film director. He was Pasolini's assistant on *Accattone*, and Pasolini has in fact written the story for Bertolucci's first film. Unfortunately, Bertolucci was to suffer from the fact that his fame as a second Pasolini had preceded him to the Lido. His film *La Commare Secca* (the expression comes from a verse of the Roman dialect poet Belli and refers to Death) was panned by the Italian critics at Venice, perhaps because they had been told it was a masterpiece. Of course the film is not a masterpiece. But it is a brilliant little film full of wit and invention; Bertolucci is more of a film poet than Pasolini himself. Whereas Pasolini, in *Mamma Roma* even more than in *Accattone*, is creating his poetry externally (in the new film by making compositions in the style of Mantegna paintings), Bertolucci is inventive with his camera. It roams about, not just for the sake of being clever as in French *nouvelle vague*, but with a genuine feeling for a poetic image. The story of *La Commare Secca* is simple enough: a whore has been found dead on the banks of the Tiber and a number of young men who were seen in the district of the whore's 'beat' that evening are questioned by the police. Their different stories unfold in a *Rashomon* manner, until finally the pieces begin to fit together. In between each episode, we return to the whore's bedroom and see her getting up to go out to work: the repetition is like the refrain in a ballad. But what fascinates about Bertolucci, apart from his mastery of technique, is that we become deeply interested in all the people: they are all real human beings. A young American actor, Allen Midgette, gives a delicate performance and it is a tribute to Bertolucci's ability as a director that he can succeed in turning an American into an Italian yokel, complete with facial and hand gestures. I think we can expect great things of Bertolucci: let's hope that the outrageous behaviour of everyone towards Pasolini and his friends won't prevent other would-be disciples from trying their hand at this game of 'poetry into cinema'.

Another writer who presented a 'first film' at Venice and got only whistles and jeers from the intolerant Venetian public is Giuseppe Patroni Griffi. His film, *Il Mare* (*The Sea*), consoles one for the fact that a film of Patroni Griffi's play *Anima Nera*, recently directed by Rossellini, is one of the most disappointing new Italian pictures of the year. With *Il Mare*, Patroni Griffi, like Pasolini last year, proves that an intelligent and sensitive writer can go behind the cameras and make an impressive film without

● *The nephew of Luchino Visconti, Eriprando Visconti, has made his first feature — 'Una storia Milanese', in which Enrico Thibaut and Rossana Armani play out the tragedy of youth in the city*

any previous experience of film technique.

When I first read the story outline of *Il Mare* I thought it sounded similar to an Antonioni film. The fact that Antonioni's assistant was going to give Patroni Griffi technical guidance seemed a further indication that we were to have a film about 'incommunicability'. Nothing could be further from the truth. Patroni Griffi believes in love. Indeed he is, if anything, too much of a romantic. And from the stylistic point of view it is significant that three weeks after he started shooting in Capri last winter he dispensed with the 'technical guidance'. *Il Mare* has very little dialogue (another achievement from a dramatist); the desolate streets of Capri out of season provide the background for an unconventional triangle. Though it is a story of a young woman (Françoise Prevost), a young actor (Umberto Orsini) and a boy in his late teens (a brilliant newcomer, Dino Mele), it is not a story of an *amitié particulier*. Yet there is a hint of a homosexual trend in the boy, especially at the end when the actor suddenly realises that he wanted the boy more than the woman with whom he has spent the night. But in this film, as in *La Commare Secca*, any reference to homosexuality is done with discretion and sincerity: we are far from the embarrassing approach of films like *Victim*. The 'triangle' in *Il Mare* is not, however, the *story*: if there is any comparison to Antonioni (and Resnais of *Hiroshima Mon Amour*) it is in so far as Patroni Griffi is not *telling a story*. The cinema is at last getting away from this convention, even if the audiences who resign themselves to the idea are still very much in a minority (and one is astounded that the audience at Cannes should have lost patience with *L'Eclisse* as the Venice one did for *Il Mare*: what do they *want* from a film festival? But that is another argument!). The three people in *Il Mare* are running away from something in life. The woman from the end of a three years' affair, the actor from his own mediocrity, the young boy from some personal teenage trauma: they don't find a solution in their meetings during these dull Capri days, but perhaps they do find out something new about themselves.

Il Mare is, I think, better all round than either of Patroni Griffi's stage plays. Now it will be interesting to see what Robbe-Grillet has done with the film he has directed. It will offer an opportunity to see how the Italians and French differ. If we are to have new forms in the cinema *Marienbad* is not good enough. Virginia Woolf and James Joyce re-invented literature and the reading public accepted them after the first protests had died down: but if the cinema is to become more mature, then one must keep one's values and not think that 'exercises in style', which most French films are these days, are enough. The human element must be respected and that is where the Italian cinema triumphs and where neo-realism is still bearing fruits. Some people objected to *Mamma Roma* because they said it was 'just like *Accattone*'. But here is an artist, a genuine *film author*, who has created his own style. Naturally he covers the same ground. Nobody reproached Marcel Carné in the 'thirties for making the same 'type' of film each year. Or is it just that people object to a Pasolini because he insists on making his social accusations? Are we to remain indifferent to the fact that in a modern city such as Rome, the capital of Catholicism, people should be living in a state of moral and material depravity worse than the England that Dickens wrote about?

The Italian cinema has reached its highest point this year. Films such as *Salvatore Giuliano* and *L'Eclisse*, sublime achievements of accomplished artists, touch opposite ends of problems in Italian society today. In the wake of Rosi's Giuliano film we have seen another study of the methods of the Mafia: *Un Uomo da bruciare* (*A Man for Burning*) which the Venice Jury saw fit to 'highly commend', though most of the Italian critics thought it the best of all the 'first works'. It was made by three young directors, all Tuscans: the brothers Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, and Valentino Orsini. It was inspired by the story of Salvatore Carnevale, a trade unionist who dared to stand up to the Mafia and paid for his courage with his life. The Salvatore of the film is shown as a simple Sicilian with all the defects and weaknesses that are the island people's characteristics. Salvatore is far from being the noble, conscientious workers' spokesman that he might have become if the film had been made by strictly Marxist thinkers. Again, we have the lesson of Italian realism: this Salvatore is a human being caught up in a society which he doesn't understand but which he has the innate desire to better. When the Mafia dictate how many hours a miner shall work then nobody dares defy them. But Salvatore downs his tools and goes home. When it is obvious that pressure is being brought to bear, he stands up in the main square and denounces the Mafia. The people run for their lives. But Salvatore knows he is going to have to pay for what he has done. At this point the directors show a certain naivety: and yet even this is in keeping with the Sicilian mentality that they are describing. We see Salvatore at a cinema and suddenly the film he is watching (a fantastic soap opera which the directors concocted especially for this sequence) becomes an image of what is going to happen to him when the Mafia get him. When he comes back to reality the next day, the impact on us is all the more powerful when he is shot in cold blood on a country lane. The film ends with a moving scene in which all Salvatore's work companions defy the Mafia's order not to carry the coffin through the main square.

Because *Un Uomo da bruciare* is too overloaded, I would be inclined to consider it the least impressive of the four films: it hasn't that clarity of vision, the simplicity and yet overwhelming authority of purpose which made De Seta's *Banditi ad Orgosolo* a minor masterpiece. But it has a great theme and an honesty which make one curious to see what the Tavianis and Orsini will do next.

Visconti Junior, Luchino's nephew Eriprando, is another new director to watch. His *Una storia Milanese* is not, to my eyes, a very pleasant film. It is also curiously out-dated, even though it does certainly show us something of a certain mood in the Milan of today, the city of the 'economic miracle'. Not since Antonioni's *Cronaca di un amore* have we seen such a clear image of Milan bourgeois life. But the lovers this time are immature. There is much talk about virginity and about careers, and an abortion is very nattily dealt with (so as to appease the censors no doubt) across the Swiss border. The dialogue is excessively literary but Eriprando Visconti, like his colleagues mentioned above, is quite at home with his technique.

I feel that Eriprando Visconti has sketched in the outline of a Milan that he knows intimately, but he has failed to stand back at a distance before painting in the images on his canvas.

The old guard remains

by David Shipman

Now that the *nouvelle vague* explosion is well and truly dead, one can see how the trend in the film industry in France reflects that in other countries. Generally speaking, Hollywood and the major European film-producing countries have divided themselves into two streams, the 'old' cinema and the 'new'. Commercially speaking, the 'old' cinema remains the most important, and the financiers are relying on this to combat the homeward call of television sets. It's the 'old' directors who are making the super-spectacles, the star-loaded omnibus films, the costly co-productions. The 'new' directors are making films for the enthusiasts, for the intelligentsia, and although their most famous films have been successful commercially, the demarcation line exists, even if, while writing this, I'm aware of the hundred exceptions (Truffaut wants his films to be successful with everyone, Kubrick made *Spartacus*, most of the *nouvelle vague* films were Franco-Italian co-productions).

If the new people, by the very terms of their success are being financed by the big companies, and given large budgets to play with, there is still, by and large, an integrity and enthusiasm visible in their product. The past three years have seen more exciting new talents emerge in each country than in any time since the war. Only perhaps in Hollywood is the 'new' cinema in a sickly state: one can list a dozen directors who started off with good first films and whose later efforts showed a decline (Delbert Mann, Martin Ritt, Robert Mulligan, Stanley Donen, Richard Quine); but to set against the tired old guard in Britain, there is Reisz, Richardson, Schlesinger, and Lindsay Anderson's first feature coming up; in Italy experimentalists like Antonioni are also marketable, and chances are being given to many more.

We all know what has happened in France, but despite integrity and enthusiasm, none of it would have happened for long if the first efforts of these fresh approaches to the cinema hadn't been profitable. For the cinema is in trouble, and more films make less money than at any time in its history. In France, the situation is becoming increasingly clear. It is easier than before for a newcomer to get backing for a film, but there are now really just two types of French film: those which are destined for *le grand public*, the cinemas on the boulevards, and those which are meant for the 'art cinema' public. Ironically, it is the 'art' film which goes round the world winning prizes and large receipts, while the 'commercial' film rarely gets beyond the continent of Europe. Also the best new directing talent wants the best acting talent (and vice-versa) so that the box-office allure of people like Belmondo and Moreau will get financial backing from producers who otherwise would not be too interested in experiment and new techniques.

Just as the intense interest in Paris in the cinema made the *nouvelle vague* explosion possible, so it will enable people like Demy, Resnais, Truffaut, Luc Godard and Rivette to continue until they too get a bit jaded (perhaps it won't happen, but it's happened before, to directors like de Sica and Clement). So much for classification; readers can spot for themselves the unclassifiable: Jean Renoir (but whose last film, *Le Caporal Epinglé*, was so cut by the distributors that he has disowned it, an astonishing piece of violation which would suggest that his producers, at least, accord him less respect than most of the young directors get), Jean Gabin, who is one of the fine talents which the *nouvelle vague* won't use because he won't take direction.

But if most of the Hollywood out-and-out commercial films these days are meeting with great success, the same cannot be said of most French commercial films. Two recent films reflect pretty accurately the malaise and desperation of the 'old' cinema. They hold not a jot of interest in themselves, but they represent a dozen misconceptions as to what film-making is about: and it must be admitted that both have been cautiously liked in some quarters. *Le Crime Ne Paie Pas* is a Franco-Italian production, and *Adorable Julia* is Franco-Austrian (though made in Munich).

Le Crime Ne Paie Pas is, like last year's *Amours Célèbres*, a *film à sketches* based on a well-known comic strip. Again, none of the anecdotes was worth the telling, and the manner of telling them is ordinary in the extreme. In both cases a dreary short story technique has been used: a plot vaguely concerned with crime, or love, with a twist at the end. Interest is centred on deciding which of the four episodes is the best, and which of the stars is going to come out first in the steeple chase. In *Amours Célèbres*, it was Simone Signoret who ran away with the honours, and her episode—a period *cause célèbre* of infidelity and blinding by acid—was almost worthy of her. *Le Crime Ne Paie Pas* has Edwige Feuillère as an ageing Venetian countess losing her lover; Michele Morgan as a politician's wife unjustly accused—for political motives—of infidelity; Annie Girardot as Pierre Brasseur's philandering wife; and Danielle Darrieux helplessly drunk while her husband's attempt at the perfect crime goes wrong. All four actresses are infinitely worth watching.

As in England, the young directors found new talent worthy of both them and their films (Finney, Tushingham, Bates, Plowright) so in France, but the new French stars rush from film to film, wherever they find a good part. Jeanne Moreau is going into Jacques Demy's eagerly-awaited second film, *La Baie Des Anges*, which will be made on the Côte d'Azur, and Belmondo, before he starts *Une Longue Promenade*, is making *Un Jeune Homme Honorable*, with Michele Mercier, for Jean-Pierre Melville, from Simenon's novel, *L'Aine Des Ferchaux*. Philippe de Broca is writing a subject for him to be called *L'Homme De Rio*, and in the spring he will report to Truffaut for *Fahrenheit 451*, in which he will play a chief of the fire brigade. Belmondo has said of Truffaut's selecting Ray Bradbury's book, that 'The French cinema has never been interested in science-fiction, but I think that the theme of the Bradbury book is important as it concerns the end of civilisation'.

Last month's contribution from France was also written by David Shipman and not Ian Dallas as stated. We apologise to both writers for the error — **Editor**

● *Hardy Krüger as the young pilot haunted by his conscience in Serge Bourguignon's 'Les Dimanches de Ville d'Avray'*

FILM Market Place

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FACES FROM THE PAST

I suspect more people are interested in the history of the cinema than many publishers (and certainly cinema owners) believe. And now that films are well into the second half of their first century, younger generations will want fresh appraisals of what their parents accepted in their youth. There are two approaches to this—the direct, take-it-or-leave-it picture book: and the passionate, if somewhat biased, piece of research. Seldom have I read anything in between. Two recent volumes are virtually tailor made to this theory. A new edition of Daniel Blum's vast *A Pictorial History of the Silent Screen* is made available in Britain at the bargain price of 21s (Paul Hamlyn-Spring Books). There are 324 large pages packed with gravure illustrations, plus an index. The layout is not very imaginative; many of the pictures are too small and others almost too large. Neither does the survey fully cover European films of the silent period although most of the 'accepted' classics are there. Where the volume succeeds magnificently is in providing an unequalled visual reference to who was who and, for older filmgoers, many hours of nostalgia. At the new low price there is nothing to equal it.

● **Paris 1898**—*right, French cinema pioneer Jules Etienne Marey; left, W K L Dickson, the man behind the American inventor Thomas Edison*

The other kind of period piece is represented by Gordon Hendricks' *The Edison Motion Picture Myth* (Cambridge University Press, 32s, for California University Press). A lot of sentimental nonsense has been written about Edison and, naturally enough, the States has fostered the image of him as the 'inventor' of the cinema. Nothing was further from the truth. Hendricks has spent many years gathering his material to explode the Edison myth. It is typical of so much student work. He does not know what to leave out and he does not have a writing style that prevents fact after fact, truth after truth, becoming a bore. It is the kind of book one has to study to understand. It represents a valuable piece of research and is obviously an essential for any library covering the cinema and allied arts and sciences. The main thing the work does is to give credit to Edison's associate, W K L Dickson who in turn relied heavily on the work done previously in Britain by Friese-Greene and in France by Marey. But when all has been written we are left where any intelligent person was left before — the cinema, like the chicken and the egg, happened; and no one will ever be precisely sure who did what first.

Of course there are other kinds of film histories of a more flippant kind. Film star biographies come into this category. There is a new one called *The King of Hollywood* by Charles Samuels (W H Allen 25s) which you may guess is about Clark Gable. Most of it is devoted to his many wives as much as his many films. The studio backgrounds are sketched in somewhat superficially. Samuels writes for the maximum amount of 'colour'. He seldom probes very deeply into the character of a man christened a Catholic and who was married five times. Like so many actors, the great Gable seems off-set to have been disappointingly uninteresting. There is no index or listing of films and credits.

Edith Head's *The Dress Doctor* (Cedar Special 5s), with Jane Kesner Ardmore, is a neatly done autobiography of a woman who for most of her working life has been the fashion chief at Paramount. Completely out of touch with reality (but then, isn't all fashion?), the book will doubtless delight the teenage girl reader (and perhaps a few boys).

MARTIN GRAY

They got trouble . . .

● **Robert Preston as the music man**

The decline in cinema attendances in the United States and Britain has virtually killed one of the best kinds of film to come from Hollywood—the musical. Without a sufficiently large English-speaking audience, the big musical cannot survive, because it has never been a popular form in other countries. (*West Side Story*, for instance, had a pretty cool reception in Italy). When a new Hollywood musical does come along, it is an event not to be missed. *The Music Man* for me was one of the best for some time. Unfortunately it is not about a teenage delinquent without a voice but who makes a hell of a din none the less. So its professionally peddled corn will make heavy going in this synthetic age.

Listening to the disc of the soundtrack (Warner stereo WS 8066, 35*s* 9*d*) I was impressed even more than when seeing the film by Robert Preston's incredibly controlled performance as the insincere salesman of musical instruments who gets hooked by small-town honesty. His *Ya Got Trouble* is one of the finest

RECORDS

things in this *genre* of opera. Of course, the big number is *Seventy-Six Trombones,* wonderfully recorded here, and the ballads are well handled by Shirley Jones. There is a good contrast between numbers. The disc is a perfect sound summary of a near-perfect film.

Mantovani and his orchestra are ill at ease in some of the items on *Great Films —Great Themes* (Decca stereo SKL 4500, 34*s* 4½*d*). Neither *Barabbas* nor *Advise and Consent* really fit the maestro's style; but the unusual *Rocco* comes off well, so too such regulars as *The Big Country* and *Never on Sunday.*

In a very similar style, Percy Faith and his orchestra have *Hollywood's Great Themes* (CBS stereo SBPG 62035, 36*s* 9*d*), updated with the yet to be seen *Jumbo* and including many regulars, among them *Ben-Hur, Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *Light in the Piazza* items. Average of its type, particularly well recorded.

ROD HUME

LETTERS

write to 7 Hobart Place, London SW1

In his article on The Decade in the British Cinema, Ian Johnson seems to be guilty of the very fault he is condemning in Karel Reisz and Tony Richardson among others of Britain's 'new wave' directors. He seems to want things both ways He accuses these film-makers of really standing for middle class conformism, although they are apparently against it. *Room at the Top* for instance; his offhand placing of this into the Crime Does Not Pay category is grossly unfair. Both John Braine in his novel and Jack Clayton in his film are explicitly condemning the affluent society which has made Lampton what he is. Because Lampton is treated with realism, does this make the story any the less of a condemnation of our society? Because our affluent society not only corrupts in obvious but also in subtle ways, the film's criticism is far more damning.

The same applies to all our current crop of works about 'rebels'. How else would Mr Johnson condemn a society than by showing it at work against an individual? And how would Mr Johnson justify 'realism' in any work which made of that individual an ideal figure?

RICHARD DAVIS
77 St Quintin-avenue, W. 10

Conclusion first

It is perhaps significant that there is no mention in Ian Johnson's article (The Decade of British Cinema—September) of *A Taste of Honey*. Is this also a conventional story with a formula ending? Or has it been omitted, consciously or unconsciously, because it does not fit the thesis? The picture of Jo, Helen, and Geoff shown in the film would be difficult to interpret as obeying bourgeois standards—unless cheerfulness is also a bourgeois characteristic—and one would have to have a tremendous faith in human nature to believe that they would all live happily ever after.

No. For the article to be of any value the film-making of the last decade should have been reviewed objectively and then the conclusions drawn from the evidence.

ROGER MAINDS
6 Lindsay-road
Garforth, Leeds

Sordid selling

Douglas McVay calls Sir Laurence Olivier 'our leading actor and even perhaps the greatest in the world today' (September) yet it would seem that his unique acting abilities were not necessary or desirable to publicise his latest film *Term of Trial*. The advance advertisements in many newspapers proved an outstanding example of the deplorable, current method of 'selling' films to the public. We are supposed to be attracted to the cinema not by a big star line-up, but by a seemingly sordid subject-matter.

The pictures of an attractive young girl, the drawing of a once-bitten (forbidden?) apple and the words 'I always knew she was a slut' leave little doubt as to the way the advertisement men are trying to attract us. No doubt the caption 'starring Sir Laurence Olivier' would create an undesirable air of respectability.

D. FOTHERGILL
4 Gurney Court-road,
St Albans, Herts

Americans in Britain

Is Richard Whitehall (reviewing *I Thank a Fool*, September) really as ignorant as he pretends to be? Or is he prepared to sacrifice the truth for the sake of a cheap jibe at British films? I quote '. . . certainly, this script is bad even by the low scripting standards of British films'.

Your critic must, or should, know that the writer of the screenplay is American and that, although technically British, this film is in no way representative of British production, having as it does an American writer, director and star.

I do not know whether Mr Whitehall's remarks are fair to *I Thank A Fool*, but certainly they are grossly unfair to the British industry and to British scriptwriters in particular, whose standards are higher today that they have ever been. FRANK GODWIN
Elgin Films, Shepperton Studios
Shepperton, Middlesex

● *Another recent example of a film technically being known as British was* Lolita —**Editor**

Judgment

'Judgment at Nuremberg' was reviewed in the January issue of *films and filming* and the length given as 195 minutes. When I saw it in Bristol it had been cut. I asked the manager who gave me the enclosed brochure saying you must have made a mistake. I told him *films and filming* is not given to making them. ROYSTON DURSLEY
28 Ashgrove, Hillfields Park
Fishponds, Bristol

● *The brochure gives the time 179 mins. The trade papers gave it at 183 mins.* films and filming*'s time included the interval music which was on the sound-track* — **Editor**

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O'Hana, 13 Carlos Place. First viewing of paintings and sculpture by Russian born Boris Lovet Lorski. Jeremy Maas' small gallery 15*a* Clifford Street. Pre-Raphaelites of the 19th century.

BOOKS

BEST READING

Travels with Charley by John Steinbeck. Pungent pot-pourri of American places and people as the novelist 're-visits' his own country, gloating and glowering with wit, anger and passion over what he sees (Heinemann 21*s*)

Beyond all Pity by Carolina Maria de Jesus. Poignant cry from the garbage. (Souvenir Press 21*s*)

1918 by Barrie Pitt. Panoramic presentation of the last year of the holocaust. (Cassell 30*s*)

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November 14 Covent Garden: **Ondine** (Fonteyn and Somes)
November 17 Covent Garden (Mat.): **La Fille Mal Gardee** (Sibley Usher).
November 24 Covent Garden (Mat.): **La Valse** (revival) The Two Pidgeons (Park, Grant).

Festival Ballet on Tour: Nov 5, Alexandra, Birmingham; Nov 12, Empire, Sunderland, Nov 19, Olympia, Dublin.

Ballet Rambert on Tour: Nov 5, Arts Theatre, Cambridge.

FILMS

PREMIERES

Nov. 1 **Cleo, 5 to 7** Agnes Varda's film about two hours in the life of a French Lolita Paris Pullman.

Nov. 2 **How the West was Won.** Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark, John Wayne. Directed by Hathaway, Ford and Marshall. First story film in Cinerama. London Casino.

Nov. 8 **The Manchurian Candidate.** Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury. The story of the American political scene at the time of the Korean War. Odeon, Leicester Square.

Nov. 19 **Mutiny on the Bounty.** Marlon Brando, Trevor Howard, Richard Harris. Lewis Milestone's remake of the 1936 classic.

Nov. 29 **Sodom and Gomorrah.** Stewart Granger, Stanley Baker, Pier Angeli. Directed by Robert Aldrich. Odeon, Marble Arch.

ON THE ROUNDS

Advise and Consent: conviction and corruption on the Washington political scene looked at by Otto Preminger. With Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, Don Murray and Walter Pidgeon.

Bird Man of Alcatraz: a powerful study of the value of human dignity as reflected in the case of Robert Stroud, double-murderer who has become the leading expert on ornithology. Directed by John Frankenheimer, with Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden, and Thelma Ritter.

The Dock Brief: Peter Sellers joins the legal profession in this adaptation of John Mortimer's play, directed by James Hill.

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner: Tony Richardson's adaptation of Sillitoe's short story of a Borstal boy who seeks a subtle revenge on society. With Tom Courtenay and Michael Redgrave.

The Notorious Landlady: mystery-comedy with Jack Lemmon as the American diplomat in London who refuses to believe that this landlady (Kim Novak) murdered her husband. Directed by Richard Quine.

Term of Trial: Laurence Olivier as the weak-willed teacher who tries to come to terms with life in a tough school in the Midlands. With Simone Signoret, Sarah Miles and Terence Stamp.

MUSIC

Nov. 9 **La Traviata,** with Virginia Zeani (Covent Garden)
Nov. 12 **First UK performance** of Boulez's Pli selon pli (Festival Hall)
Nov. 14 **World Premiere** of Tippitt's Praeludium for brass, bells and percussion (Festival Hall)
Nov. 20 **St. Cecilia's Day** Royal Concert in the presence of HM the Queen (Festival Hall)
Nov 22 **Coq d'or** with Reri Gist and conducted by Antal Dorati (Covent Garden)
Nov. 30 **Tosca** with Florina Cavalli (Covent Garden)

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Walkure Act 1 with Lehmann, Melchior and Bruno Walter. HMV
Bernstein's Mahler Third. CBS
Bartok's Quartets by the Hungarian Quartet. DGG
The Golden Age of the Opera Comique. Odeon
Bliss Piano Concerto with Barnard. HMV
Shostakovitch's Fifth under Kertesz. Decca
Balsam plays Mozart. L'Oiseau-Lyre
Debussy's St Sebastien from Ormandy. CBS
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